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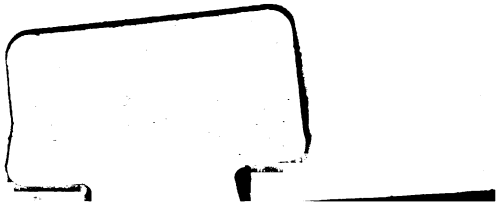

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THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F. S. A.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY E. SARGEANT, AND M. & W. WARD;
AND MUNROE, FRANCIS & PARKER, AND
EDWARD COTTON, BOSTON.

1809.

6L

THE

TATLER.

BY

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

Οὐ χρὴ παννύχιον εὕδειν βουληφόρον ἄνδρα. HOM.

WITH

A PREFACE,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

By ALEX. CHALMERS, F. S. A.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THE BRITISH ESSAYISTS, 1803.

WHEN this edition of the BRITISH ESSAYISTS was undertaken by the proprietors, the office of editor was intended to be confined chiefly to the collation of the several papers with the folio originals, or with the best editions in other forms. The many errors that had crept into the most valuable of these works, and had been copied from edition to edition without discovery and without disturbance, rendered this highly necessary; and it was a task, however laborious, which the editor will remember with pleasure, if it shall be found that his design has been accomplished in any considerable measure. He was led, however, to suggest, what the proprietors readily acceded to, that this edition should be distinguished by some account of the history of each work, and of the lives of such of the writers as were less generally known, in the form of preface. For the plan, therefore, as well as the execution of this, he is solely accountable, and has little to advance in defence of his attempt, or in extenuation of the errors that may be discovered, but the plea, that the times he could spare from the collation of the papers, and

the correction of the press, were short and irregular, and that the materials of these prefaces were to be sought in a variety of volumes and records, which it may probably be thought he has not been able to arrange in the happiest manner. A foundation, however, it is presumed, is laid for future investigation; and some articles of literary history have been recovered which are curious and interesting.

In tracing these, the editor begs leave to acknowledge with respect and gratitude many valuable communications from various literary friends, particularly from Mr. NICHOLS, Dr. BURNEY, Rev. G. CAMBRIDGE, Rev. JOHN WARTON, SAMUEL ROSE, Esq. of Chancery Lane, Dr. CHARLES COOTE, Mr. DUPPA, and ISAAC REED, Esq. of Staple Inn, a gentleman who in questions of literary history was never consulted in vain. By such assistance it is hoped something has been done to revive the attention of the public to a species of writing peculiar and highly honourable to the genius of our nation, and which has so eminently contributed to its advancement in refined taste and decorous manners.

A. C.

January, 1803.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

THE editor has little to add to the advertisement prefixed to the BRITISH ESSAYISTS, published in 1803, unless to acknowledge, on the part of the proprietors, the rapid sale of a work which they are happy to find has been generally considered as a standard in every juvenile library—and on his own part, the liberal notice taken of the Prefaces in the literary journals. These he has now endeavoured to enlarge and improve by information recently collected from various sources.

Although the number of volumes remains the same as in the last edition, by a different arrangement, room has been made for the introduction of THE LOOKER-ON, an ingenious and elegant paper, which was very favourably received by the public, and it is hoped will be accounted no inconsiderable addition to the series of the BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

A. C.

December, 1807.

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PREFACE TO THE TATLER,

1803.

THE commencement of the eighteenth century was distinguished by the appearance of a class of writers so eminent for wit, elegance, and taste, that the period in which they flourished has, almost by universal consent, been recorded as the Augustan age of English literature; criticism, however, has since endeavoured to explode a term which, while it consigned the past to oblivion, might check the hope of future improvement: yet, if we fairly estimate the writings of the principal ornaments of that time, we must at least allow that they formed a combination which has not often graced the annals of literature, and that they have bestowed upon the world labours whose intrinsic worth must be great, since they have outlived many revolutions of taste, and have attained unrivalled popularity and classic fame, while multitudes of their contemporaries, successors and imitators, have perished, with the accidents, or caprice, or fashion, which procured them any share of public attention.

To this pre-eminence the Essayists whose works are now before us seem justly entitled, from the importance of the task they undertook, and the manner in which they executed what has seldom been attempted but with a repulsive and unac-

commodating sternness. The more serious duties of religion had not been neglected by those who wrote to reform the age; but for common life and manners, no precepts were laid down, except what were too general or too precise. The instructions contained in the systematic writers on morality, were not devoid of force, or argument; but their style was unpolished, and with the gay and idle their tediousness was ill calculated to agree. Abuses crept in, which were beneath the attention of the pulpit, or the bar. Public amusements, which are not indifferent to the manners of a nation, became disgraced by absurdities, which impeded their usefulness even as vehicles of mere entertainment. Though purified from much of their licentiousness by the indefatigable zeal of Collier, they were not yet rational; and beyond the waste of an hour, which to the idle is certainly of great importance, their influence was unperceived. The conductors of public amusements have indeed seldom been ambitious of a rank among the reformers of mankind; and the history of the stage would be a barren detail, if it excluded the schemes of avarice and the intrigues of licentiousness.

In all changes of English manners, a foreign influence has long been predominant. The earliest accounts inform us, that those who were allowed to prescribe the modes in dress, language, or sentiment, collected their knowledge on their travels, and were not ashamed of being conquered by the follies of a nation whose arms they despised. About the time we now treat of, foreign fopperies, ignorance of the rules of propriety, and indecorous affectations, had introduced many absurdities into public aud private life, for which no remedy was provided in the funds of

general instruction, and which consequently prevailed with impunity until the appearance of the ESSAYISTS. This useful and intelligent class of writers, struck with the necessity of supplying the lesser wants of society, determined to subdivide instruction into such portions as might suit those temporary demands and casual exigencies, which were overlooked by graver writers, and more bulky theorists: or, in the language of Addison, 'to bring philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houses.'

Of the origin of this species of writing Dr. JOHNSON has given a sketch which it were to be wished he had illustrated by research. Yet though written in advanced life, when inquiry became irksome, it is too highly valuable for elegance of diction, and justice of criticism, to be omitted in this place.

'To teach the minuter decencies and inferior duties, to regulate the practice of daily conversation, to correct those depravities which are rather ridiculous than criminal, and remove those grievances, which, if they produce no lasting calamities, impress hourly vexation, was first attempted by Casa, in his book of Manners, and Castiglione in his Courtier; two books yet celebrated in Italy for purity and elegance, and which, if they are now less read, are neglected only because they have effected that reformation which their authors intended, and their precepts now are no longer wanted. Their usefulness to the age in which they were written is sufficiently attested by the translations which almost all the nations of Europe were in haste to obtain.

'This species of instruction was continued and

perhaps advanced by the French: among whom La Bruyere's Manners of the Age, though, as Boileau remarked, it is written without connection, certainly deserves great praise, for liveliness of description, and justness of observation.

'Before the Tatler and Spectator, if the writers for the theatre are excepted, England had no masters of common life. No writers had yet undertaken to reform either the savageness of neglect, or the impertinence of civility; to show when to speak, or to be silent; how to refuse, or how to comply. We had many books to teach us our more important duties, and to settle opinions in philosophy or politics: but an *Arbiter elegantiarum*, a judge of propriety, was yet wanting, who should survey the track of daily conversation, and free it from thorns and prickles, which teaze the passer, though they do not wound him.

'For this purpose nothing is so proper as the frequent publication of short papers, which we read not as study, but amusement. If the subject be slight, the treatise likewise is short. The busy may find time, and the idle may find patience.

'This mode of conveying cheap and easy knowledge began among us in the civil war; when it was much the interest of either party to raise and fix the prejudices of the people. At that time appeared *Mercurius Aulicus*, *Mercurius Rusticus*, and *Mercurius Civicus*. It is said that when any title grew popular, it was stolen by the antagonist, who by this stratagem conveyed his notions to those who would not have received him, had he not worn the appearance of a friend. The tumult of those unhappy days left scarcely any man leisure to treasure up occasional compositions; and so much were they neglected that a complete collection is

no were to be found. These Mercuries were succeeded by *L'Estrange's Observator*, and that by *Lesley's Rehearsal* and perhaps by others: but hitherto nothing had been conveyed to the people, in this commodious manner, but controversy relating to the church or state; of which they taught many to talk, whom they could not teach to judge.

'It has been suggested that the Royal Society was instituted soon after the Restoration, to divert the attention of the people from public discontent. The TATLER and SPECTATOR had the same tendency: they were published at a time when two parties, loud, restless, and violent, each with plausible declarations, and each perhaps without any distinct termination of its views, were agitating the nation; to minds heated with political contest they supplied cooler and more inoffensive reflections; and it is said by ADDISON, in a subsequent work, that they had a perceptible influence upon the conversation of that time, and taught the frolic and the gay to unite merriment with decency; an effect which they can never wholly lose, while they continue to be among the first books by which both sexes are initiated in the elegancies of knowledge.*'

In this sketch, we may observe, that the praise of original design is still reserved for the author of the TATLER. If Casa and Castiglione were allowed to be exceptions, we might add to the number by reciting the titles of many works published in England, for the regulation of manners; among these PEACHAM, BRAITHWAITE, and Sir FRANCIS VERE, were writers of no inconsiderable fame; but, like many of their contemporaries, much more

* Johnson's Life of Addison.

valuable for matter than manner. Essayists on general subjects were likewise numerous: FELTHAM's Resolves was once a very popular book, and has more merit than will be allowed by those who are anxious rather to be pleased than to be instructed; and it would be unpardonable to omit the Essays of LORD BACON, 'which for sound philosophy and accurate observation, have not been exceeded, nor perhaps equalled*.' Translations were also published from Montaigne, and other foreign authors; but still no attempt had been made on the plan of the PERIODICAL ESSAY, confined alone to life and manners.

With regard to the theatre, much good could certainly not be expected from it. Perhaps in its nature, it is not a *direct* source of instruction. It reflects, but does not prescribe manners; it represents, but does not invent. Common life and manners are unquestionably the materials upon which a dramatic writer is to exercise his wit; but the stage has never been considered as a master of common life, or as editing the laws of manners. It has seldom succeeded even in correcting what is amiss, although, by flattering the depraved taste or morals of certain periods, it has often made bad worse. During the reign of CHARLES II. and JAMES II. the stage was in all respects so licentious that the comedies then represented are now declared unfit to be read; and Dr. JOHNSON has acknowledged, when speaking of certainly not the worst dramatic writer of his age, 'that the perusal of his works will make no man better; and that their ultimate effect is to represent pleasure in alliance with vice; and

* Beattie.

to relax those obligations by which life ought to be regulated.'*

If it was the purpose of the first ESSAYISTS to detach the public from political controversy, and to direct their attention to subjects that, like those of LORD VERULAM, 'came home to men's business and bosoms,' a most extensive field lay before them, for the cultivation of which little provision had been made by preceding authors. There were innumerable topics, which, though of great importance in promoting regularity and propriety in social life, and securing the happiness of the domestic relations, had been but slightly touched by any of the teachers of wisdom. The weightier morals and the Christian virtues, the grosser vices and depravities, were indeed sufficiently considered in the public discourses of our English Divines, which form a body of religious and moral instruction, such as no other nation can hope to rival; but the freaks and vagaries of fashion,† operating upon various tempers, and creating many varieties of character, and many modifications of absurdity, whatever influence they might have upon society, were excluded from a place where nothing can intrude but what is capable of grave discussion. SENECA, and a few more modern writers, had given the world their thoughts on such subjects, as they presented themselves in the people whom

* Johnson's Life of Congreve.

† 'Too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognisance of the pulpit.' Spec. No. 34, one of the purest specimens of Addisonian humour. Pope has harmonized this observation;

'Safe from the bar, the pulpit and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.'

they addressed: but at this time, no nation on earth was so happily favourable to the genius of the PERIODICAL ESSAYISTS as our own: and it is the peculiarity of our political constitution and manners, which has since enabled the English to maintain a preference in this species of composition, to which foreign writers have hitherto aspired in vain.

No man can make a just estimate of the literature of any country who does not take into his consideration its political government, and the advantages or obstructions which they may present to genius and imagination. If our ESSAYISTS have excelled in humour, they owe their materials and their opportunities to circumstances that are not known in other countries—to the freedom of our constitution, which interferes with no man's peculiarities of acting or thinking, while they do not injure his neighbour—to the vast extension of commerce, which has created a new race of men, more independent of set forms and modes than any other class of the community, and productive of that infinite variety of character of which a writer of humour knows how to avail himself, and which he cannot easily exhaust—to the forms of social intercourse, the growing and general relish for conversation, and unconstrained interchange of sentiments; to a taste for dress, sometimes reasonable and sometimes capricious; to the intermixture of the sexes in all companies;—and to the operation of wealth, whether acquired by labour or inheritance, on minds of strong or weak texture. All these circumstances afford a numerous class of characters; which, as they display themselves openly, without fear and without shame, become the prey of the wit, and present him with such

opportunities of exposing improprieties and wrong notions to ridicule, as no systematic study or philosophical contemplation could suggest.

When the ESSAYISTS, whose works compose these volumes, began to write, they found this wide field almost entirely unoccupied. Their predecessors and their contemporaries, as Dr. JOHNSON has observed, meddled only with politics,* which, as *they* discussed them, required neither wit nor learning. Elegance of style was but little known at that time in any prose compositions: and wit, confined chiefly to the stage, was associated with the grossest immorality. It was left for STEELE and ADDISON to rescue those valuable accomplishments from obscurity or abuse, and to unite wit, learning, and elegant sentiments, in the service of cheerful piety, and decorous manners.

In such an undertaking, the regulation of TASTE became a principal object. England had not been unproductive of genius of the first class, for to HOMER and VIRGIL, the boast of Greece and Rome, she could proudly join the names of

* 'I must confess I am amazed that the press should be only made use of in this way by news-writers, and the zealots of parties; as if it were not more advantageous to mankind, to be instructed in wisdom and virtue, than in politics; and to be made good fathers, husbands, and sons, than counsellors and statesmen. Had the philosophers and great men of antiquity, who took so much pains in order to instruct mankind, and leave the world wiser and better than they found it; had they, I say, been possessed of the art of printing, there is no question but they would have made such an advantage of it, in dealing out their lectures to the public. Our common prints would be of great use were they thus calculated to diffuse good sense through the bulk of a people, to clear up their understandings, animate their minds with virtue, dissipate the sorrows of a heavy heart, or unbend the mind from its more severe employments with innocent amusements.' ADDISON, Spec. No. 124.

SHAKSPEARE and MILTON; but hitherto few attempts had been made to reduce the common notions of taste to any regular form. It is not easy, perhaps to prescribe rules for critical acumen; but it is certain that the faculty of discerning and appreciating the beauties of nature or art may be assisted by a reference to the best models, and to the remarks of men of cultivated minds and acknowledged sagacity. And if, with philosophers, we determine that the component parts of a good taste, are, a lively imagination, a clear and distinct apprehension of objects, a quick perception, sensibility, and judgment, it cannot be denied that STEELE, in a considerable degree, and ADDISON in a very high degree, were qualified to correct the opinions of the public, in matters of that kind. On these principles their criticisms are generally founded; while their acquaintance with the Greek and Roman classics furnished them with apt allusions and illustrations, and enabled them, without the folly of presumption, or the harshness of pedantry, to refine the taste of a people to whom the elegancies of literature had not yet become familiar, and whose authors had seldom studied correctness, and not always perspicuity. If it be true also that a good taste requires purity of moral and religious principle, and in few instances, I believe, have they ever been found far apart, it cannot be denied that the most celebrated of our ESSAYISTS united these qualities in no common degree.

To such attentive observers of human nature, the PASSIONS would prove a rich source of remark, both serious and humorous. The varieties of the passions, indeed, compose a fund for the ESSAYIST which he must in vain hope to exhaust, as they shift their forms and appearances with the

revolutions of public manners, and habits of thinking, or rather habits of acting without thought. ANGER alone may be sub-divided so as to afford an infinite variety of expression, from foible to crime, many examples of which are happily illustrated in these volumes by characteristic sketches and portraits, which, perhaps, appear not less natural for being sometimes imaginary.

Philosophers and divines had treated the passions with the method and gravity becoming their respective professions; but they could not bring their precepts so closely home, as the ESSAYIST, who follows his pupil into domestic privacy, catches him in the moment of error, shews him its consequences, and administers a cure adapted to the immediate necessity. Philosophers and even poets could lay down the law respecting the extremity of wrath, and the savage horrors of revenge; and point out the danger of unrestrained fury to individuals, and to society; but they could not be expected to pourtray the many little objects which excite it, weigh their importance in the scales of ridicule or common sense, and exhibit the varieties it assumes in the different classes of rich and poor, learned and illiterate; nor could they with becoming gravity exemplify the whimsical effects of petulance and irritability, provoked by trifles, exasperated by sullenness or contradiction, and appeased by flattery and servility.

To treat of LOVE is the peculiar province of the ESSAYIST*. That passion, although acknowledged to be the same in its effects in all ages and conditions, has nevertheless been more regulated by custom in its modes of *address* than

* What COWLEY says of Poets, may be applied to Essayists; they 'are scarce thought freemen of their company without paying some duties, or obliging themselves to be true to love.'

any other that can be mentioned. Of this we need no more convincing proof, than what is afforded by one of its revolutions, when the age of chivalry and pure affection was succeeded by that of settlements and pin-money, when those pretensions which were founded on valorous acts, long perseverance, and a time of rigid trial and probation, gave way to the intrigues and plots, stratagems and elopements, by which the lady was to be tricked out of her money, and the father compelled to surrender his consent. Instead of being regulated by certain and almost invariable formalities, courtships came to be practised, in a thousand various ways; and the transfer of affections being subjected to cool calculation and expedience, soon partook of the fate of other bargains, and was sometimes a lucky hit, and sometimes an unfortunate speculation. Our Essayists would naturally avail themselves of incidents like this, which every day produced, which were generally made public, and which afforded so happy a mixture of the serious and jocose, exhibited such a variety of characteristic foibles, so many traits of affectation, and such modifications of avarice, simplicity, skill and weakness, as do not appear in any other business of human life. Accordingly it will be found that a very great proportion of the papers before us are devoted to the service of the fair sex; and it is not too much to assert, that they have diffused a knowledge and experience respecting the dangers and embarrassments of love, and a sense of propriety and decorum, the benefits of which are incalculable, and have left the objects of their instructions with no other plea for frailty, than that which wisdom itself cannot always resist, the violence of passion, or the vigour of temptation.

Jealousy enters so deeply into every species

of gallantry as to afford another very fertile source of humorous character and observation, as well as of more grave and important discussion. When it has occupied a weak mind, or is unchecked by reflection, no passion leads to more serious evils, or has produced more varied scenes of domestic misery. The writers of tragedy and comedy have accordingly amply availed themselves of it, and there are few plots contrived by the latter without a mixture of this passion producing humorous perplexities and involutions of incident, which never fail to please on the stage.

MARRIAGE has been considered by our ESSAYISTS in every possible light. The various circumstances* which constitute its happiness or misery are illustrated by examples sketched with singular humour and acknowledged fidelity; and the operations of temper are displayed in a variety of relations, which all who are acquainted with mankind will acknowledge to be common and without exaggeration. The dignity of the state is at the same time vindicated from the sneers of libertines by fair argument and pathetic representation, as well as by powerful ridicule; and the miseries of illicit connexions are displayed with a force of conviction to which none can be insensible, but whose corrupted habits have placed them beyond all warning, and all instruction. So attentive have our authors been to the various circumstances which affect the

* Johnson, in speaking of the objects of Pope's "Rape of the Lock," and Boileau's "Lutrin," has a sentiment which I hope I shall be excused for transcribing. "The freaks, and humours, and spleen, and vanity of women, as they embroil families in discord, and fill houses with disquiet, do more to obstruct the the happiness of life in a year, than the ambition of the clergy in many centuries. It has been well observed, that the misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated."

happiness of the married state, and so copious are their examples and authorities, that perhaps few cases can be mentioned in more recent times, and under the prevalence of altered modes of thinking and acting, for which a precedent may not be found in these volumes.

The influence of FRIENDSHIP upon the state of society presents us with another series of characters and remarks, of great importance to those who are entering into life, and who are more liable to mistakes in forming early connexions, than to any other of the evils of inexperience. Its nature and properties are accordingly frequently discussed, and the various kinds of pretended attachments, and disguised selfishness, traced to their source, and exposed to contempt or ridicule. Such instructions supply a very necessary branch of that knowledge of the world which is generally purchased at a much higher expense, and which men of loose principles tell us can never be acquired without an association with the idle and the profligate, and a proportionate sacrifice of time and character. This subject, however, has certainly been better understood since the appearance of these works. The world is taught to distinguish between the attachments of real friendship and the many disguises which pass by the name. We now find fewer instances of romantic friendship, of unreasonable expectations from beings fallible and various in temper, or of those ill-founded hopes which, meeting with disappointment, introduce a species of misanthropy, and a dislike of life, merely because life cannot give more than it was intended to give. It must be confessed indeed that modern novels, a species of composition unknown to our ESSAYISTS, have produced affectations of *feeling* and *sensibility* that still require the chas-

tisement of an humorous pen: but they are seldom of long duration, and, like other kinds of vanity, disappear when they fail in attracting notice. All affectation is made for show; and is something in the drawing-room or the park, but nothing in the closet.

Before the appearance of the ESSAYISTS, few moral writers had penetrated into DOMESTIC CIRCLES, but contented themselves with general dissuasives from the encouragement of the malevolent passions. Pride, envy, and revenge, were justly exposed, as pernicious to man and offensive to the Deity. But these instructors, as we have already observed in other cases, frequently failed to produce amendment, by being too general, and their works were not probably in many hands. The distribution of popular instruction, at stated times and at easy rates, is that which distinguishes the ESSAYISTS from all other writers, which has enabled them to go along with the age, and afforded them opportunities to simplify their subjects to the meanest comprehension. The early ESSAYISTS also selected specific cases, and applied them 'to the business and bosoms' of their readers; and shewed, by apt examples, in how many cases, envy, pride, and revenge, appear in the disguise of emulation, dignity, and justice. No general declamation could familiarize these truths to common minds. It was necessary to follow the reader to his closet, his counting-house, his family, and even to the pew and the altar. In this extensive range, topics of ridicule could never be wanting to men of such pregnant wit and turn for observation as the authors of the TATLER and SPECTATOR; and it will be found that the crimes or whims of pride, envy, and revenge, occupy no inconsiderable part of their lucubrations, and afford some of the most striking pictures of real life, and displays of genuine humour.

Connected with REVENGE are the various phenomena of courage and cowardice, two qualities which, on certain occasions, form one of the grand divisions of mankind, but which are in general so mixed and shaded as to require great accuracy of distinction. In separating the merits of true courage from the glare of the false, and in recommending that only useful valour which gives a daring to the mind in defiance of the custom of the world, and the contempt of fools, our ESSAYISTS have earned their best fame. If the custom of the world is in many cases still too powerful, it is at least without excuse. Men may be precipitated into crimes by a false notion of honour; but they do not affect to be without remorse, and have seldom insulted public decency by apologies or vindications.*

In surveying the manners of domestic life, a very copious fund of ridicule is derived from observing the various effects of a TASTE for EXPENSE and SHOW, arising from a compliance, rather voluntary than compelled, with the mandates of fashion. This naturally induces the consideration of dress, furniture, equipage, and the luxuries of the table; subjects which do not court privacy, but obtrude themselves with proud ostentation, and are therefore among the *fairest game* of the literary sportsman. At the commencement of the last century the distinction of ranks, it is believed, was more strictly observed than it has been since. The man of title or fortune, and the citizen, were characters essentially different: there was indeed scarcely any point of

* The papers on Duelling in the TATLER were written by STEELE, whose thoughts are said to have been turned towards that subject in early life, when he was involved in a duel with a brother officer.

resemblance. In the one appeared state, splendour, show, a manly spirit, and high sense of family honour, yet sometimes with notions rather gay and loose; in the other, economy, snugness, integrity, and some prejudices of pretty high antiquity. When, however, successful commerce afforded the latter the means, there soon appeared an affected imitation of the manners and expenses of the great: and such imitations at first could not fail to be ludicrous as well as pernicious, but they were not to be attacked only by serious argument. They were not always worthy of it; and it is perhaps as wholesome to show a man that he is vain, as to prove that vanity is a great folly. During the progress of this change in manners, if an expense was fashionable, that sanction was sufficient, and the splendour and style of a suite of rooms were attempted in confined parlours and closets: entertainments in miniature were given in such *cameræ obscuræ* to persons who would only laugh at the folly of the host; while the youth of both sexes began to be trained up with notions of high life, which, by destroying industry and perverting the use of wealth, soon left them in a motley beggary with an outside show neither splendid nor squalid. Yet these examples of "high life below stairs" were not perhaps so frequent in the days of STEELE and ADDISON as they have become in our time, in which a different state of society has shown how very prolific pride and vanity are in grotesque appearances and expensive anomalies: still they occurred with frequency sufficient to afford those wits opportunities of exposing them to just ridicule, as well as of pointing out the more fatal effects of stepping out of the rank in which education and circumstances have placed us.

GAMING in all its varieties had attained, in the days of the TATLER, a *perfection*, if we may so term it, not inferior to what so eminently distinguishes and dishonours the present times. The mischiefs arising from this vice alone are acknowledged greatly to exceed what can be attributed to any other cause. Yet to the present moment the young of all ranks are early initiated in the science of play, and with no other check than a hope, sometimes casually expressed, that what is intended for amusement may not become their more serious study*. Perhaps one of the most fatal effects which gaming, even in its least degrees, has produced on the public mind, is the distinction made between honour and honesty, and the consequent opinion that a debt contracted at the card-table is more obligatory than one contracted in trade. Few principles will appear more detestable than this, if it be fairly examined; and the MAN OF HONOUR, who has no other claim to the title than what arises from his punctual observation of such a precept, ought not to complain if that too be taken from him by the verdict of religion, law, and integrity.

Many of the TATLERS were very laudably employed in detecting the arts of gamblers and sharpers; some at least of whom were real and well-known characters. In this STEELE acted wisely in his character of CENSOR MORUM, and performed a duty which, we are told, was not always unattended with personal danger. Characters like these are at all times the legitimate objects of satire; but to what extent it is really

* When Plato reproved a young man for playing at dice. "What! for such a trifle of money!" "CUSTOM," answered Plato, "is no trifle."

useful to expose them, cannot be so easily ascertained. No character is considered so impious or immoral, as that of him who studies to accumulate the unavoidable miseries of life, to precipitate adversity, and bring on immature destruction. Yet men who have thus hardened their hearts against all moral principles, who despise the laws of all civilized nations, and are the common robbers of the young and unsuspecting, men who know themselves to be proscribed, and glory in an exemption which leaves them unrestrained by shame or pride, may be supposed beyond the reach of wit or argument. To the world, however, it is still necessary that they should be exposed in their full depravity. It is a duty which the moralist and the wit owe to society. Such crimes are the legitimate objects of asperity and contempt. Ridicule will not perhaps reform the vicious; but it may strengthen the principles of the virtuous, by making them afraid to incur the contempt which they know to be just, and by affording a mode of defence suited to the gaiety and spirit of conversation. It is not what a teacher would begin with; but it is what he may superadd to more serious counsels. Those who have been convinced of the turpitude of vice, may be safely shewn its absurdity.

With respect to the female sex, the consequences of a passion for play, although too obvious, are yet too shocking for contemplation: here, indeed, ridicule seems frequently out of place; for who can survey with gaiety of humour, the ruins of beauty and innocence? the charms of feature lost in the fiend-like distortions of disappointed avarice, or successful fraud? Still there are gradations even in this vice, which may admit of being treated less seriously; and

in the course of these volumes, the humours of a card-table have furnished some excellent papers of the lighter sort. But upon the whole we must allow with Dr. JOHNSON that, with respect to a great proportion of the fashionable world, 'the fatal passion for cards and dice seems to have overturned, not only the ambition of excellence, but the desire of pleasure; to have extinguished the flames of the lover as well as of the patriot; and threatens, in its farther progress, to destroy all distinctions both of rank and sex, to crush all emulation but that of fraud.'

Such are a few of the leading topics which have engaged the attention of the Essayists; but in examining these papers, it will be found that *no subject* connected with the general good of mankind is left untouched; and that they have succeeded in conveying that 'knowledge of the world,' which is esteemed by many an indispensable accomplishment, by means less noxious than what are usually employed. The effect however of this new species of popular instruction on the manners of the age, would have been very inconsiderable, and the authors could have inculcated neither the moral virtues nor the social obligations with the success they have experienced, had they trusted merely to the powers of wit and humour, and disregarded the more important consideration, that errors in manners are not far removed from degeneracy in morals, and that there is no substantial foundation for the utility of the one, or the integrity of the other, but in the principles of the pure religion of our ancestors—a religion, beyond all controversy, more admirably adapted than any human institution can boast, to direct us in every duty of life and in every dispensation of Providence. Of this solid

and only source of real happiness, it does not appear that our authors ever lost sight. When they had allured public attention by sprightliness of address and familiarity of intercourse, they endeavoured to lead the young and frivolous by insensible gradations and gentle persuasion, to connect the lesser with the greater obligations, and to secure an interest in that favour which alone can alleviate the calamities of life and the terrors of death. Without invading the province of more serious instructors, they would not degrade their writings to the rank of mere amusement, but watched every opportunity and fortunate moment, the *molissima fandi tempora*, when the mind was prepared to receive a timely caution, or encourage a momentous consideration. Some papers are expressly devoted to religious subjects; and in others the precepts of inspiration are introduced in that easy and unobtrusive manner, which appears opportune and affectionate, and has commanded, we hope, more than a temporary veneration. To this, the highest praise that can be bestowed, the earlier Essayists are justly entitled; and it is most probable that by thus uniting the serious and the gay part of mankind in their favour, they secured that popularity which they have so long enjoyed, and which no revolutions in taste, style, or opinions, have yet interrupted.

Of the works written upon this plan, the first in point of time, and that which prescribed a form to all the others, is the TATLER. The design of this work belongs exclusively to Sir RICHARD STEELE, concerning whom it may be necessary to collect what information is upon record. It is to be regretted that our materials are but scanty: there are periods of STEELE's life with which it would be desirable to be better acquainted; but the envy

which his talents created during his life appears in some degree to have pursued him to the grave, and much information is lost which his surviving contemporaries did not think worth preserving. The fullest account is that given in the Biographia Britannica, but it is in many instances inaccurate and defective; and until the publication of the Tatler in six volumes crown octavo in 1786, and the subsequent publication of Steele's Letters by Mr. Nichols, nothing was attempted in justice to the memory of a man to whom the world is so eminently indebted.

Richard Steele was born in Dublin, in 1671. His father, who had been for some time private secretary to James the first Duke of Ormond, was of English extraction, and sent his son, then very young, to London, where he was placed in the Charter-house by the Duke, who was one of the governors of that seminary. From thence he was removed to Merton college, Oxford, and admitted a Post-master in 1691. Of his father we have no further information, except that he died when his son was not quite five years of age.

While at college, Mr. Steele is said to have amused himself by writing a comedy, which a fellow collegian advised him to suppress, as unworthy of his genius. After pursuing his studies for some time, he left the University without a degree, and indulged an early prepossession for a military life, by entering as a private gentleman in the Horseguards. This step was taken against the opinion of his friends, and is said to have deprived him of the succession to his Irish estate; whether this was occasioned by the terms of his father's will, or any other reason which rendered the profession of a soldier a disqualification

to inherit, we are not told. His conduct, however, soon procured him the post of ensign.

During this period of his life, in which he was probably forsaken by those friends who had opposed his entering into the army, he fell into the company of gay and unthinking young men, to whose principles and example he yielded rather from easiness of temper than depravity, but in whose follies and vices he participated with a freedom for which his conscience frequently reproached him. To counteract the force of temptations thus continually presenting themselves, he had recourse to a very singular expedient. He tells us that, 'being thoroughly convinced of many things which he often repented, and as often repeated, he wrote, for his own private use, a little book, called "The Christian Hero," with a design principally to fix upon his mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity to unwarrantable pleasures."

In this he appears to have followed, I know not whether intentionally, the example of the Puritans, in their forms of *personal covenanting*, a practice not uncommon in more modern times with the pious of a certain class, but for which the authority has been thought doubtful, and which in many cases will prove dangerous. A great judge of the human heart has well observed, that 'a man who proposes schemes of life in a state of abstraction and disengagement, exempt from the enticements of hope, the solicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depressions of fear, is in the same state with him that teaches upon land the art of navigation, to whom the sea is always smooth, and the wind always prosperous.*

* Rambler, No. 14. DENHAM, the poet, was another in-

STEELE soon discovered at least one mistake in this experiment; he discovered that the support of this little book was too weak, while his engagement to be virtuous was voluntary and unknown. To render it more binding, he reprinted the book with his name, and endeavoured to live as well as he wrote, appealing boldly to the world for the consistency of his principles and practice. But this, we are told, had no other good effect than that, from being thought a pleasant companion, he was reckoned a disagreeable fellow. 'One or two of his companions thought fit to misuse him, and try their valour upon him; and every body measured the least levity in his words and actions with the character of a Christian Hero.'

This little work was printed in 1701, with a dedication to Lord CUTTS, who had not only appointed him his private secretary, but procured for him a company in Lord LUCAS's regiment of fuzileers. It consists chiefly of a review of the characters of some celebrated Heathens, contrasted with the life and principles of our blessed Saviour, and of St. Paul, from which it is his object to prove, that none of the heroic virtues, or 'true greatness of mind,' can be maintained, unless upon Christian principles. The language is far from being regular, and, perhaps, he may seem deficient in powers of argument: but his address has much of that honest zeal and affection which comes from the heart. It has been often reprinted and circulated among the middling class of readers, but in his own

stance of a man attempting to write himself out of his follies. To show, that he repented and was reclaimed from gaming, he published an Essay on that vice; but a few years proved that he was not reclaimed, and had again to repent.

time probably redounded more to his honour as an author, than to his advantage as a man; for he informs us that the rebuffs he met with, instead of encouragements for his declarations in regard to religion, laid him under a necessity of enlivening his character; and with this view, he wrote his first play, called 'The Funeral, or Grief Alamode,' which was very successfully performed the same year, and is yet a favourite with the public. This play is said to have procured him the regard of King WILLIAM, who intended to have betowed some mark of favour upon him, which the death of that monarch prevented. By the friendship, however, of Lord HALIFAX, and of the Earl of SUNDERLAND, to whom he had been recommended by ADDISON, he was, in the beginning of Queen ANNE's reign, appointed Gazetteer. ADDISON is said also to have assisted him in the comedy of the 'Tender Husband, or the Accomplished Fools,' which was acted with great success in 1704. The friendship between these two illustrious characters commenced when they were school-fellows at the Charter-house. 'I remember,' says STEELE, 'when I finished the "Tender Husband," I told him (ADDISON) there was nothing I so tenderly wished, as that we might, some time or other, publish a work written by us both, which should bear the name of the MONUMENT, in memory of our friendship.'

His next play was 'The Lying Lover,' which, he tells us, 'was damned for its piety;' a fate which it does not appear to deserve on that, or any other account more within the province of a dramatic tribunal. There is great regularity in the fable of all his plays, and the characters are well sketched and preserved; but in the dialogue

he is sometimes tedious. He wants the quick repartee of CONGREVE; and though possessed of humour, falls into the style rather of an essay than a drama. Much of that point which appears in his TATLERS may be discovered in his Comedies.

After the condemnation of this play, he commenced the TATLER, on the 12th of April, 1709. During its publication, in 1710, he was appointed a Commissioner of the Stamp Duties, which he retained after that ministry was dismissed by whose favour the place had been conferred. The TATLER was almost immediately followed by the SPECTATOR and GUARDIAN. In the course of the GUARDIAN, he began to take a greater share in the politics of the day, and engaged with considerable warmth against the ministry, though rather covertly: but at length resigning his place in the Stamp Office, and a pension which he had enjoyed as belonging to the household of Prince GEORGE of DENMARK, he declared open war against the ministers, by publishing a GUARDIAN on the demolition of Dunkirk, and other political tracts. On the dissolution of parliament he was returned member for Stockbridge, in Hampshire; but was expelled the house a few days after he took his seat, for some publications which were voted to be seditious and scandalous libels. The most celebrated of these, 'The Crisis,' requires some notice here, that its proper author may be assigned. That STEELE's name appeared to it, and that he was punished for it, is certain; but a letter published lately by Dr. SOMERVILLE, in his 'History of the Reign of Queen Anne,' proves that it was written by Mr. WILLIAM MOORE, a lawyer, and a coadjutor of STEELE's in the 'ENGLISHMAN,'

and perhaps in other political effusions. This letter, dated June 6, 1716, is addressed to the late Lord Macclesfield, then lord chancellor. It is probable that STEELE had the courage to stand the prosecution, perhaps thinking it might end in a reprimand, and could not with honour retract, or give up the real author, when matters came to be more serious. MOORE, indeed, speaks lightly of STEELE's punishment: 'Had matters been carried to *extremities* against that gentleman (STEELE) on account of that book, my fate would certainly have been more severe than his; for my profession as a lawyer would have been esteemed an aggravation of my crime by the then ministry, and consequently of my punishment.' The reader, however, must yet consult STEELE's 'Apology,' before he can be entirely satisfied that he had not such a share in the production of this pamphlet as rendered it necessary for him to abide the consequences.

Immediately after his expulsion, STEELE issued proposals for writing the history of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, whose character he always defended; but this work was never executed. At the same time he wrote 'THE SPINSTER;' and, in opposition to the EXAMINER, he began a paper entitled 'THE READER*.'

This contest was beneficial in the end. On the death of the Queen, he was appointed Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court, and put into the commission of the peace for the county of Middlesex; and having procured a license for chief manager of the royal company of comedians, he easily obtained it to be changed in the same year

* See Preface to GUARDIAN.

(1714) into a patent from his Majesty, appointing him governor of the said company during his life, and to his executors, administrators, or assigns, for the space of three years afterwards. He was also chosen one of the representatives of Boroughbrigg, in Yorkshire, in the first parliament of GEORGE I. who conferred the honour of knighthood upon him, April 8, 1715, on his presenting an address from the Lieutenancy of Middlesex and Westminster, which was his own composition. In August following, he received 500*l.* from Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, for special services*. Such honours and emoluments encouraged him to triumph over his opponents in several pamphlets written in this and the following year. In 1715 he was appointed one of the Commissioners for inquiring into the estates forfeited by the late rebellion in Scotland. This occasioned his paying a visit to that kingdom, during which he conceived the hopeless project of uniting England and Scotland in church, as well as state. While a member of this parliament, he voted for the repeal of the Triennial Act, and of the occasional conformity and schism acts; but opposed the Peerage Bill, not only within doors, but without in a paper called 'THE PLEBEIAN.'

With all the advantages above mentioned, STEELE never practised economy: and in 1718 we find him endeavouring to relieve his necessities by the scheme of 'THE FISHPOOL,' and at the same time increasing them by a fruitless opposition to the measures of the Court, by which he was deprived of his theatrical patent. He then published 'THE THEATRE,' in periodical

* See this affair, which was strangely misrepresented at the time, satisfactorily explained in NICHOLS's Life of Welsted, prefixed to his Works, p. 22, 8vo. 1787.

numbers, the first of which appeared on January 2, 1719-20. In 1720, he more laudably employed his pen against the mischievous South Sea scheme; and next year he was restored to his office and authority in the play-house in Drury-lane. Here he produced his celebrated comedy 'The CONSCIOUS LOVERS,' which was acted with great success and advantage to the author. The King, to whom the play was dedicated, presented him with the munificent gift of 500*l.* Yet soon after he was again reduced to poverty, and obliged to sell his share in the theatre, and was cast in an action which he commenced against the managers, in 1726. He is now said to have been attacked by a paralytic disorder*, which greatly impaired his understanding; and in this melancholy state he was removed to Carmarthen, where he died Sept. 1, 1729, and was privately interred, according to his own desire, in the town chancel, on the 4th of the same month.

His first wife was a lady of Barbadoes, by whom he acquired a valuable plantation. She died a few months after their marriage; but of her name, character, or the time of her death, we have no

* It is with great pleasure I copy the following correction of this statement: "Steele retired into Wales before he had the paralytic stroke, that deprived him of his intellectual faculties, and solely on the principle of doing justice to his creditors, at a time too when he had the fairest prospect of satisfying all their claims to the uttermost farthing." Tatler, (oct. edit. 1806) note on No. 176; which also contains an able vindication of STEELE from a distorted sketch drawn by Mrs. TALBOT. See also No. 251, note on Whiston.—Some anecdotes very honourable to Steele's character are given in Victor's Original Letters, vol. i. p. 327, 350; but it is more highly indebted to "Dr. Rundle's Anticipation of the posthumous Character of Sir Richard Steele," published by the Rev. Weeden Butler, in his very interesting life of the amiable Dr. Mark Hildesley, bishop of Sodor and Man, 8vo. 1799.

account*. His second wife was Mary, the daughter of JONATHAN SCURLOCK of Languanor in Carmarthenshire, Esq. by whom he had three children, a daughter ELIZABETH born March 26, 1709, a son RICHARD born May 25, 1710, and another son EUGENE born March 4, 1712, and named after the celebrated Prince EUGENE. RICHARD and EUGENE died young. ELIZABETH was, in May 1732, married to the Hon. JOHN TREVOR, then one of the Welsh judges, and afterwards Baron TREVOR of BROMHAM, who had issue by her, a daughter, named DIANA, who was remarkably beautiful, but unfortunately an idiot. Of this family much information may be found in STEELE's Epistolary Correspondence, published by Mr. NICHOLS in 1787; a work which gives a very faithful delineation of STEELE's character, and explains, if it does not excuse, 'that imprudence of generosity, or vanity of profusion, which kept him always incurably necessitous.' In this work also will be found a particular account of a natural daughter he had by a relation of TONSON the bookseller.

It does not appear that STEELE's marriage with Miss SCURLOCK added much to his happiness.—She loved money, and had the usual companion of that vice, a coldness of affection 'as a woman and a wife.' Yet his attachment to her appears

* This lady is supposed to be alluded to in TATLER, No. 117; if so, she was of a Kentish family. Yet this paper was written by ADDISON. Of the incident supposed to relate to Mrs. Steele, Dr. BEATTIE says, 'One of the finest moral tales I ever read is an account in the TATLER which, though it has every appearance of a real dream, comprehends a moral so sublime and so interesting, that I question whether any man who attends to it can ever forget it; and it he remembers, whether he can ever cease to be the better for it. Dissertations, Moral and Critical, 4to. 1783.

to have been ardent and uniform; in the THEATRE, No. 12, he laments the loss of her as the best woman that ever man had; and adds, that 'she frequently lamented and pined at his neglect of himself.' Their correspondence throws considerable light on her character; if she is to be blamed for a narrow, teazing, and suspicious temper, it is no less evident that her temper was occasionally soured by the distresses in which her husband's imprudence involved him; and she may be excused if the prospect of want rendered her parsimonious, and unfriendly to the schemes and projects by which he had often deceived himself as well as her.

Such are the outlines of the life of Sir RICHARD STEELE. To have entered into a detail of his political conduct and writings, would have led us into a field very wide, and to most readers very barren of entertainment. It has rarely happened that political writings, unless eminently mischievous, have long survived the cause which gave them birth, and the contests which swelled them into importance. The best performances of this kind are preserved with little care, and read, if read at all, with little interest. If they settle a date, or illustrate a minute point of history, it is as much as can be expected from them in an age which has forgot the zeal of former parties in the turbulence of its own. It must be added, however, that the most scrupulous inquiry into STEELE's political character has left him the merit of being useful to his party, formidable to his opponents, and frequently too honest to be friendly to his own interest.

The TATLER, like many other eminent superstructures, rose from small beginnings. It does not appear that the author foresaw to what per-

fection this method of writing might be brought, when he should by the aid of his illustrious colleague be able to reject his first plan. By dividing each paper into compartments, he appears to have consulted the ease with which an author may say a little upon many subjects, who has neither leisure nor inclination to enter deeply on a single topic*. This, however, did not proceed either from distrust in his abilities, or in the favour of the public; for he at once addressed them with confidence and familiarity; but it is probable that he did not foresee to what the continued practice of writing will frequently lead a man whose natural endowments are wit and eloquence, superadded to a knowledge of the world, and a habit of observation.

The first paper of the TATLER, as has been already noticed, made its appearance on Tuesday, April 12, 1709: and the days of publication were fixed to be Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. In the selection of a name for the work, STEELE affords an early instance of delicate raillery, by informing us that the name TATLER was invented in *honour* of the fair sex; and that in such a character he might indulge with impunity the desultory plan he first laid down, with a becoming imitation of the tattle and gossip of the day. His paper professed to embrace 'accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment,' under the head

* Mr. George Chalmers, in his excellent Life of Defoe, thinks that the plan of the Tatler may have been suggested by Defoe's 'REVIEW, consisting of a Scandal Club, on Questions of Theology, Morals, Politics, Trade, Language, Poetry, &c.' published about the year 1703. More than a hint, however, could not be derived from a farrago, so unworthy of the talents afterwards displayed by Defoe in his Robinson Crusoe.

'White's Chocolate-house;' 'poetry*' under that of 'Will's Coffee-house;' and 'learning' under that of 'the Grecian:' 'foreign and domestic news' from 'St. James's Coffee-house;' and 'other articles' 'from his own apartment,' and sometimes 'from Shire-lane.' This plan was preserved for a considerable time, until his pen became more accustomed to essay-writing, and the assistance of his friend ADDISON enabled him to adopt a more regular method.

The Dramatic articles are numerous, and are said to have been serviceable to the theatre. CIBBER acknowledges the force and influence of the TATLER in filling the play-houses; yet STEELE had no share in the management of the play-house in Drury-Lane for several years after this period. We have seen however that he was a dramatic writer, and was always anxious for the improvement of the stage; and that, with ADDISON and other writers, he wished to hasten the time, all hope of which seems now given up, when the morals of the age should be reformed by what they called 'a well-regulated theatre.'

In Dr. BURNEY's History of Music (Vol. iv. p. 225, et seqq.) are some valuable strictures on those papers in the TATLER and SPECTATOR, which STEELE and ADDISON wrote to ridicule

* Before POPE's MESSIAH was inserted in the Spectator, the author submitted it to the perusal of STEELE, and corrected it in compliance with his criticisms. From POPE this was no inconsiderable acknowledgment of STEELE's judgment. I may add here that Wycherley, in a letter to Pope, dated May 17, 1709, says, 'But hitherto your Miscellanies have safely run the gauntlet through all the coffee-houses; which are now entertained with a whimsical new newspaper called the TATLER, which I suppose you have seen.' It was at STEELE's suggestion that POPE wrote 'The Dying Christian to his Soul.'

Operas. It is the opinion of this learned and ingenious author, that 'some part of the SPECTATOR's severity is to be ascribed to want of skill in the art of Music; some to peevishness; and the rest to national prejudice, and the spirit of party in favour of our domestic theatres.' 'ADDISON, though he had visited Italy, and was always ambitious of being a judge of music, discovers, whenever he mentions the subject, a total want of sensibility, as well as knowledge of the art.' This opinion, Sir JOHN HAWKINS, who will not allow ADDISON merit of any kind, had before ventured to express. From Dr. BURNEY, it is decisive.

The articles of public news were of more importance to the TATLER. They were all written by STEELE, who was then Gazetteer, and therefore had the advantage of other newspapers in accuracy and perhaps in priority of intelligence. This increased the circulation of the paper, and rendered it important as a vehicle for advertisements, many of which are curious and illustrative of the manners of the times*. The foreign intelligence has been preserved in all editions of the work, though it is not easy to know why. It incumbers the volumes with information which is now of no importance, and delivered in a manner from which the writer can derive no honour.

The CHARACTER of the author was assumed with sufficient consequence for the purpose of an imaginary Censorship. The family name, BICKERSTAFF, was not altogether fictitious. In No. 3, mention is made of Mr. John Bickerstaff, a player, and it is said there was another of that

* Specimens have been judiciously selected by the Annotators on the TATLER, in the Edit. oct. 1806.

name then resident in London. But neither of these had the honour of suggesting this family designation. It was the use which SWIFT had made of it that inclined STEELE to give a preference to what had already acquired some popularity, and might be easier repeated and remembered than a newer fiction. This circumstance has led the author of his life in the Biographia Britannica to assert that he commenced the TATLER 'in concert with SWIFT.' For this there is no foundation, unless a polite acknowledgment of greater services than STEELE received from that writer. And still less ground has this Biographer for accusing STEELE of ingratitude in preferring ADDISON to SWIFT*.

STEELE appears to have begun the paper without any concert, or hope of other assistance than what might come spontaneously. His chief dependence was on his intelligence, which gave him a superiority over his contemporaries, who were merely news-writers, and had never discovered that a periodical paper might furnish instruction of a better and more lasting kind. In the other parts of the TATLER, he was at first less careful; his style had a familiar vulgarity not unlike that of the journalists of the age, which he adopted either in compliance with the prevailing manner, or by way of disguise. In one paper he acknowledges 'incorrectness of style,' and writing 'in an air of common speech.' All this however became a *Tatler*, and for some time he aimed at no higher character†. But when associated with

* See STEELE's original preface, 1710, prefixed to the first volume of this edition.

† STEELE in reply to TICKELL's assertion that ADDISON advanced the Tatler, says, very candidly, 'It was advanced indeed, for it was raised to a greater thing than I intended it; for the elegance, purity, and correctness, which

ADDISON, he assumed a tone more natural to a polished and elegant mind, and dispersed his coarser familiarity among his characteristic correspondents. If he did not introduce, he was the first who successfully employed the harmless fiction of writing letters to himself, and by that gave a variety of amusement and information to his paper, which would have been impracticable had he always appeared in his own character. All succeeding Essayists have endeavoured to avail themselves of a privilege so essential to this species of composition, but it requires a mimickry of style and sentiment which few have been able to combine.

ADDISON is said to have first discovered STEELE to be the author of the TATLER by a criticism of his own introduced in No. 6. The criticism is not of great importance unless to those commentators who make a favourite author the source of all excellence, and are determined to find a beauty in every particle. ADDISON was at this time in Ireland, secretary to Lord WHARTON, Lord Lieutenant, and gave STEELE an early proof of his regard by sending contributions to his work. In No. 18, the 'Distress of News-writers' is certainly his, and the first part of the paper, on sign-posts, has very much of his manner. No. 20, is likewise assigned to him, although the first article has more of Swift's indelicacy of manner. His other papers are assigned on indubitable authority.

Such an assistant was of incalculable value to

appeared in his writings, were not so much to my purpose, as in any intelligible manner I could, to rally all those singularities of human life, through the different professions and characters in it, which obstruct any thing that was truly good and great.' Dedication to the Comedy of the Drummer.

STEELE, who began to sacrifice his original plan by degrees, and, as his views became enlarged and public attention more generally drawn to the paper, soon rose to the dignity of a teacher of wisdom and morals. His improvement, if I mistake not, is visible from about No. 82 or 83; No. 92, 95, 109, and 132, may be referred to for their superior excellence. The latter is much in the Addisonian manner. STEELE's admirable papers on duelling were among the first successful attacks on that remnant of barbarism. They are supposed to have been originally written in consequence of his being involved in a duel with a brother officer of the Coldstream regiment, about the year 1706.

It may be necessary, however, to mention that, in assigning the papers of the TATLER to their respective authors, we have better authority to follow in almost every case than in that of STEELE himself, because it has been the custom to prefix his name to every paper of which no other writer is known. In this arrangement, he is the ostensible author of upwards of one hundred and seventy of these papers; but it must be observed that although as editor of the papers he was responsible for their contents, he composed many of them from the contributions or hints of his correspondents, principally short letters written by the wits of the age, in which they sometimes imitated his manner with a considerable degree of success; and not unfrequently he borrowed from his library short extracts, which he reprinted with an introduction or comment. On one occasion of very pinching distress, he began a Journal of the Iliad, of which he seems afterwards ashamed; and on another occasion he published some private letters he had sent to his second wife. These

shifts, however, occur chiefly among the earlier papers: his matter soon became proportioned to his wants, and he acquired by constant efforts a happier and easier mode of communicating his observations on life and manners.

It appears that some part of the popularity of the TATLERS, during their first publication, was owing to a very prevalent opinion, that the characters described in an unfavourable light, and held up to ridicule or contempt, were real. Of this many hints are given; and the question is very artfully obscured in every attempt to decide it. That some of the characters, both good and bad, were real, has been ascertained beyond all doubt: allusions to the *events* of the times are so frequent as to render it necessary to introduce the *actors*. We may instance the Bangorian controversy, which in itself however was perhaps too serious for the kind of ridicule employed. Religious controversy, when conducted with asperity and calumny, might often afford a proper subject of ridicule; but the attempt is dangerous, and we must never forget that the *matter* or object of all religious controversy, however misrepresented, is of eternal importance. The peevishness of Bishop BLACKALL, it must notwithstanding be confessed, is parodied with great humour in the letters of the Puppet-show man, which have been admired by many readers, who looked no farther than to the affected consequence of a vagrant of that mean employment. In No. 51, STEELE has apologized for his interference in this controversy with considerable shrewdness.

Besides the gamblers, many of whom were certainly real characters, a few of a more harmless cast are introduced, as RATCLIFF and ARNE; but in general, the allusions to living characters,

not of the depraved kind, are free from asperity or malevolence. One exception indeed occurs in the case of MADONELLA (Mrs. MARY ASTELL) and of Mrs. ELIZABETH ELSTOB, two ladies of unblemished character, and great literary accomplishments; but let it be remembered that these calumnies are both from the pen of SWIFT.

The general opinion, however, that all the characters delineated or alluded to, were real, certainly kept up the public attention to these papers; and the authors, being aware that nothing can render a work more popular than the supposition that it contains a proportion of scandal or personal history, were not very anxious to deprive themselves of a hold on the public mind which they could, and had the virtue to turn to the best of purposes. In writings of this kind, it is essential that vice and folly should be illustrated by characters; it is this which distinguishes them from dissertations of the more serious cast: and to readers of a certain description, it is a delightful employment to reduce fictitious to real names, conjecture wisely on place and person, and find resemblances where none were meant. Our authors cannot therefore be very severely blamed if they occasionally played with this species of self-deception, and, knowing the perverted taste of some of their customers, sold them lawful goods as contraband.

The chief design of all these papers is briefly expressed by Hughes, in No. 64, to be 'a wholesome project of making wit useful,' a project the more to be commended as of all talents wit is the most liable to be abused; and as for many years preceding the date of the TATLER, the most celebrated wits had prostituted their pens in the service of the grosser vices. Few

men could be better qualified than STEELE to employ this endowment in useful designs. Notwithstanding his personal failings, he appears to have uniformly entertained the purest principles of religion and morals: a strong sense of propriety in words as well as in action: and an abhorrence of gross vices, as offensive to the deity, and dangerous to the eternal welfare of man. When betrayed by liveliness of temper into an expression inconsistent with piety or decency, he was ever ready to apologize and to revoke: if he committed errors, he certainly defended none. In manners he had a quick sense of what was ridiculous, and exposed it with easy playfulness, or humorous gravity. Availing himself of the many shapes an ESSAYIST may assume, he exposed levity of conduct, absurd fashions, improprieties of dress and discourse, in every various light; and laid the foundation for a change in the public mind, which has contributed beyond all calculation to the refinement of society.

It has already been noticed that he is not to be accounted the writer of every paper to which his name has been prefixed or appended. Those which appear in the regular form of ESSAY are certainly his; those consisting of letters, &c. were sometimes the contributions of correspondents. With respect to his able coadjutor, we are less liable to mistake. ADDISON'S papers have been correctly ascertained, yet the frequent resemblance between these two writers in style and manner is a circumstance which deserves particular notice. We have seen that STEELE was the original author of the TATLER, that he was the first who prescribed a mode of periodical writing, new to the world from the nature of its subjects, and that he had made some pro-

gress before he received or appears to have expected assistance from ADDISON, who was then in a distant country,* and in an official situation not likely to afford him the requisite leisure. Yet from the time they began to write in conjunction, if the reader will attentively compare those papers which are certainly the respective productions of STEELE and ADDISON, he will meet with a surprising similarity of humour. In many instances STEELE imitates what has been since called the ADDISONIAN manner with a closeness which would have rendered it very difficult to assign the papers to their proper authors, if we had been left without any authority but a supposed knowledge of the style. Of this happy coincidence of talent, there are many striking instances in the SPECTATOR, to which we shall have occasion to advert hereafter. In the mean time, we may remark, that it contributed to preserve the uniformity and consistency of character, or the personal identity of ISAAC BICKERSTAFF. 'Throughout the whole work,' says an author who well knew how to appreciate its merits, 'the conjuror, the politician, the man of humour, the critic; the seriousness of the moralist, and the mock dignity of the astrologer; the vivacities and the infirmities peculiar to old age, are all so blended and contrasted in the Censor of Great-Britain, as to form a character equally complex and natural, equally laughable and respectable.'†

Thirty-four of the Tatlers are attributed to STEELE and ADDISON in conjunction, and their respective shares are pointed out in the contents

* Addison left London April 10, two days before the first appearance of the Tatler.

† Beattie.

to the present edition. Forty-one are given to ADDISON alone, of which Nos. 132, 216, 220, 224, 250, 253, 256, 259, and 265, are admirable examples of that exquisite humour which afterwards became habitual in this author's writings, and flowed from a disposition of mind, easy, equable, and fertile in ridicule, yet delicate in sentiment and expression beyond any kind of wit that had hitherto appeared. In No. 216, 'The Virtuoso's will' is replete with beauties; in almost every article is a stroke of satire which can hardly escape the notice of the dullest reader. The solemn introduction—the testator's leaving 'the female skeleton and dried cockatrice' to the widow—'the Winter-May-dew and embryo pickle' to the eldest daughter—'the nest of a humming-bird' to the youngest on the birth of her first child, and heightened by the condition annexed, 'if she marries with her mother's consent,' are uncommon felicities of humour. The character of a Virtuoso* was the frequent butt of the wits of the BICKERSTAFF school, and almost every modern Essayist has attempted the same subject. Dr. JOHNSON is, I think, among the last who followed them with success, yet perhaps with more extravagance of fiction than true humour admits.

Among the occasional contributors to the TATLER, SWIFT has been often mentioned. It is not improbable that he frequently gave hints, but there is not much that can be assigned to his pen. He wrote, in No. 9, the 'Description of the Morning:' in No. 82, the history of Madonella:

* They employed their wit less laudably on the Royal Society 'of which the enemies were for some time very numerous and very acrimonious, for what reason it is hard to conceive, since the philosophers professed not to advance doctrines, but to produce facts.' JOHNSON'S Life of BUTLER.

In No. 35, from internal evidence, the family of Ix: in No. 59, the letter signed Obadiah Greenhat: in No. 63, Madonella's Platonic College: in No. 66, the first article, on pulpit oratory: in No. 67, the proposal for a Chamber of Fame*: in No. 68, a continuation of the same: in No. 70, a letter on oratory signed Jonathan Rosehat: in No. 71, a letter on the irregular conduct of a clergyman: No. 230, entire: in No. 238, the poetical description of a shower; and No. 258, a short letter on the words 'Great Britain.' These are all the communications that can with any confidence be ascribed to SWIFT, a writer who, with a rich fund of humour, an easy and flowing style, perhaps more correct than that of any of his contemporaries, with habits of observation†, and a keen discernment of folly and weakness, was nevertheless ill qualified for this species of composition. His wit was so licentious, that no subject however sacred, and no character however amiable, were safe; his invective has more of malignity than virtuous indignation: his characters are drawn in hideous distortion; and perhaps no man ever attempted to ridicule vice or folly with less of the salutary and gentle spirit of correction.

Of his life it would be unnecessary to give a

* Dr. HAWKESWORTH claims also No. 74, and 81, for Swift; but from the notes on these papers, they are more justly given to ADDISON and STEELE. In his Journal to Stella, he disclaims Nos. 237, 249, 257, and 260, which had been imputed to him by his correspondents. See his Works, vol. xviii. p. 211, 8vo. edition, 1801.

† Of this qualification his 'Polite Conversation' and 'Advice to Servants' are decisive proofs. 'These two performances,' says JOHNSON, 'shew a mind incessantly attentive, and, when it was not employed upon great things, busy with minute occurrences. It is apparent that he must have had the habit of noting whatever he observed: for such a number of particulars could never have been assembled by the power of recollection.'

detail here. It has been written by Lord ORRERY, by HAWKESWORTH, by DELANY, by JOHNSON, and lastly by Mr. SHERIDAN. In these writers, considerable discordance of opinion occurs; yet an examination of their opinions and authorities, and what evidence may be derived from his works, leave us the melancholy regret that a man of so many accomplishments should have so few claims to our esteem. It is with too much truth, that JOHNSON has stated that 'he seems to have wasted life in discontent, by the rage of neglected pride, and the languishment of unsatisfied desire. He is querulous and fastidious, arrogant and malignant; he scarcely speaks of himself but with indignant lamentations, or of others but with insolent superiority when he is gay, and with angry contempt when he is gloomy.'

Mr. SHERIDAN, indeed, has published an elaborate vindication of SWIFT; but, having determined that his character should be that of pure and unmixed excellence, he has plunged into a series of inconsistencies from which he never knows how to extricate himself, or the object of his admiration. MR. MONCK BERKELEY, who has since attempted a vindication of SWIFT, cannot excuse SHERIDAN'S want of judgment, in the case of the two ladies who were unfortunately attached to the DEAN. The truth is, SHERIDAN was proud of the original information and materials which he had been able to collect, and did not perceive that although they might furnish an impartial life of SWIFT, they could not support a continued panegyric.

Yet for this SWIFT is not accountable. His conduct measured by his own principles is seldom mysterious, and becomes so only when attempts are thus made to render it consistent with a char-

acter which he did not possess. Doubts have been justly entertained of his religion; and there are many proofs that it was a religion which did little honour to the church of which he was a member. His notions of what became the dignity of the sacerdotal office appear to have been very lax. In his Journal, December, 1712, is the following singular passage: 'This morning I presented one Diaper, a poet, to Lord Bolingbroke, with a new poem, which is a very good one; and I am to give a sum of money from my Lord. I have *contrived to make a Parson* of him, for he is half one already, being in Deacon's orders, and a small cure in the country, but has a *sword at his tail* here in town. 'Tis a *poor, little, short wretch*, but will do *best in a gown*, and *we* will *make* Lord Keeper give him a living.'

This passage Mr. SHERIDAN has quoted as a proof of SWIFT's 'good offices to men of genius and merit:' but of what value in any man's character is such patronage, when over-balanced by the insult offered to religion, and to the church whose dignity he professed to support, by *making* the Lord Keeper give a living to 'a poor, little, short wretch,' whose only merit was that of writing a poem which has never since been heard of. Connected with this anecdote, and in a subsequent part of the Life, we have another instance of the difficulty Mr. SHERIDAN experienced in his attempt to construct a Christian Hero from the materials of an inconsistent HUMOURIST. Although SWIFT professed to make the Lord Keeper give livings to persons whom he could not mention without contempt, his biographer informs us that he was more circumspect in matters within his own gift. 'He was extremely exact and conscientious in promoting the

members of the choir according to their merit, and never advanced any person to a vicarage, who was not qualified for it in all respects, whatever their interests or however recommended. He once refused a vicarage to a person for whom Lady CARTERET was very importunate, at the same time declaring to her ladyship, that if it had been in his power to have made the gentleman a Dean or a Bishop, he would have obliged her willingly, because, he said, deaneries and bishopricks were preferments in which *merit had no concern*, but the merit of a vicar would be brought to the test every day. The instance he brings to illustrate this part of SWIFT's character, and to prove how exact and conscientious he was to fill his choir with such merit as all men were judges of, is that of a person promoted by him to a vicarage, because his gun had gone off accidentally and wounded him.

In his attempt to 'develope SWIFT's mysterious conduct, towards STELLA and VANESSA, he has certainly removed much of the mystery, but leaves SWIFT's character as liable to censure as he found it. When he allows that he had a love for VANESSA, and none for STELLA, and that he kept up a correspondence with VANESSA, which it was necessary to conceal from STELLA, he places his hero in a situation more irreconcilable with honour and humanity than perhaps he intended; and although his account of the whole transaction is minute and interesting, it may be doubted whether it was ever read without feelings of a very different kind from what he meant to excite. Dr. JOHNSON has noticed the affair with more lenity; he has said all that can be said in excuse.

Mr. SHERIDAN's defence of the Fourth part of 'GULLIVER's Travels' is ingenious; but when he censures the opposition to this work as prejudice, he forgets that it is not the prejudice of the vulgar, but the opinion of every writer of piety or taste who has considered the subject. With respect to his attack on Dr. JOHNSON, except where he has corrected some mistakes in point of fact, it may safely be left unanswered. In this he was too obviously imitating one of the *virtues* of his idol. He was taking that vengeance for which he had long prepared his mind. As a critic, Mr. SHERIDAN has not always been successful. SWIFT's style was, beyond all precedent, pure and precise, yet void of ornament or grace, and partook in some instances of the pride and dogmatism of its author: nor does his Biographer seem to be aware, that his most incorrect composition is his 'Proposal for correcting the English tongue.'

Those who wish to appreciate SWIFT's character with justice, must derive their information from his voluminous writings, which undoubtedly place him among the most illustrious ornaments of literature, as an author of incomparable ability, of multiform talent, and inexhaustible fancy. But the most charitable conclusion that can be formed of his private life, or the general tendency of his writings, will not, I fear, differ much from the opinion of a celebrated writer, who, with the truest relish for wit and humour, never losses sight of more important considerations.

'In Swift we see a turn of mind very different from that of the amiable Thomson, little relish for the sublime and beautiful, and a perpetual succession of violent emotions. All his

pictures of life seem to show, that deformity and meanness were the favourite objects of his attention, and that his soul was a constant prey to indignation, disgust, and other gloomy passions arising from such a view of things. And it is the tendency of almost all his writings (though it was not always the author's design to communicate the same passions to his reader; insomuch, that, notwithstanding his erudition, and knowledge of the world, his abilities as a popular orator and man of business, the energy of his style, the elegance of some of his verses, and his extraordinary talents in wit and humour, there is reason to doubt, whether by studying his works any person was ever much improved in piety or benevolence.'*

The next contributor to the TATLER whom we shall notice, is Mr. JOHN HUGHES, who is said to have been the author of the letter signed *Josiah Couplet* in No. 64; that signed *Will Trusty* in No. 73; a letter on the tendency of the work in No. 76; and the inventory of a beau's effects in No. 113. For these assignments, we have the authority of Mr. Duncombe. The Annotators on the Tatler suspect that he wrote the short letter signed *Philanthropos* in No. 66, and the whole of No. 194, a transposition of the tenth canto of the fourth book of Spenser. STEELE is supposed to have alluded to HUGHES in the character of *Aletheus* in No. 56. 'He was say the Annotators on the Tatler, 'the intimate friend of STEELE, and seems to have interested himself very particularly in those papers of this work which were written with a view to detect and expose the sharpers of that time.' Some

* Essays on Poetry and Music, p. 387, 4to. Edit. 1776.

farther notice will be taken of Mr. HUGHES among the authors of the SPECTATOR.

The 'Medicine, a Tale,' in No. 2, was written by Mr. WILLIAM HARRISON, a young gentleman high in esteem, and (as SWIFT characterizes him) 'a little, pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature.' For these and perhaps superior qualities, he has been 'praised, wept, and honoured,' by YOUNG in his Epistle to Lord LANSDOWNE.

Mr. HARRISON received the early rudiments of his education at Winchester School, and was afterwards fellow of New College Oxon. His circumstances were very indifferent, as he had no other income than forty pounds a year when tutor to one of the Duke of QUEENSBERRY's sons. In this employment he attracted the favour of SWIFT, who obtained for him the employment of Secretary to Lord RABY, afterwards Earl of STRAFFORD, and then ambassador at the Hague. A letter of his while at Utrecht, dated December 16, 1712, is printed in the Dean's works, from which it appears that his office was attended with much vexation and little advantage. SWIFT gives a remarkable instance of this, at the time HARRISON brought over the barrier treaty. 'Jan. 31, 1712-13, HARRISON was with me this morning; we talked three hours, and then I carried him to court. When we went down to the door of my lodging, I found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it: but he whispered me, it was impossible to be otherwise; and in the coach he told me, he had not one farthing in his pocket to pay for it; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money somewhere or other. So there was the Queen's Minister in-

trusted in affairs of the greatest importance, without a shilling in his pocket to pay a coach.' He died Feb. 14, 1712-13. He was professedly Editor of the spurious Tatler hereafter mentioned. Dr. BIRCH, in a note on his letter to SWIFT, has confounded him with THOMAS HARRISON, M. A. of Queen's College.*

The very humorous genealogy of the family of Bickerstaff in No. 11, is ascribed by STEELE in his 'Preface to the Octavo Edition, 1710,' to 'Mr. TWISDEN, who died at the battle of Mons, and has a monument in Westminster Abbey, suitable to the respect which is due to his wit and his valour.' HENEAGE TWISDEN was the seventh son of 'Sir WILLIAM TWISDEN, Bart. of Roydon Hall, East Peckham, Kent; and a youth of great expectations.

At the time of his death (1709, aged 29,) he was captain of foot in Sir RICHARD TEMPLE'S regiment, and Aid-de-Camp to JOHN Duke of ARGYLE, who commanded the right wing of the Confederate Army. Near his monument in the north aisle of the Abbey, are two other small ones to the memory of his brothers JOSIAH and JOHN. JOSIAH was a captain of foot at the siege of Agremont, near Lisle in Flanders, and was killed by a cannon ball, in 1708, in the 23d year of his age. JOHN was a lieutenant in the Admiral's ship, under Sir CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL, and perished with him in 1707, in the 24th year of his age.

The character of Aspasia, in No. 42, was written by CONGREVE. The person meant was Lady ELIZABETH HASTINGS, the daughter of Theophilus, the seventh Earl of Huntingdon, a lady cele-

* NICHOLS's Select Collection of Poems, vol. iv. p. 181. In this Collection are all the Poems that can be traced to Mr. HARRISON, except 'Woodstock Park,' which is in DODSLEY's Collection.

brated as a pattern of munificence and piety. By her historical character drawn up by THOMAS BARNARD, M. A. and published in 1742, it appears that she was indeed 'little lower than the angels.' It does honour to CONGREVE that he could relish the beauties of such a character.

An excellent paper on gluttony, No. 205, is ascribed by STEELE, in the 'Theatre, No. 26,' to a Mr. FULLER, with this encomium: 'The mind usually exerts itself in all its faculties, with an equal pace towards maturity: and this gentleman, who at the *age of sixteen*, could form such pleasant pictures of the false and little ambitions of low spirits, as Mr. FULLER did, to whom, when a boy, we owe, with several other excellent pieces, *The Vain-Glorious Glutton*, when a secret correspondent of the Tatler; I say, such a one might, easily, as he proceeded in human life, arrive at this superior strength of mind at four and twenty.' Of this young writer, and of his other pieces, I have not been able to obtain any account. I hazard a conjecture that he might be THOMAS FULLER, M. D. a physician, who died at Seven-oaks in Kent, Feb. 10, 1731, and who published 'Introductio ad Sapientiam, or the Right Art of Thinking, assisted and improved.'

The letter on language, education, &c. in No. 234, was writen by Mr. JAMES GREENWOOD, author of an 'Essay towards a practical English Grammar,' and teacher of a boarding-school at Woodford in Essex. In 1717, he published, under the title of 'The Virgin Muse,' a collection of poems from our most celebrated English poets. He was also the author of 'The London Vocabulary, English and Latin, &c.' It appears that for a considerable time of his life he was Sur-master of St. Paul's School, in which office he died Sept. 12, 1737.

These are the names of all the contributors whose writings can be ascertained with any degree of probability. When their contributions are deducted, it will be seen that the continual supply of the work rested chiefly on STEELE. That he had however some unknown correspondents whose favours he admitted is certain, and not less so that there were many whose communications he thought proper to reject. In No. 619, of the SPECTATOR, written most probably by STEELE, a design is announced of publishing these rejected contributions. 'I have often thought,' says the writer of that paper, 'that if the several letters which are written to me under the character of SPECTATOR, and which I have not made use of, were published in a volume, they would not be an unentertaining collection. The variety of the subjects, styles, sentiments, and informations, which are transmitted to me, would lead a very curious, or very idle reader, insensibly along through a great many pages. I know some authors who would pick up a secret history out of such materials, and make a bookseller an alderman by the copy. I shall therefore carefully preserve the original papers in a room set apart for that purpose, to the end that they may be of service to posterity.'

Such a work actually appeared in 1725, entitled 'Original and genuine letters sent to the TATLER and SPECTATOR, during the time these works were publishing: none of which have been before printed;' 2 vols. 8vo. The *design* of this work, however, is here attributed to CHARLES LILLIE, the perfumer, who probably took the hint from the above passage in the SPECTATOR, and obtained the manuscripts from STEELE; who, in a short letter prefixed to the first volume, says, 'I have a

great deal of business and very ill health, therefore must desire you to excuse me from looking over them; but if you take care that no person or family is offended at any of them, or any thing in them published contrary to religion or good manners, you have my leave to do what you please with them.'

This sanction being obtained, Mr. LILLIE returned the compliment in as handsome a dedication as he could frame: and, in a long preface, written with equal ability, endeavours to recommend these rejected wares. A short specimen of this may, perhaps, amuse the reader. 'Here are near three hundred letters wrote by as many different writers, no two of which, though very near in their way of thinking, 'tis probable, so much as knew or ever saw each other: from which observation, *I think*, the whole may claim the title *of the dictates of nature*. Here is religion and morality for the upright and the just; here is manners for the rude, and a whip for the incorrigible; here is sobriety for the drunkard, and temperance for the epicure. For the droles and laughers, here is odd mirth, and an account of whims, not yet heard or hardly thought of. Here is dress and fashion for the gay, and just satire for the pretenders and insipid. If the avaricious wants gold, here it is. If any man wants to buy or sell a wife, here he may find his trader. Is any one jealous?—let him or her read, mind, and coolly digest, No. 87, 119, in the first volume, and No. 25 in the second.'

The whole is, however, a most wretched farrago of dulness and insipidity, such as the most contemptible of our modern periodical publications would not admit; but LILLIE had the wisdom to secure a very copious list of subscribers, whose curiosity was probably excited by the singular and

not very modest attempt to sell dross at the price of pure metal. The work, as may be supposed, was never reprinted, and is now become scarce.

The rival candidates for popularity during the publication of the TATLER were very numerous. A list is given of thirteen, which made in all fifty-five publications each week. The superior attractions of the TATLER were soon felt by some of those, and excited all the hostility of which they were capable, but which was so feeble that while few years pass without an edition of the TATLER being printed in some part of the kingdom, it is with the utmost difficulty the productions of its contemporaries can be procured. Among them, Mr. THOMAS BAKER, the author of the FEMALE TATLER, laboured hard to gain fame by depreciating the lucubrations of ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, chiefly by vulgar and personal remarks on STEELE's character, gait, &c. The hostility of the authors of the EXAMINER is rather better known. Another enemy was a monsieur BOURNELLE, whose work is entitled, 'Annotations on the TATLER in two parts,' 24mo. It is said to have been originally written in French, and translated into English by WALTER WAGSTAFF, Esq. 1710. The author, however, and his translator seem to have been one and the same person, perhaps Dr. William Wagstaffe*, who was unfriendly to STEELE, and had published a false and injurious character of him, which, as the

* Or as some think, Oldisworth, an 'under-spur-leather,' and a coxcomb, as SWIFT calls him, who was also a writer in the EXAMINER, and a poet of some note in his time. In Pope's admirable letter to Lord Burlington, Lintot, the bookseller, is made to testify of him, 'I'll say that of Oldisworth (though I lost by his Timothy's) he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England.'

writer of Dr. WAGSTAFFE's life acknowledges, 'does indeed want some apology.' The annotator, whoever he was, points clearly to STEELE as the author of the TATLER; and his petulant annotations are minute remarks, quaintly expressed in a strain of coarse irony and undisguised malignity, with such a mixture of the sort of wit that is nearest allied to madness, as sufficiently justifies STEELE's imputation of insanity in No 79. There are, however, some passages in both parts of the book, less obnoxious to this general censure, that might incline one to think the writer a distant kinsman of the STAFFS, in consequence of the left hand favours of some open-hearted woman of the family*.

But if STEELE had his enemies, he had also his imitators, whose performances, however, are now little known. One, indeed, by assuming the name and character of TATLER and BICKERSTAFF, endeavoured to gain the more particular notice of the public, and had some claims to it. STEELE's Tatler terminated Jan. 2, 1710, and on the 13th of the same month appeared the first number of what has been since called the *Spurious Tatler*, which was conducted by Swift and the 'little HARRISON' already mentioned, of whom he speaks with much contempt in his Journal to Stella: 'I am setting up a new Tatler, little Harrison. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, shewing me his first, which comes out on Saturday. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the scheme is Mr. Secretary St. John's and mine, and would have done well

* Tatler, No. 79, notes.

enough in good hands. I recommended him to a printer, whom I sent for, and settled the matter between them this evening. Harrison has just left me, and I am tired with correcting his trash.'

Six numbers of this new Tatler are with tolerable certainty attributed to SWIFT, but there are SWIFTIANA in many others. The first number, chiefly, if not entirely, from his pen, is an ingenious though somewhat impudent imposition on the public, which pretends to account for BICKERSTAFF's resuming his function. Nos. 5 and 20, were published by Dr. HAWKESWORTH in SWIFT's Works; but it is singular that the former of these should have escaped the animadversion of HAWKESWORTH's purer morals. No. 28 is asserted to be SWIFT's by the authors of the notes on the TATLER, who observe, 'that his account of himself, under the feigned name of *Hiereus*, is so arrogant and vain, that a transcript of it here would be censured as invidious.' No. 5 and 24, are printed as SWIFT's in the Supplement to his Works, 3 vols. 1779, and in the late very splendid and correct edition of his works by the editor of that Supplement. HARRISON, however, was the principal author: and among the inferior assistants was Sewell, a physician, of whom I have received the following account, writen by the late George Steevens, Esq. Dr. *George Sewell* (whose name is joined with that of Mr. Pope in a duodecimo edition of Shakspeare) followed his profession with some degree of success, after he had retired to Hampstead; but three other physicians being soon settled in the place, his profits at last became very inconsiderable. He kept no house, but was a boarder. He was much esteemed, and so frequently invited to the tables of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, that he had seldom occasion to dine at home. An ancient inhabitant of Hampstead now living,

was present at his funeral. He was supposed to be very indigent at the time of his death, as he was interred, on the 12th of February, 1726, in the meanest manner, his coffin being little better than those allotted by the parish to their poor who are buried from the workhouse; neither did a single friend, or relation, attend him to the grave. No memorial was placed over his remains; but they lie just under a holly-tree which formed a part of a hedgerow that was once the boundary of the church-yard. A farther account will be given in the Preface to the SPECTATOR. This TATLER, which upon the whole has but little merit, and is very ambiguous as to moral tendency, consists of fifty-two papers, ending May 19, 1710, nearly three months after the commencement of the SPECTATOR, of which paper a sneering notice is taken in No. 26. It imposed on the world so far as to be printed at least three times, as the *fifth volume* of the TATLER. I have not, however, seen any edition of later date than 1727, and I believe it never was printed by the proprietors of the genuine work.

The sale of the TATLER, according to all accounts, was very extensive, and must have been a source of great emolument to STEELE. The first four numbers, we are told, were given gratis*, and the price was then fixed at a penny, which was doubled afterwards. The size, folio, a half-sheet printed on both sides, and deserving the character which

* The first four numbers of the original folio were 'printed for the author;' the remaining numbers 'sold by John Morphew, near Stationers' Hall, where advertisements are taken in.' When collected into volumes, they were 'to be delivered to subscribers by Charles Lillie, perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings in the Strand, and John Morphew, near Stationers' Hall.' But they are entered in Stationers' Hall as the sole property, in folio, octavo, twelves, and all other volumes whatever, of JOHN NUTT.

an angry correspondent in No. 160 gives it, 'tobacco paper and scurvy letter.' They were, however, when collected in volumes, reprinted in royal octavo, and large letter, at one guinea *per* volume; and a most numerous list of subscribers, 'the greatest beauties and wits in the whole island of Great Britain,' engaged to take the work at that unprecedented price*. These very generous subscriptions are handsomely acknowledged by STEELE in No. 162. The splendid octavo edition was followed by another in 12mo. 'on a neat Elzevir letter,' a very beautiful book, and like the others printed in the same year, very accurate. The papers were in general corrected by the authors, with some, but few, omissions and additions.

STEELE's manner of taking leave of the public, as *Mr. Bickerstaff*, is characteristic and not ungraceful. 'The general purpose of the whole,' it is said in the last paper, 'has been to recommend truth, innocence, honour, and virtue, as the chief ornaments of life; but I considered that severity of manners was absolutely necessary to him who would censure others, and for that reason, and that only, chose to talk in a mask. I shall not carry my humility so far as to call myself a vicious man; but at the same time must confess, my life is at best but pardonable. And with no greater character than this, a man would make but an indifferent progress in attacking prevailing and fashionable vices, which Mr. Bickerstaff has done with a freedom of spirit, that would have lost both its beauty

* To print by subscription was, for some time, a practice peculiar to the English. The first considerable work, for which this expedient was employed, is said to have been DRYDEN'S VIRGIL: and it had been tried again with great success when the TATLERS were collected into volumes. JOHNSON'S Life of POPE.

and efficacy, had it been pretended to by Mr. STEELE.'

From a scarce pamphlet in the Lambeth library supposed to be written by GAY, we have authority to add, that STEELE's disappearing was bewailed as some general calamity: every one wanted so agreeable an amusement: and the coffee-houses began to be sensible that his lucubrations alone had brought them more customers than all their other newspapers put together. Never man threw up his pen under stronger temptations to have employed it longer; for his reputation was at a greater height, says this writer, than ever any living author's was before him. There was this difference between him and all the rest of the polite and gallant authors of the time; the latter endeavoured to please the age by falling in with them, and encouraging them in their fashionable vices, and false notions of things. It would have been a jest, some time since, for a man to have asserted that any thing witty could be said in praise of a married state; or that devotion and virtue were any way necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. Bickerstaff ventured to tell the town, that they were a parcel of fops, fools, and vain coquettes: but in such a manner, as even pleased them, and made them more than half-inclined to believe that he spoke truth*.

From the same authority we are told, that several of those letters which came from unknown hands to the editor of the Tatler, were written by ANTHONY HENLEY; he is said to have been likewise a contributor to the *Spurious Tatler*, and wrote at

* 'The Present State of Wit,' reprinted in the two last editions of Swift's Works.

least one paper in the MEDLEY, of which some account will be given in the preface to the Guardian*.

* I am indebted to a very recent publication for the following account of a rival Tatler. 'As early as 1711, and in the short interval between the cessation of the Tatler and recommencement of the Spectator, a periodical paper was begun at Edinburgh, called the Tatler, by Donald Macstaff, of the North, and was carried through thirty weekly numbers. The author was Mr. Robert Hepburn of Bearford, then only in his twenty-first year.' Lord Woodhouselee's Life of Lord Kames, vol. 2.

THE

TATLER.

ORIGINAL DEDICATIONS.

I. TO MR. MAYNWARING.*

SIR,

THE state of conversation and business in this town having been long perplexed with Pretenders in bothkinds; in order to open men's eyes against such abuses, it appeared no unprofitable undertaking to publish a Paper, which should observe upon the manners of the pleasurable, as well as the busy part of mankind. To make this generally read, it seemed the most proper method to form it by way of a Letter of intelligence, consisting of such parts as might gratify the curiosity of persons of all conditions, and of each sex. But a work of this nature requiring time to grow into the notice of the world, it happened very luckily, that, a little before I had resolved upon this design, a gentleman had written predictions, and two or three other pieces in my name, which rendered it famous through all parts of Europe; and, by an inimitable spirit and humour raised it to as high a pitch of reputation as it could possibly arrive at.

* Arthur Maynwaring, Esq.

By this good fortune the name of Isaac Bickerstaff gained an audience of all who had any taste of wit; and the addition of the ordinary occurrences of common Journals of News brought in a multitude of other readers. I could not, I confess, long keep up the opinion of the town, that these Lucubrations were written by the same hand with the first works which were published under my name; but, before I lost the participation of that author's fame, I had alread found the advantage of his authority, to which I owe the sudden acceptance which my labours met with in the world.

The general purpose of this Paper is to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour. No man has a better judgment for the discovery, or a nobler spirit for the contempt of all imposture, than yourself; which qualities render you the most proper patron for the author of these Essays. In the general, the design, however executed, has met with so great success, that there is hardly a name now eminent among us for power, wit, beauty, valour, or wisdom, which is not subscribed for the encouragement of these volumes. This is, indeed, an honour, for which it is impossible to express a suitable gratitude; and there is nothing could be an addition to the pleasure I take in it but the reflection, that it gives me the most conspicuous occasion I can ever have, of subscribing myself, Sir,

Your most obliged, most obedient,
and most humble servant,
ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

II. TO EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE,* ESQ.

SIR,

When I send you this volume, I am rather to make you a request than a Dedication. I must desire, that if you think fit to throw away any moments on it, you would not do it after reading those excellent pieces with which you are usually conversant. The images which you will meet with here, will be very faint, after the perusal of the Greeks and Romans, who are your ordinary companions. I must confess I am obliged to you for the taste of many of their excellences, which I had not observed until you pointed them to me. I am very proud that there are some things in these papers which I know you pardon†; and it is no small pleasure to have one's labours suffered by the judgment of a man, who so well understands the true charms of eloquence and poesy. But I direct this address to you; not that I think I can entertain you with my writings, but to thank you for the new delight I have, from your conversation, in those of other men.

May you enjoy a long continuance of the true relish of the happiness Heaven has bestowed upon you! I know not how to say a more affectionate thing to you, than to wish that you may be always what you are; and that you may ever think, as I know you now do, that you have a much larger fortune than you want. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

Isaac Bickerstaff.

* Second son of the Hon. Lady Wortley Montague, and grandson of Edward Montague, the first Earl of Sandwich.

† This seems to amount to a declaration, that E. Wortley Montague, Esq. was himself a writer in these papers.

III. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM, LORD COWPER, BARON OF WINGHAM.

MY LORD,

AFTER having long celebrated the superior graces and excellences, among men, in an imaginary character, I do myself the honour to show my veneration for transcendent merit under my own name, in this address to your Lordship. The just appliation of those high accomplishments of which you are master, has been an advantage to all your fellow subjects; and it is from the common obligation you have laid upon all the world, that I, though a private man, can pretend to be affected with, or take the liberty to acknowledge, your great talents and public virtues.

It gives a pleasing prospect to your friends, that is to say, to the friends of your country, that you have passed through the highest offices, at an age when others usually do but form to themselves the hopes of them. They may expect to see you in the House of Lords as many years as you were ascending to it. It is our common good, that your admirable eloquence can now no longer be employed, but in the expression of your own sentiments and judgment. The skilful pleader is now for ever changed into the just judge; which latter character your Lordship exerts with so prevailing an impartiality, that you win the approbation even of those who dissent from you, and you always obtain favour, because you are never moved by it.

This gives you a certain dignity peculiar to your present situation, and makes the equity, even of a Lord High Chancellor, appear but a degree

towards the magnanimity of a Peer of Great-Britain.

Forgive me, my Lord, when I cannot conceal from you, that I shall never hereafter behold you, but I shall behold you, as lately, defending the brave and the unfortunate*.

When we attend to your Lordship engaged in a discourse, we cannot but reflect upon the many requisites which the vain-glorious speakers of antiquity have demanded in a man who is to excel in oratory; I say, my Lord, when we reflect upon the precepts by viewing the example, though there is no excellence proposed by those rhetoricians wanting, the whole art seems to be resolved into that one motive of speaking, sincerity in the intention. The graceful manner, the apt gesture, and the assumed concern, are impotent helps to persuasion, in comparison of the honest countenance of him who utters what he really means. From whence it is, that all the beauties which others attain with labour, are in your Lordship but the natural effects of the heart that dictates.

It is this noble simplicity, which makes you surpass mankind in the faculties wherein mankind are distinguished from other creatures, reason and speech.

If these gifts were communicated to all men in proportion to the truth and ardour of their hearts, I should speak of you with the same force as you express yourself on any other subject. But I resist my present impulse as agreeable as it is to me; though indeed, had I any pretensions to a fame of this kind, I should, above all other themes, attempt a panegyric upon my Lord Cowper: for the only sure way to a reputation for eloquence, in an age wherein that perfect orator lives,

* The Duke of Marlborough.

is to choose an argument, upon which he himself must of necessity be silent. I am, my Lord.

Your Lordship's most devoted,
most obedient, and most humble servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

IV. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES, LORD HALIFAX.

From the Hovel at Hamptonwick, April 7, 1711.

MY LORD,

WHEN I first resolved upon doing myself this honour, I could not but indulge a certain vanity in dating from this little covert, where I have frequently had the honour of your Lordship's company, and received from you very many obligations. The elegant solitude of this place, and the greatest pleasures of it, I owe to its being so near those beautiful manors wherein you sometimes reside. It is not retiring from the world, but enjoying its most valuable blessings, when a man is permitted to share in your Lordship's conversations in the country. All the bright images which the wits of past ages have left behind them in their writings, the noble plans which the greatest Statesmen have laid down for administration of affairs, are equally the familiar objects of your knowledge. But what is peculiar to your Lordship above all the illustrious personages that have appeared in any age, is, that wit and learning have from your example fallen into a new æra. Your patronage has produced those arts, which before shunned the commerce of the world, into the service of life; and it is to you we owe, that the man of wit has turned himself to be a man of business.

The false delicacy of men of genius, and the objections which others were apt to insinuate against their abilities for entering into affairs, have equally vanished. And experience has shown, that men of letters are not only qualified with a greater capacity, but also a greater integrity in the dispatch of business. Your own studies have been diverted from being the highest ornament, to the highest use to mankind; and the capacities which would have rendered you the greatest Poet of your age, have to the advantage of Great Britain been employed in pursuits which have made you the most able and unbiassed patriot. A vigorous imagination, an extensive apprehension, and a ready judgment, have distinguished you in all the illustrious parts of administration, in a reign attended with such difficulties, that the same talents, without the same quickness in the possesion of them, would have been incapable of conquering. The natural success of such abilities, has advanced you to a seat in that illustrious house, where you were received by a crowd of your relations. Great as you are in your honours, and personal qualities, I know you will forgive an humble neighbour the vanity of pretending to a place in your friendship, and subscribing himself, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,
and most devoted servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

PREFACE TO THE OCTAVO EDITION, 1710.

IN the last Tatler I promised some explanation of passages and persons mentioned in this work,

as well as some account of the assistances I have had in the performance. I shall do this in very few words; for when a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass. I have, in the dedication of the first volume, made my acknowledgments to Dr. Swift, whose pleasant writings, in the name of Bickerstaff, created an inclination in the town towards any thing that could appear in the same disguise. I must acknowledge also, that, at my first entering upon this work, a certain uncommon way of thinking, and a turn in conversation peculiar to that agreeable gentleman, rendered his company very advantageous to one whose imagination was to be continually employed upon obvious and common subjects, though at the same time obliged to treat of them in a new and unbeaten method. His verses on the "Shower in town," and the "Description of the morning," are instances of the happiness of that genius, which could raise such pleasing ideas upon occasions so barren to an ordinary invention.

When I am upon the house of Bickerstaff, I must not forget that genealogy of the family sent to me by the post, and writen, as I since understand, by Mr. Twisden, who died at the battle of Mons, and has a monument in Westminster-abbey, suitable to the respect which is due to his wit and his valour. There are through the course of the work very many incidents which were written by unknown correspondents. Of this kind is the tale in the second Tatler, and the epistle from Mr. Downes the prompter, with others which were very well received by the public. But I have only one gentleman, who will be nameless, to thank for any frequent assistance to me, which indeed it would have been barbarous

in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an intimacy from childhood, considering the great ease with which he is able to dispatch the most entertaining pieces of this nature. This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.

The same hand writ the distinguishing characters of men and women under the names of "Musical Instruments," "The Distress of the News-writers," "The Inventory of the Playhouse," and "The Description of the Thermometer," which I cannot but look upon as the greatest embellishments of this work.

Thus far I thought necessary to say relating to the great hands which have been concerned in these volumes, with relation to the spirit and genius of the work; and am far from pretending to modesty in making this acknowledgment. What a man obtains from the good opinion and friendship of worthy men, is a much greater honour than he can possibly reap from any accomplishments of his own. But all the credit of wit which was given me by the gentlemen abovementioned, with whom I have now accounted, has not been able to atone for the exceptions made against me for some raillery in behalf of that learned advocate for the episcopacy of the church, and the liberty of the people, Mr. Hoadly. I mentioned this only to defend myself against the imputation of being moved rather by party than opinion; and I think it is apparent. I have with the utmost frankness allowed merit wherever I found it, though joined in interests different from those

for which I have declared myself. When my Favonius is acknowledged to be Dr. Smalridge, and the amiable character of the Dean in the sixty-sixth Tatler, drawn for Dr. Atterbury; I hope I need say no more as to my impartiality.

I really have acted in these cases with honesty, and am concerned it should be thought otherwise: For wit, if a man had it, unless it be directed to some useful end, is but a wanton frivolous quality; all that one should value himself upon in this kind is, that he had some honourable intention in it.

As for this point, never hero in romance was carried away with a more furious ambition to conquer giants and tyrants, than I have been in extirpating gamesters and duellists. And indeed, like one of those knights too, though I was calm before, I am apt to fly out again, when the thing that first disturbed me is presented to my imagination. I shall therefore leave off when I am well, and fight with windmills no more; only shall be so arrogant as to say of myself, that, in spite of all the force of fashion and prejudice, in the face of all the world, I alone bewailed the condition of an English gentleman, whose fortune and life are at this day precarious; while his estate is liable to the demands of gamesters, through a false sense of justice, and to the demands of duellists, through a false sense of honour. As to the first of these orders of men, I have not one word more to say of them: as to the latter, I shall conclude all I have more to offer against them, with respect to their being prompted by the fear of shame, by applying to the duellist what I think Dr. South says somewhere of the liar, "He is a coward to man, and a bravo to God."

THE

TATLER.

No. 1. TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

"THOUGH the other papers, which are published for the use of the good people of England, have certainly very wholesome effects, and are laudable in their particular kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main design of such narrations, which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the use of politic persons, who are so public-spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of state. Now these gentlemen, for the most part, being persons of strong zeal, and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and necessary work to offer something, whereby such worthy and well-affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think; which shall be the end and purpose of this my paper, wherein I shall, from time to time, report and consider all matters of what kind soever that shall occur to me, and publish such my advices and reflections every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday in the week, for the convenience of the post. I resolve to

have something which may be of entertainment to the fair sex, in honour of whom I have invented* the title of this paper. I therefore earnestly desire all persons, without distinction, to take it in for the present *gratis*, and hereafter at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril. And I desire all persons to consider, that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that, before I resolved upon it, I had settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And forasmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable agents in it, we shall not, upon a dearth of news, present you with musty foreign edicts, or dull proclamations, but shall divide our relation of the passages which occur in action or discourse throughout this town, as well as elsewhere, under such dates of places as may prepare you for the matter you are to expect, in the following manner.

"All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house †; poetry, under that of Will's Coffee-house ‡; learning, under the title of Grecian §; foreign and domestic news you will have from St. James's Coffee-house; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own apartment.

* Taken. Original T.

†White's Chocolate-house was then lower down in St. James's Street than it is at present, and on the other side.

‡ Will's Coffee-house was on the north side of Russel Street, in Covent Garden, now the house, No. 23, Great Russel Street.

§ The Grecian was, and still is, in Devereux Court, in the Strand.

"I once more desire my reader to consider, that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under two-pence each day, merely for his charges; to White's under six-pence; nor to the Grecian without allowing him some plain Spanish, to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good observer cannot speak with even Kidney* at St. James's without clean linen; I say, these considerations, will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my *gratis* stock is exhausted) of a penny a-piece; especially since they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the force of my own parts, the power of divination, and that I can, by casting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

"But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of few things until they are passed,† for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors."

White's Chocolate-house, April 7.

The deplorable condition of a very pretty gentleman, who walks here at the hours when men of quality first appear, is what is very much lamented. His history is, That, on the ninth of September, 1705, being in his one-and-twentieth year, he was washing his teeth at a tavern window in Pall Mall, when a fine equipage passed by, and in it a young lady who looked up at him; away goes the coach, and the young gentleman pulled off his night-cap, and instead of rubbing his gums, as he ought to do, out of the window

* Kidney was one of the waiters at St. James's Coffee-house.

† Not speak of any thing till it is passed. Original T.

until about four of the clock, sits him down and spoke not a word until twelve at night; after which he began to inquire if any body knew the lady?—The company asked what lady? but he said no more until they broke up at six in the morning. All the ensuing winter he went from church to church every Sunday, and from play-house to play-house every night in the week; but could never find the original of the picture which dwelt in his bosom. In a word, his attention to every thing but his passion was utterly gone. He has lost all the money he ever played for, and been confuted in every argument he has entered upon, since the moment he first saw her. He is of a noble family, has naturally a very good air, and is of a frank honest temper: but this passion has so extremely mauled him, that his features are set and uninformed, and his whole visage is deadened, by a long absence of thought. He never appears in any alacrity, but when raised by wine; at which time he is sure to come hither, and throw away a great deal of wit on fellows who have no sense farther than just to observe, that our poor Lover has most understanding when he is drunk, and is least in his senses when he is sober.*

The reader is desired to take notice of the article from this place from time to time, for I design to be very exact in the progress this unhappy gentleman makes, which may be of great instruction to all who actually are, or who ever shall be, in love.

* Edward Lord Viscount Hinchinbroke, mentioned afterwards under the name of Cynthio. He died in the life time of his father, Oct. 3, 1722.

Will's Coffee-house, April 8.

On Thursday last was acted, for the benefit of Mr. Betterton, the celebrated comedy called Love for Love. Those excellent players, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mr. Dogget, though not at present concerned in the house, acted on that occasion. There has not been known so great a concourse of persons of distinction as at that time; the stage itself was covered with gentlemen and ladies, and when the curtain was drawn, it discovered even there a very splendid audience. This unusual encouragement, which was given to a play for the advantage of so great an actor, gives an undeniable instance, that the true relish for manly entertainments and rational pleasures is not wholly lost. All the parts were acted to perfection; the actors were careful of their carriage, and no one was guilty of the affectation to insert witticisms of his own; but a due respect was had to the audience, for encouraging this accomplished player. It is not now doubted but plays will revive, and take their usual place in the opinion of persons of wit and merit, notwithstanding their late apostacy in favour of dress and sound. This place is very much altered since Mr. Dryden frequented it; where you used to see songs, epigrams, and satires, in the hands of every man you met, you have now only a pack of cards; and instead of the cavils about the turn of the expression, the elegance of the style, and the like, the learned now dispute only about the truth of the game. But however the company is altered, all have shown a great respect for Mr. Betterton: and the very gaming part of this house have been so touched with the sense of the uncertainty of human affairs (which alter with themselves every

moment) that in this gentleman they pitied Mark Anthony of Rome, Hamlet of Denmark, Mithridates of Pontus, Theodosius of Greece, and Henry the Eighth of England. It is well known, he has been in the condition of each of those illustrious personages for several hours together, and behaved himself in those high stations, in all the changes of the scene, with suitable dignity. For these reasons, we intend to repeat this late favour to him on a proper occasion, lest he, who can instruct us so well in personating feigned sorrows, should be lost to us by suffering under real ones. The town is at present in very great expectation of seeing a comedy now in rehearsal, which is the twenty-fifth production of my honoured friend Mr. Thomas D'Urfey: who, besides his great abilities in the dramatic, has a peculiar talent in the lyric way of writing, and that with a manner wholly new and unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans, wherein he is but faintly imitated in the translations of the modern Italian Operas.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 11.

Letters from the Hague of the sixteenth say, that Major General Cadogan was gone to Brussels, with orders to disperse proper instructions for assembling the whole force of the allies in Flanders, in the beginning of the next month. The late offers concerning peace were made in the style of persons who think themselves upon equal terms: but the allies have so just a sense of their present advantages, that they will not admit of a treaty, except France offers what is more suitable to her present condition. At the same time we make preparations, as if we were alarmed by a greater force than that which we are carrying into the field. Thus this point

seems now to be argued sword in hand. This was what a great general* alluded to, when being asked the name of those who were to be plenipotentiaries for the ensuing peace, he answered with a serious air, "There are about an hundred thousand of us." Mr. Kidney, who has the ear of the greatest politicians that come hither, tells me, there is a mail come in to-day with letters, dated Hague, April the nineteenth, N. S. which say, a design of bringing part of our troops into the field, at the latter end of this month, is now altered to a resolution of marching towards the camp about the twentieth of the next. Prince Eugene was then returned thither from Amsterdam. He sets out from Brussels on Tuesday: the greater number of the general officers at the Hague have orders to go at the same time. The squadron at Dunkirk consists of seven vessels. There happened the other day, in the road of Scheveling, an engagement between a privateer of Zeeland and one of Dunkirk. The Dunkirker, carrying thirty-three pieces of cannon, was taken and brought into the Texel. It is said the courier of Monsieur Rouille is returned to him from the Court of France. Monsieur Vendosme, being re-instated in the favour of the dutchess of Burgundy, is to command in Flanders.

Mr. Kidney added, that there were letters of the seventeenth from Ghent, which give an account, that the enemy had formed a design to surprise two battalions of the allies which lay at Alost: but those battalions received advice of their march, and retired to Dendermond. Lieutenant General Wood appeared on this occasion at the head of five-thousand foot and one thousand

* The Duke of Marlborough.

horse; upon which the enemy withdrew, without making any farther attempt.

From my own Apartment.

I am sorry I am obliged to trouble the public with so much discourse upon a matter which I at the very first mentioned as a trifle, viz. the death of Mr. Partridge,* under whose name there is an almanack come out for the year 1709; in one page of which is asserted by the said John Partridge, that he is still living, and not only so, but that he was also living some time before, and even at the instant when I writ of his death. I have in another place, and in a paper by itself, sufficiently convinced this man that he is dead, and, if he has any shame, I do not doubt but that by this time he owns it to all his acquaintance: for though the legs and arms and whole body of that man may still appear, and perform their animal functions; yet, since, as I have elsewhere observed, his art is gone, the man is gone. I am, as I said, concerned, that this little matter should make so much noise; but since I am engaged, I take myself obliged in honour to go on in my lucubrations, and by the help of these arts of which I am master, as well as my skill in astrological speculations, I shall, as I see occasion, proceed to confute other dead men, who pretend to be in being, although they are actually deceased. I therefore give all men fair warning to mend their manners; for I shall from time to time print bills of mortality: and I beg the pardon of all such who shall

* Dr. Swift, in his "Predictions for 1708," foretold that Partridge the almanack-maker would infallibly die on the 29th of March, about eleven at night, of a raging fever. The wits resolved to support this prediction, and uniformly insisted that Partridge actually died at that time.

be named therein, if they who are good for nothing shall find themselves in the number of the deceased.

No. 2. THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

Will's Coffee-house, April 13.

THERE has lain all this evening on the table the following poem. The subject of it being matter very useful for families, I thought it deserved to be considered, and made more public. The turn the poet gives it is very happy; but the foundation is from a real accident which happened among my acquaintance. A young gentleman of a great estate fell desperately in love with a great beauty of very high quality, but as ill-natured as long flattery and an habitual self-will could make her. However, my young Spark ventures upon her like a man of quality, without being acquainted with her, or having ever saluted her, until it was a crime to kiss any woman else. Beauty is a thing which palls with possession: and the charms of this lady soon wanted the support of good-humour and complacency of manners: upon this, my Spark flies to the bottle for relief from satiety. She disdains him, for being tired with that for which all men envied him.

and he never came home, but it was—"Was there no sot that would stay longer? would any man living but you? did I leave all the world for this usage?" to which he—"Madam, split me, you are very impertinent!" In a word, this match was wedlock in its most terrible appearances. She, at last, weary of railing to no purpose, applies to a good uncle, who gives her a bottle, he pretended he had bought of Mr. Partridge, the conjuror. This, said he, I gave ten guineas for. The virtue of the enchanted liquor (said he that sold it) is such, that if the woman you marry proves a scold (which it seems, my dear niece, is your misfortune; as it was your good mother's before you,) let her hold three spoonfuls in her mouth for a full half hour after you come home—but I find I am not in humour for telling a tale; and nothing in nature is so ungraceful as story-telling against the grain; therefore take it as the author has given it to you.*

THE MEDICINE.

A TALE—FOR THE LADIES.

Miss Molly, a fam'd Toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue!
From morn till night th' eternal larum run,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.
Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame;
Possess'd he thought, of every joy of life:
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine:
From whence some petty discord would arise,
As, "You're a fool!"—and, "You are mighty wise!"
Though he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet;
When she began, for hat and sword he'd call,
Then after a faint kiss cry, "B'ye, dear Moll;
Supper and friends expect me at the Rose."
"And what, Sir John, you'll get your usual dose!

* Those verses are by William Harrison.

Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine;
Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!"
Oft as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found.
By four the knight would get his business done,
And only then reel'd off—because alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come;
But, arm'd with Bourdeaux, he durst venture home.
My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
"'Tis a fine hour! in a sweet pickle made!
And this, Sir John, is every day the trade.
Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight;
'Till morn sends staggering home a drunken beast,
Resolv'd to break my heart, as well as rest."
"Hey! hoop! d'ye hear, my damn'd obstreperous spouse;
What, can't you find one bed about the house?
Will that perpetual clack lie never still?
That rival to the softness of a mill!
Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
Where I may sleep unscur'd with wife and noise."
Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With snarling meals, and each a sep'rate bed.
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.
Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was;
"Cheer up!" cry'd he, "and I'll remove the cause.
"A wondrous spring within my garden flows,
Of sovereign virtue, chiefly to compose
Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife;
The best elixir t' appease man and wife:
Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine;
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If in his sullen airs Sir John should come,
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then mum.
Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold;
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold:
One month this sympathetic med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
Or every prattling hussy 'll beg a dose."
A water bottle's brought for her relief;
Not Nants could sooner ease the lady's grief:
Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And, female like, impatient for th' event.
The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour and domestic war;

Entering, he cries, "Hey! where's our thunder fled!
No hurricane! Betty, 's your lady dead?"
Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
Curt'sies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks;
Wondering, he star'd, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
"Why, how now, Molly, what's the crotchet now?"
She smiles, and answers only with a bow.
Then, clasping her about, "Why, let me die!
These night-clothes, Moll, become thee mightily!"
With that he sigh'd, her hand began to press,
And Betty calls, her lady to undress.
"Nay, kiss me, Molly—for I'm much inclin'd."
Her lace she cuts, to take him in the mind:
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
The lady pleased, and the good knight content.
For many days these fond endearments past,
The reconciling bottle fails at last;
'Twas us'd and gone—then midnight storms arose,
And looks and words the union discompose.
Her coach is order'd, and post haste she flies,
To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies;
Transported does the strange effects relate,
Her knight's conversion and her happy state!
"Why, niece," says he, "I prythee apprehend,
The water's water—be thyself the friend.
Such beauty would the coldest husband warm;
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm.
Be silent and complying; you'll soon find,
Sir John without a medicine will be kind."

St. James's Coffee-house, April 13.

Letters from Venice say, the disappointment of their expectation to see his Danish Majesty has very much disquieted the Court of Rome. Our last advices from Germany inform us, that the Minister of Hanover has urged the Council of Ratisbonne to exert themselves in behalf of the common cause, and taken the liberty to say, That the dignity, the virtue, the prudence of his Elecral Highness, his master, were called to the head of the affairs in vain, if they thought fit to leave him naked of the proper means, to make those excellences useful for the honour and safety of

the empire. They write from Berlin of the thirteenth, O. S. that the true design of General Fleming's visit to that Court was, to insinuate that it will be for the mutual interest of the King of Prussia and king Augustus to enter into a new alliance; but that the Ministers of Prussia are not inclined to his sentiments. We hear from Vienna, that his Imperial Majesty has expressed great satisfaction in their High Mightinesses having communicated to him the whole that has passed in the affair of a peace. Though there have been practices used by the agents of France, in all the Courts of Europe, to break the good understanding of the allies, they have had no other effect, but to make all the members concerned in the alliance more doubtful of their safety from the great offers of the enemy. The Emperor is roused by this alarm, and the frontiers of all the French dominions are in danger of being insulted the ensuing campaign. Advices from all parts confirm, that it is impossible for France to find a way to obtain so much credit, as to gain any one potentate of the allies, or conceive any hope for safety from other prospects.

From my own Apartment, April 13.

I find it of very great use, now I am setting up for a writer of news, that I am an adept in astrological speculations; by which means I avoid speaking of things which may offend great persons. But at the same time, I must not prostitute the liberal sciences so far, as not to utter the truth in cases which do not immediately concern the good of my native country. I must therefore contradict what has been so assuredly reported by the news writers of England, That France is in the most deplorable condition, and that their

people die in great multitudes. I will therefore let the world know, that my correspondent, by the way of Brussels, informs me upon his honour, That the gentleman who writes the Gazette of Paris, and ought to know as well as any man, has told him, that ever since the King has been past his sixty-third year, or grand climacteric, there has not died one man of the French nation who was younger than his Majesty, except a very few who were taken suddenly near the village of Hockstet in Germany; and some more, who were straitened for lodging at a place called Ramilies, and died on the road to Ghent and Bruges. There are also other things given out by the allies, which are shifts below a conquering nation to make use of. Among others it is said, There is a general murmuring among the people of France, though at the same time all my letters agree, that there is so good an understanding among them, that there is not one morsel carried out of any market in the kingdom, but what is delivered upon credit.

No. 3. SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

Will's Coffee-house, April 14.

THIS evening the comedy called the Country Wife was acted in Drury-lane, for the benefit of

Mrs. Bignell. The part which gives name to the play was performed by herself. Through the whole action she made a very pretty figure, and exactly entered into the nature of the part. Her husband, in the drama, is represented to be one of those debauchees who run through the vices of the town, and believe, when they think fit, they can marry and settle at their ease. His own knowledge of the iniquity of the age makes him choose a wife wholly ignorant of it, and place his security in her want of skill to abuse him. The poet, on many occasions, where the propriety of the character will admit of it, insinuates, that there is no defence against vice but the contempt of it; and has, in the natural ideas of an untainted innocent, shown the gradual steps to ruin and destruction which persons of condition run into, without the help of a good education to form their conduct. The torment of a jealous coxcomb, which arises from his own false maxims, and the aggravation of his pain by the very words in which he sees her innocence, makes a very pleasant and instructive satire. The character of Horner, and the design of it, is a good representation of the age in which that comedy was written; at which time love and wenching were the business of life, and the gallant manner of pursuing women was the best recommendation at Court. To this only it is to be imputed, that a gentleman of Mr. Wycherley's character and sense condescends to represent the insults done to the honour of the bed, without just reproof; but to have drawn a man of probity with regard to such considerations had been a monster, and a poet had at that time discovered his want of knowing the manners of the Court he lived in, by a virtuous character in his fine gen-

tleman, as he would shew his ignorance, by drawing a vicious one to please the present audience. Mrs. Bignell did her part very happily, and had a certain grace in her rusticity, which gave us hopes of seeing her a very skilful player, and in some parts supply our loss of Mrs. Verbruggen. I cannot be of the same opinion with my friends and fellow-labourers, the Reformers of Manners, in their severity towards plays; but must allow that a good play acted before a well-bred audience, must raise very proper incitements to good behaviour, and be the most quick and most prevailing method of giving young people a turn of sense and breeding. But as I have set up for a weekly historian, I resolve to be a faithful one; and therefore take this public occasion to admonish a young nobleman, who came flustered into the box last night, and let him know how much all his friends were out of countenance for him. The women sat in terror of hearing something that should shock their modesty, and all the gentlemen in as much pain out of compassion to the ladies, and perhaps resentment for the indignity which was offered in coming into their presence in so disrespectful a manner. Wine made him say nothing that was rude, therefore he is forgiven, upon condition he never will hazard his offending more in this kind. As I just now hinted, I own myself of the "Society for Reformation of Manners." We have lower instruments than those of the family of Bickerstaff, for punishing great crimes, and exposing the abandoned. Therefore, as I design to have notices from all public assemblies, I shall take upon me only indecorums, improprieties, and negligences, in such as should give us better examples. After this declaration, if a fine lady

thinks fit to giggle at church, or a great beau come in drunk to a play, either shall be sure to hear of it in my ensuing paper. For, merely as a well-bred man, I cannot bear these enormities.

After the play we naturally stroll to this coffee-house, in hopes of meeting some new poem, or other entertainment, among the men of wit and pleasure, where there is a dearth at present. But it is wonderful there should be so few writers, when the art is become merely mechanic, and men may make themselves great that way, by as certain and infallible rules as you may be a joiner or a mason. There happens a good instance of this in what the hawker has just now offered to sale, to wit, "Instructions to Vanderbank; a Sequel to the Advice to the Poets; a Poem, occasioned by the glorious success of her Majesty's arms under the command of the Duke of Marlborough the last year in Flanders*." Here you are to understand, that the author finding the poets would not take his advice, troubles himself no more about them; but has met with one Vanderbank, who works in arras, and makes very good tapestry hangings; therefore, in order to celebrate the hero of the age, he claps together all that can be said of a man that makes hangings:

> Then artist, who does Nature's face express
> In silk and gold, and scenes of action dress;
> Dost figur'd arras animated leave,
> Spin a bright story, or a passion weave;
> By mingling threads, canst mingle shade and light,
> Delineate triumphs, or describe a fight?

Well, what shall this workman do! why? to show how great an hero the poet intends, he provides him a very good horse:

* By Sir Richard Blackmore.

Champing his foam, and bounding on the plain,
Arch his high neck, and graceful spread his mane.

Now as to the intrepidity, the calm courage, the constant application of the hero, it is not necessary to take that upon yourself, you may, in the lump, bid him you employ, raise him as high as he can; and if he does it not, let him answer for disobeying orders.

Let fame and victory in inferior sky
Hover with balanc'd wings, and smiling fly
Above his head, &c.

A whole poem of this kind may be ready against an ensuing campaign, as well as a space left in the canvass of a piece of tapestry for the principal figure, while the under-parts are working; so that, in effect, the adviser copies after the man he pretends to direct. This method should, methinks, encourage young beginners; for the invention is so fitted to all capacities, that by the help of it a man may make a receipt for a poem. A young man may observe that the jig of the thing is, as I said, finding out all that can be said in his way whom you employ to set forth your worthy. Waller and Denham had worn out the expedience of "Advice to a Painter:" this author has transferred the work, and sent his Advice to the Poets; that is to say, to the Turners of Verse as he calls them. Well; that thought is worn out also; therefore he directs his genius to the loom, and will have a new set of hangings in honour of the last year in Flanders. I must own to you, I approve extremely this invention, and it might be improved for the benefit of manufactory; as, suppose an ingenious gentleman should write a poem of advice to a Calico-printer; do you think there is a girl in England that would

wear any thing but the "Taking of Lisle," or, "The Battle of Oudenarde?" They would certainly be all the fashion, until the heroes abroad had cut out some more patterns. I should fancy small skirmishes might do for under-petticoats, provided they had a siege for the upper. If our adviser were well imitated, many industrious people might be put to work. Little Mr. Dactile, now in the room, who formerly writ a song and a half, is a week gone in a very pretty work, upon this hint; he is writing an epigram to a young virgin who knits very well (it is a thousand pities he is a Jacobite); but his epigram is by way of advice to this damsel, to knit all the actions of the Pretender and the Duke of Burgundy's last campaign in the clock of a stocking. It were endless to enumerate the many hands and trades that may be employed by poets of so useful a turn as this adviser. I shall think of it; and, in this time of taxes, shall consult a great critic employed in the custom-house, in order to propose what tax may be proper to be put upon knives, seals, rings, hangings, wrought beds, gowns, and petticoats, where any of these commodities bear mottoes, or are worked upon poetical grounds.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 15.

Letters from Turin of the third instant, N. S. inform us, that his Royal Highness* employs all his address in alarming the enemy, and perplexing their speculations concerning his real designs the ensuing campaign. Contracts are entered into with the merchants of Milan, for a great number of mules to transport his provisions and ammunition. His Royal Highness has ordered

* Prince Eugene.

the train of artillery to be conveyed to Susa before the twentieth of the next month. In the mean time, all accounts agree, that the enemy are very backward in their preparations, and almost incapable of defending themselves against an invasion, by reason of the general murmurs of their own people! which, they find, are no way to be quieted, but by giving them hopes of a speedy peace. When these letters were dispatched, the Marshal de Thesse was arrived at Genoa, where he has taken much pains to keep the correspondents of the merchants of France in hopes that measures will be found out to support the credit and commerce between that state and Lyons; but the late declaration of the agents of Monsieur Bernard, that they cannot discharge the demands made upon them, has quite dispirited all those who are engaged in the remittances of France.

From my own Apartment, April 15.

It is a very natural passion in all good members of the commonwealth, to take what care they can of their families; therefore I hope the reader will forgive me, that I desire he would go to the play called the Stratagem this evening, which is to be acted for the benefit of my near kinsman, Mr. John Bickerstaff.* I protest to you, the gentleman has not spoken to me to desire this favour; but I have a respect for him, as well in regard to consanguinity, as that he is an intimate friend of that famous and heroic actor, Mr. George Powel: who formerly played Alexander the Great in all places, though he is lately grown so reserved, as to act it only on the stage.

* A real player of that name.

No. 4. TUESDAY, APRIL 19, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—— nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

"It is usual with persons who mount the stage for the cure or information of the crowd about them, to make solemn professions of their being wholly disinterested in the pains they take for the public good. At the same time, those very men who make harangues in plush doublets, and extol their own abilities and generous inclinations, tear their lungs in vending a drug, and show no act of bounty, except it be, that they lower a demand of a crown to six, nay, to one penny. We have a contempt for such paltry barterers, and have therefore all along informed the public, that we intend to give them our advices for our own sakes, and are labouring to make our lucubrations come to some price in money, for our more convenient support in the service of the public. It is certain that many other schemes have been proposed to me; as a friend offered to show me a treatise he had writ, which he called, "The whole Art of Life; or, The introduction to great Men, illustrated in a Pack of Cards." But, being a novice at all manner of play, I declined the offer. Another advised me, for want of money, to set up my coach, and practice physic; but, having been bred a scholar, I feared I should not succeed that way neither; therefore resolved to go on in my present project. But you are to

understand, that I shall not pretend to raise a credit to this work upon the weight of my politic news only, but, as my Latin sentence in the title-page informs you, *shall take any thing that offers for the subject of my discourse*. Thus new persons, as well as new things, are to come under my consideration; as when a Toast or Wit is first pronounced such, you shall have the freshest advice of their preferment from me, with a description of the Beauty's manners, and the Wit's style; as also in whose places they are advanced: for this town is never good natured enough to raise one without depressing another. But it is my design to avoid saying any thing of any person, which ought justly to displease; but shall endeavour, by the variety of the matter and style, to give entertainment for men of pleasure, without offence to those of business."

White's Chocolate-house, April 18.

All hearts at present pant for two ladies only, who have for some time engrossed the dominion of the town. They are indeed both exceeding charming, but differ very much in their excellences. The beauty of Clarissa is soft, that of Chloe piercing. When you look at Clarissa, you see the most exact harmony of feature, complexion, and shape; you find in Chloe nothing extraordinary in any one of those particulars, but the whole woman irresistible. Clarissa looks languishing; Chloe killing. Clarissa never fails of gaining admiration; Chloe of moving desire. The gazers at Clarissa are at first unconcerned, as if they were observing a fine picture; they who behold Chloe, at the first glance discover transport, as if they met their dearest friend. These different perfections are suitably repre-

sented by the last great painter Italy has sent us, Mr. Jervas. Clarissa is by that skilful hand placed in a manner that looks artless, and innocent of the torments she gives; Chloe is drawn with a liveliness that shows she is conscious of, but not affected with her perfections. Clarissa is a shepherdess, Chloe a country girl. I must own, the design of Chloe's picture shows, to me, great mastery in the painter: for nothing could be better imagined than the dress he has given her, of a straw-hat and a ribbon, to represent that sort of beauty which enters the heart with a certain familiarity, and cheats it into a belief that it has received a lover as well as an object of love. The force of their different beauties is seen also in the effects it makes on their lovers. The admirers of Chloe are eternally gay and well pleased; those of Clarissa melancholy and thoughtful. And as this passion always changes the natural man into a quite different creature from what he was before, the love of Chloe makes coxcombs; that of Clarissa madmen. There were of each kind just now in this room. Here was one that whistles, laughs, sings, and cuts capers, for love of Chloe. Another has just now writ three lines to Clarissa, then taken a turn in the garden, then came back again, then tore his fragment, then called for some chocolate, then went away without it.

Chloe has so many admirers in the house at present, that there is too much noise to proceed in my narration; so that the progress of the loves of Clarissa and Chloe, together with the bottles that are drunk each night for the one, and the many sighs which are uttered, and songs written on the other, must be our subject on future occasions.

Will's Coffee-house, April 18.

Letters from the Hay-market inform us, that, on Saturday night last, the opera of Pyrrhus and Demetrius was performed with great applause. This intelligence is not very acceptable to us friends of the theatre; for the stage being an entertainment of the reason and all our faculties, this way of being pleased with the suspense of them for three hours together, and being given up to the shallow satisfaction of the eyes and ears only, seems to arise rather from the degeneracy of our understanding, than an improvement of our diversions. That the understanding has no part in the pleasure is evident, from what these letters very positively assert, to wit, that a great part of the performance was done in Italian; and a great critic* fell into fits in the gallery, at seeing, not only time and place, but languages and nations confused in the most incorrigible manner. His spleen is so extremely moved on this occasion, that he is going to publish another treatise against operas, which he thinks, have already inclined us to thoughts of peace, and, if tolerated, must infallibly dispirit us from carrying on the war. He has communicated his scheme to the whole room, and declared in what manner things of this kind were first introduced. He has upon this occasion considered the nature of sounds in general, and made a very elaborate digression upon the London Cries, wherein he has shown, from reason and philosophy, why oysters are cried, card-matches sung, and turnips and all other vegetables neither cried, sung, nor said, but sold, with an ac-

* John Dennis.

cent and tone neither natural to man nor beast. This piece seems to be taken from the model of that excellent discourse of Mrs. Manly* the school-mistress, concerning samplers. Advices from the upper end of Piccadilly say, that May Fair is utterly abolished; and we hear Mr. Penkethman has removed his ingenious company of strollers to Greenwich. But other letters from Deptford say, the company is only making thither, and not yet settled; but that several heathen gods and goddesses, which are to descend in machines, landed at the King's Head Stairs last Saturday. Venus and Cupid went on foot from thence to Greenwich; Mars got drunk in the town, and broke his landlord's head, for which he sat in the stocks the whole evening; but Mr. Penkethman giving security that he should do nothing this ensuing summer, he was set at liberty. The most melancholy part of all was, that Diana was taken in the act of fornication with a boatman, and committed by Justice Wrathful; which has, it seems, put a stop to the diversions of the theatre of Black-heath. But there goes down another Diana and a Patient Grissel next tide from Billingsgate.

It is credibly reported that Mr. D——y† has agreed with Mr. Penkethman to have his play acted before that audience as soon as it has had its first sixteen day's run in Drury Lane.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 18.

They write from Saxony of the thirteenth instant, N. S. that the grand general of the Crown

* See, in Dr. King's works, vol. II. 8vo. edit. 1776, "An Essay on the Invention of Samplers, by Mrs. Arabella Manly, School-mistress at Hackney."

† Tom D'Urfey.

of Poland was so far from entering into a treaty with king Stanislaus, that he had written circular letters, wherein he exhorted the Palatines to join against him; declaring that this was the most favourable conjuncture for asserting their liberty.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-third instant, N. S. say, they have advices from Vienna, which import, that his Electoral Highness of Hanover had signified to the Imperial Court, that he did not intend to put himself at the head of the troops of the Empire, except more effectual measures were taken for acting vigorously against the enemy the ensuing campaign. Upon this representation the emperor has given orders to several regiments to march towards the Rhine, and dispatched expresses to the respective princes of the empire, to desire an augmentation of their forces.

These letters, add, that an express arrived at the Hague on the twentieth instant, with advice, that the enemy having made a detachment from Tournay, of fifteen hundred horse, each trooper carrying a foot soldier behind him, in order to surprise the garrison of Alost; the allies, upon notice of their march, sent out a strong body of troops from Ghent, which engaged the enemy at Asche, and took two hundred of them prisoners, obliging the rest to retire without making any farther attempt. On the twenty-second in the morning a fleet of merchant ships coming from Scotland were attacked by six French privateers at the entrance of the Meuse. We have yet no certain advice of the event: but letters from Rotterdam say that a Dutch man of war, of forty guns, which was convoy to the said fleet, was

taken, as were also eighteen of the merchants. The Swiss troops in the service of the States have completed the augmentation of their respective companies. Those of Wirtemberg and Prussia are expected on the frontiers within a few days; and the auxiliaries from Saxony, as also a battalion of Holstein, and another of Wolfenbuttle, are advancing thither with all expedition. On the twenty-first instant the Deputies of the States had a conference near Woerden with the President Rouille, but the matter which was therein debated is not made public. His Grace the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene continue at the Hague.

From my own Apartment, April 18.

I have lately been very studious for intelligence, and have just now, by my astrological flying post, received a packet from Felicia,* an island in America, with an account that gives me great satisfaction, and lets me understand, that the island was never in greater prosperity, or the administration in so good hands, since the death of their late glorious king. These letters import, that the chief minister has entered into a firm league with the ablest and best men of the nation, to carry on the cause of liberty, to the encouragement of religion, virtue, and honour. Those persons at the helm are so useful, and in themslves of such weight, that their strict alliance must needs tend to the universal prosperity of the people. Camillo,† it seems, presides over the deliberations of state; and is so highly valued by all men, for his singular probity, cour-

* In this allegorical paper, by Felicia is meant Britain.
† John Lord Somers, President of the Council.

age, affability, and love of mankind, that his being placed in that station has dissipated the fears of that people, who of all the world are the most jealous of their liberty and happiness, and the least provident for their security. The next member of their society is Horatio*, who makes all the public dispatches. This minister is master of all the languages in use to great perfection. He is held in the highest veneration imaginable for a severe honesty, and love of his country: he lives in a Court, unsullied with any of its artifices; the refuge of the oppressed, and terror of oppressors. Martio† has joined himself to this council; a man of most undaunted resolution, and great knowledge of maritime affairs; famous for destroying the navy of the Franks‡, and singularly happy in one particular, that he never preferred a man who has not proved remarkably serviceable to his country. Philander§ is mentioned with particular distinction; a nobleman who has the most refined taste for the true pleasures and elegance of life, joined to an indefatigable industry in business; a man eloquent in assemblies, agreeable in conversation and dextrous in all manner of public negotiations. These letters add, that Verono‖, who is also of this council, has lately set sail to his government of Patricia, with design to confirm the affections of the people in the interests of his Queen. This minister is master of great abilities, and is as industrious and restless for the preservation of the liberties of the people, as

* Sidney Earl of Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer.
† Edward Russell, Earl of Orford.
‡ At La Hogue, in 1692.
§ William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire, Lord Steward of the Household.
‖ Thomas Earl of Warton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

the greatest enemy can be to subvert them. The influence of these personages, who are men of such distinguished parts and virtues, makes the people enjoy the utmost tranquillity in the midst of a war, and gives them undoubted hopes of a secure peace from their vigilance and integrity.

Advertisement.

Upon the humble petition of running stationers, &c. this paper may be had of them, for the future, at the price of one penny*.

No. 5. TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme.

White's Chocolate-house, April 20.

"Who names that lost thing love, without a tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bred customs here?
To an exact perfection they have brought
The action love, the passion is forgot."

This was long ago a witty author's lamentation, but the evil still continues; and, if a man of any delicacy were to attend the discourses of the young fellows of this age, he would believe there were none but prostitutes to make the objects of passion. So true it is what the author of the

* The preceding papers had been given *gratis*.

above verses said, a little before his death, of the modern pretenders to gallantry: "they set up for wits in this age, by saying, when they are sober, what they of the last spoke only when they were drunk." But Cupid is not only blind at present, but dead drunk; he has lost all his faculties; else how should Celia be so long a maid, with that agreeable behaviour? Corinna with that sprightly wit? Lesbia with that heavenly voice? and Sacharissa, with all those excellences in one person, frequent the park, the play, and murder the poor Tits that drag her to public places, and not a man turn pale at her appearance? But such is the fallen state of love, that if it were not for honest Cynthio, who is true to the cause, we should hardly have a pattern left of the ancient worthies that way: and indeed he has but very little encouragement to persevere; but he has a devotion, rather than love for his mistress, and says,

"Only tell her that I love,
Leave the rest to her and fate;
Some kind planet from above
May, perhaps, her passion move:
Lovers on their stars must wait."

But the stars I am so intimately acquainted with, that I can assure him he will never have her; for, would you believe it? though Cynthio has wit, good sense, fortune, and his very being depends upon her, the termagant for whom he sighs is in love with a fellow who stares in the glass all the time he is with her, and lets her plainly see she may possibly be his rival, but never his mistress. Yet Cynthio, the same unhappy man whom I mentioned in my first narrative, pleases himself with a vain imagination that, with the language of his eyes, now he has found who she

is, he shall conquer her, though her eyes are intent upon one who looks from her; which is ordinary with the sex. It is certainly a mistake in the ancients to draw the little gentleman love as a blind boy; for his real character is a little thief that squints; for ask Mrs. Meddle, who is a confident, or spy, upon all the passions in town, and she will tell you that the whole is a game of cross purposes. The lover is generally pursuing one who is in pursuit of another, and running from one that desires to meet him. Nay, the nature of this passion is so justly represented in a squinting little thief (who is always in a double action,) that do but observe Clarissa next time you see her, and you will find, when her eyes have made their soft tour round the company, she makes no stay on him they say she is to marry, but rests two seconds of a minute on Wildair, who neither looks nor thinks on her, or any woman else. However, Cynthio had a bow from her the other day, upon which he is very much come to himself; and I heard him send his man of an errand yesterday without any manner of hesitation; a quarter of an hour after which he reckoned twenty, remembered he was to sup with a friend, and went exactly to his appointment. I sent to know how he did this morning; and I find that he hath not forgot that he spoke to me yesterday.

Will's Coffee-house, April 20.

This week being sacred to holy things, and no public diversions allowed, there has been taken notice of even here a little Treatise called, "A Project for the Advancement of Religion: dedicated to the Countess of Berkeley*." The title

* First published by Swift in 1709.

was so uncommon, and promised so peculiar a way of thinking, that every man here has read it; and as many as have done so have approved it. It is written with the spirit of one who has seen the world enough to undervalue it with good-breeding. The author must certainly be a man of wisdom as well as piety, and have spent much time in the exercise of both. The real causes of the decay of the interest of religion are set forth in a clear and lively manner, without unseasonable passions; and the whole air of the book, as to the language, the sentiments, and the reasonings, shews it was written by one whose virtue sits easy about him, and to whom vice is thoroughly contemptible. It was said by one of this company, alluding to that knowledge of the world the author seems to have, "The man writes much like a gentleman, and goes to Heaven with a very good mien."

St. James's Coffee-house, April 20.

Letters from Italy say, that the Marquis de Prie, upon the receipt of an express from the Court of Vienna, went immediately to the palace of Cardinal Paulucci, Minister of State to his Holiness, and demanded, in the name of his Imperial Majesty, that King Charles should forthwith be acknowledged King of Spain, by a solemn act of the congregation of Cardinals appointed for that purpose. He declared at the same time, that if the least hesitation were made in this most important article of the late treaty, he should not only be obliged to leave Rome himself, but also transmit his master's orders to the Imperial troops to face about, and return into the ecclesiatical dominions. When the Cardinal reported this message to the Pope, his Holiness was struck with so sensible

an affliction, that he burst into tears. His sorrow was aggravated by letters which immediately after arrived from the Court of Madrid, wherein his Nuncio acquainted him, that, upon the news of his accommodation with the Emperor, he had received a message to forbear coming to Court, and the people were so highly provoked, that they could hardly be restrained from insulting his palace. These letters add, that the King of Denmark was gone from Florence to Pisa, and from Pisa to Leghorn, where the Governor paid his Majesty all imaginable honours. The King designed to go from thence to Lucca, where a magnificent tournament was prepared for his diversion. An English man of war, which came from Port-Mahon to Leghorn in six days, brought advice, that the fleet commanded by Admiral Whitaker, was safely arrived at Barcelona, with the troops and ammunition which he had taken in at Naples.

General Boneval, Governor of Comachio, had summoned the magistrates of all the towns near that place to appear before him, and take an oath of fidelity to his Imperial Majesty; commanding also the gentry to pay him homage, on pain of death and confiscation of goods. Advices from Switzerland inform us, that the bankers of Geneva were utterly ruined by the failure of Mr. Bernard. They add, that the Deputies of the Swiss Cantons were returned from Soleure, where they were assembled at the instance of the French Ambassador, but were very much dissatisfied with the reception they had from that Minister. It is true he omitted no civilities or expressions of friendship from his master, but he took no notice of their pensions and arrears: what further provoked their indignation was, that, instead of twenty-five pistoles, formerly allowed to each member

for their charge in coming to the Diet, he had presented them with six only. They write from Dresden that King Augustus was still busy in recruiting his cavalry, and that the Danish troops that lately served in Hungary had orders to be in Saxony by the middle of May; and that his Majesty of Denmark was expected at Dresden in the beginning of that month. King Augustus makes great preperations for his reception, and has appointed sixty coaches, each drawn by six horses, for that purpose: the intervew of these Princes affords great matter for speculation. Letters from Paris, of the twenty-second of this month, say, that Marshal Harcourt and the Duke of Berwick were preparing to go into Alsace and Dauphiné, but that their troops were in want of all manner of necessaries. The Court of France had received advices from Madrid, that on the seventh of this month the States of Spain had with much magnificence acknowledged the Prince of Asturias presumptive heir to the Crown. This was performed at Buen-Retiro: the Deputies took the oaths on that occasion from the hands of Cardinal Portocarrero. These advices add, that it was signified to the Pope's Nuncio by order of Council, to depart from that Court in twenty-four hours, and that a guard was accordingly appointed to conduct him to Bayonne.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-sixth instant inform us, that Prince Eugene was to set out the next day for Brussels, to put all things in a readiness for opening the campagin. They add, that the grand Pensioner having reported to the Duke of Marlborough what passed in the last conference with Mr. Rouille, his Grace had taken a resolution immediately to return to Great Britain, to communicate to her Majesty all that *has been* transacted in that important affair.

From my own Apartment, April 20.

The nature of my miscellaneous work is such, that I shall always take the liberty to tell for news such things (let them have happened never so much before the time of writing) as have escaped public notice, or have been misrepresented to the world; provided that I am still within rules, and trespass not as a Tatler any farther than in an incorrectness of style, and writing in an air of common speech. Thus, if any thing that is said, even of old Anchises or Æneas, be set by me in a different light than has hitherto been hit upon, in order to inspire the love and admiration of worthy actions, you will, gentle reader, I hope, accept of it for intelligence you had not before. But I am going upon a narrative, the matter of which I know to be true: it is not only doing justice to the deceased merit of such persons, as, had they lived, would not have had it in their power to thank me, but also an instance of the greatness of spirit in the lowest of her Majesty's subjects. Take it as follows:

At the siege of Namur by the allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by Captain Pincent, in Colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion, a corporal, and one Valentine a private centinel; there happened between these two men a dispute about a matter of love, which, upon some aggravations, grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Unnion, being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The centinel bore it without resistance; but frequently said, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months thus, one injuring, the other com-

plaining; when, in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, "Ah, Valentine, can you leave me here?" Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger as far as the Abbey of Salsine, where a cannon ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcass, crying, "Ah, Valentine! was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee." He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse and despair.

It may be a question among men of noble sentiments, whether of these unfortunate persons had the greater soul; he that was so generous as to venture his life for his enemy, or he who could not survive the man that died, in laying upon him such an obligation?

When we see spirits like these in a people, to what heights may we not suppose their glory may rise! but (as it is excellently observed by Sallust) it is not only to the general bent of a nation that great revolutions are owing, but to the extraordinary genio's that lead them. On which occa-

sion, he proceeds to say, that the Roman greatness was neither to be attributed to their superior policy, for in that the Carthagenians excelled; nor to their valour, for in that the Gauls were preferable; but to particular men, who were born for the good of their country, and formed for great attempts. This he says to introduce the characters of Cæsar and Cato. It would be entering into too weighty a discourse for this place, if I attempted to shew, that our nation has produced as great and able men for public affairs as any other. But I believe the reader outruns me, and fixes his imagination upon the Duke of Marlborough. It is, methinks, a pleasing reflection to consider the dispensations of Providence in the fortune of this illustrious man, who, in the space of forty years, has passed through all the gradations of human life, until he has ascended to the character of a Prince*, and become the scourge of a tyrant, who sat on one of the greatest thrones of Europe, before the man who was to have the greatest part in his downfal had made one step in the world. But such elevations are the natural consequences of an exact prudence, a calm courage, a well governed temper, a patient ambition, and an affable behaviour. These arts, as they are the steps to his greatness, so they are the pillars of it now it is raised. To this, her glorious son, Great-Britain is indebted for the happy conduct of her arms, in whom she can boast, that she has produced a man formed by nature to lead a nation of heroes.

* In the year 1704, in consequence of the memorable victory at Hochsted, the Duke of Marlborough was appointed a Prince of the Empire, and had Mildenheim assigned for his principality, Nov. 12, 1705.

No. 6. SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

Will's Coffee-house, April 22.

I AM just come from visiting Sappho, a fine lady, who writes verses, sings, dances, and can say and do whatever she pleases, without the imputation of any thing that can injure her character, for she is so well known to have no passion but self-love; or folly, but affectation; that now, upon any occasion, they only cry, "It is her way!" and, "That is so like her!" without farther reflection. As I came into the room, she cries, "Oh! Mr. Bickerstaff, I am utterly undone; I have broke that pretty Italian fan I shewed you when you were here last, wherein were so admirably drawn our first parents in Paradise asleep in each other's arms. But there is such an affinity between painting and poetry, that I have been improving the images which were raised by that picture, by reading the same representation in two of our greatest poets. Look you, here are the same passages in Milton and in Dryden. All Milton's thoughts are wonderfully just and natural, in that inimitable description which Adam makes of himself in the eighth book of Paradise Lost. But there is none of them finer than that contained in the following lines, where he tells us his thoughts, when he was falling asleep a little after the creation:

While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From whence I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sate me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My drowned sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state,
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve.

But now I cannot forgive this odious thing, this Dryden, who, in his "State of Innocence," has given my great grand-mother Eve the same apprehension of annihilation on a very different occasion; as Adam pronounces it of himself, when he was seized with a pleasing kind of stupor and deadness; Eve fancies herself falling away, and dissolving in the hurry of a rapture. However, the verses are very good, and I do not know but what she says may be natural: I will read them:

When your kind eyes look'd languishing on mine,
And wreathing arms did soft embraces join;
A doubtful trembling seiz'd me first all o'er,
Then wishes, and a warmth unknown before;
What follow'd was all ecstacy and trance,
Immortal pleasures round my swimming eyes did dance;
And speechless joys, in whose sweet tumults tost,
I thought my breath and my new being lost."

She went on, and said a thousand good things at random, but so strangely mixed, that you would be apt to say, all her wit is mere good luck, and not the effect of reason and judgment. When I made my escape hither, I found a gentleman playing the critic on two other great poets: even Virgil and Homer. He was observing, that Virgil is more judicious than the other in the epithets he gives his hero. Homer's usual epithet, said he, is Πόδας ὠκὺς, or Ποδάρκης, and his indiscretion has been often rallied by the critics, for mentioning the nimbleness of foot in

Achilles, though he describes him standing, sitting, lying down, fighting, eating, drinking, or in any other circumstance, however foreign or repugnant to speed and activity. Virgil's common epithet to Æneas is Pius, or Pater. I have therefore considered, said he, what passage there is in any of his hero's actions, where either of these appellations would have been most improper, to see if I could catch him at the same fault with Homer; and this, I think, is his meeting with Dido in the cave, where *Pius* Æneas would have been absurd, and *Pater* Æneas a burlesque: the poet therefore wisely dropped them both for *Dux Trojanus;* which he has repeated twice in Juno's speech, and his own narration; for he very well knew, a loose action might be consistent enough with the usual manners of a soldier, though it became neither the chastity of a pious man, nor the gravity of the father of a people.

Grecian Coffee-house, April 22.

While other parts of the town are amused with the present actions, we generally spend the evening at this table in inquiries into antiquity, and think anything News which gives us new knowledge. Thus we are making a very pleasant entertainment to ourselves, in putting the actions of Homer's Iliad into an exact Journal.

This poem is introduced by Chryses, king of Chryseïs and priest of Apollo, who comes to redemand his daughter, who had been carried off at the taking of that city, and given to Agamemnon for his part of the booty. The refusal he received enrages Apollo, who for nine days showered down darts upon them, which occasioned the pestilence.

The tenth day Achilles assembled the council, and encourages Chalcas to speak for the surrender of Chryseïs to appease Apollo. Agamemnon and Achilles storm at one another, notwithstanding which, Agamemnon will not release his prisoner, unless he has Briseïs in her stead. After long contestations, wherein Agamemnon gives a glorious character of Achilles's valour, he determines to restore Chryseïs to her father, and sends two heralds to fetch away Briseïs from Achilles, who abandons himself to sorrow and despair. His mother Thetis comes to comfort him under his affliction, and promises to represent his sorrowful lamentations to Jupiter; but he could not attend to it; for, the evening before, he had appointed to divert himself for two days beyond the seas with the harmless Ethiopians.

It was the twenty-first day after Chriseïs's arrival at the camp, that Thetis went very early to demand an audience of Jupiter. The means he used to satisfy her were, to persuade the Greeks to attack the Trojans; that so they might perceive the consequence of contemning Achilles, and the miseries they suffer, if he does not head them. The next night he orders Agamemnon, in a dream, to attack them; who was deceived with the hopes of obtaining a victory, and also taking the city, without sharing the honour with Achilles.

On the twenty-second in the morning, he assembles the council, and having made a feint of raising the siege and retiring, he declares to them his dream; and, together with Nestor and Ulysses, resolves on an engagement.

This was the twenty-third day, which is full of incidents, and which continues from almost the

beginning of the second canto to the eighth. The armies being then drawn up in view of one another, Hector brings it about that Menelaus and Paris, the two persons concerned in the quarrel, should decide it by a single combat, which tending to the advantage of Menelaus, was interrupted by a cowardice infused by Minerva: then both armies engaged, where the Trojans have the disadvantage; but being afterwards animated by Apollo, they repulse the enemy, yet they are once again forced to give ground; but their affairs were retrieved by Hector, who has a single combat with Ajax. The gods threw themselves into the battle: Juno and Minerva took the Grecians' part, and Apollo and Mars the Trojans'; but Mars and Venus are both wounded by Diomedes.

The truce for burying the slain ended the twenty-third day, after which the Greeks threw up a great intrenchment, to secure their navy from danger. Councils are held on both sides. On the morning of the twenty-fourth day the battle is renewed, but in a very disadvantageous manner to the Greeks, who are beaten back to their intrenchments. Agamemnon, being in despair at this ill-success, proposes to the council to quit the enterprise, and retire from Troy. But, by the advice of Nestor, he is persuaded to regain Achilles, by returning Briseïs, and sending him considerable presents. Hereupon Ulysses and Ajax are sent to that hero, who continues inflexible in his anger. Ulysses, at his return, joins himself with Diomedes and goes in the night to gain intelligence of the enemy; they enter into their very camp, where finding the centinels asleep, they made a great slaughter. Rhesus, who was just then arrived with recruits from Thrace for the Trojans, was killed in that

action. Here ends the tenth canto. The sequel of this journal will be inserted in the next article from this place.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 22.

We hear from Italy, that, notwithstanding the Pope has received a letter from the Duke of Anjou demanding of him to explain himself upon the affair of acknowledging king Charles, his holiness has not yet thought fit to send any answer to that prince. The court of Rome appears very much mortified, that they are not to see his majesty of Denmark in that city, having perhaps given themselves vain hopes from a visit made by a Protestant prince to that see. The Pope has dispatched a gentleman to compliment his Majesty, and sent the King a present of all the curiosities and antiquities of Rome, represented in seventeen volumes very richly bound, which were taken out of the Vatican library. Letters from Genoa, of the fourteenth instant, say, that a felucca was arrived there in five days from Marseilles, with an account, that the people of that city had made an insurrection, by reason of the scarcity of provisions; and that the intendant had ordered some companies of marines, and the men belonging to the galleys, to stand to their arms to protect him from violence; but that he began to be in as much apprehension of his guards, as of those from whom they were to defend him. When that vessel came away, the soldiers murmured publicly for want of pay; and it was generally believed they would pillage the magazines, as the garrisons of Grenoble and other towns of France had already done. A vessel which lately came into Leghorn brought advice, that the British squadron was arrived at Port-Mahon, where

they were taking in more troops, in order to attempt the relief of Alicant, which still made a very vigorous defence. It is said admiral Byng will be at the head of that expedition. The king of Denmark was gone from Leghorn towards Lucca.

They write from Vienna, that in case the allies should enter into a treaty of peace with France, Count Zinzendorf will be appointed first Plenipotentiary, the Count de Goes the second, and Monsieur Von Konsbruch a third. Major General Palmes, envoy extraordinary from her Britannic Majesty, has been very urgent with that court to make their utmost efforts against France the ensuing campaign, in order to oblige it to such a peace as may establish the tranquillity of Europe for the future.

We are also informed, that the Pope uses all imaginable shifts to elude the treaty concluded with the Emperor, and that he demanded the immediate restitution of Comacchio; insisting also, that his Imperial Majesty should ask pardon, and desire absolution for what had formerly passed, before he would solemnly acknowledge King Charles. But this was utterly refused.

They hear at Vienna by letters from Constantinople, dated the twenty-second of February last, that, on the twelfth of that month, the Grand Seignior took occasion, at the celebration of the festivals of the Mussulmen, to set all the Christian slaves which were in the galleys at liberty.

Advices from Switzerland import, that the preachers of the county of Tockenburg continue to create new jealousies of the Protestants; and some disturbances lately happened there on that account. The Protestants and Papists in the town of Hamman go to divine service one after another

in the same church, as is usual in many other parts of Switzerland; but on Sunday, the tenth instant, the Popish Curate having ended his service, attempted to hinder the Protestants from entering into the Church according to custom; but the Protestants briskly attacked him and his party, and broke into it by force.

Last night, between seven and eight, his Grace the Duke of Marlborough arrived at Court.

From my own Apartment, April 22.

The present great captains of the age, the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, having been the subject of the discourse of the last company I was in; it has naturally led me into a consideration of Alexander and Cæsar, the two greatest names that ever appeared before this century. In order to enter into their characters, there needs no more but examining their behaviour in parallel circumstances. It must be allowed, that they had an equal greatness of soul; but Cæsar's was more corrected and allayed by a mixture of prudence and circumspection. This is seen conspicuously in one particular in their histories, wherein they seem to have shown exactly the difference of their tempers. When Alexander, after a long course of victories, would still have led his soldiers farther from home, they unanimously refused to follow him. We meet with the like behaviour in Cæsar's army in the midst of his march against Ariovistus. Let us therefore observe the conduct of our two generals in so nice an affair: and here we find *Alexander* at the head of his army, upbraiding them with their cowardice, and meanness of spirit; and in the end telling them plainly he would go forward himself, though not a man followed him.

This showed indeed an excessive bravery; but how would the commander have come off, if the speech had not succeeded, and the soldiers had taken him at his word? the project seems of a piece with Mr. Bays's in "The Rehearsal," who, to gain a clap in his prologue, comes out, with a terrible fellow in a fur-cap following him, and tells his audience if they would not like his play, he would lie down and have his head struck off. If this gained a clap, all was well; but if not, there was nothing left but for the executioner to do his office. But *Cæsar* would not leave the success of his speech to such uncertain events: he shows his men the unreasonableness of their fears in an obliging manner, and concludes, that if none else would march along with him he would go himself with the tenth legion, for he was assured of their fidelity and valour, though all the rest forsook him; not but that, in all probability, they were as much against the march as the rest. The result of all was very natural; the tenth legion, fired with the praises of their general, send thanks to him for the just opinion he entertains of them; and the rest, ashamed to be outdone, assure him, that they are as ready to follow where he pleases to lead them, as any other part of the army.

No. 7. TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

"It is so just an observation, that mocking is catching, that I am become an unhappy instance of it, and am (in the same manner that I have represented Mr. Partridge*) myself a dying man, in comparison of the vigour with which I first set out in the world. Had it been otherwise, you may be sure I would not have pretended to have given for news, as I did last Saturday, a diary of the siege of Troy. But man is a creature very inconsistent with himself: the greatest heroes are sometimes fearful; the sprightliest wits at some hours dull; and the greatest politicians on some occasions whimsical. But I shall not pretend to palliate or excuse the matter; for I find, by a calculation of my own nativity, that I cannot hold out with any tolerable wit longer than two minutes after twelve of the clock at night, between the eighteenth and nineteenth of the next month: for which space of time you may still expect to hear from me, but no longer; except you will transmit to me the occurrences you meet with relating to your amours, or any other subject within the rules by which I have proposed

* "This man was a shoe-maker in Covent-garden in 1680, yet styled himself Physician to his Majesty, in 1682. But, though he was one of the sworn Physicians, he never attended the court, nor received any salary."

to walk. If any gentleman or lady sends to Isaac Bickerstaff, esq. at Mr. Morphew's near Stationers-hall, by the penny-post, the grief or joy of their soul, what they think fit of the matter shall be related in colours as much to their advantage, as those in which Gervas* has drawn the agreeable Chloe. But since, without such assistance, I frankly confess, and am sensible, that I have not a month's wit more, I think I ought while I am in my sound health and senses, to make my will and testament; which I do in manner and form following:

Imprimis, I give to the stock-jobbers about the Exchange of London, as a security for the trusts daily reposed in them, all my real estate; which I do hereby vest in the said body of worthy citizens for ever.

Item, Forasmuch as it is very hard to keep land in repair without ready cash, I do, out of my personal estate, bestow the bear-skin,† which I have frequently lent to several societies about this town, to supply their necessities; I say, I give also the said bear-skin as an immediate fund to the said citizens for ever.

Item, I do hereby appoint a certain number of the said citizens to take all the custom-house or customary oaths concerning all goods imported by the whole city; strictly directing that some

* Jervas.

† Stock-jobbers, who contract for a transfer of stock which they do not possess, are called sellers of bear-skins; and universally whoever sells what he does not possess is said *proverbially* to sell the bear's skin while the bear runs in the woods.

In the language of Exchange-alley, *Bears* signify those who buy stock which they cannot receive, or who sell stock which they have not. Those who pay money for what they purchase, or who sell stock which they really have, are called *Bulls*.

select members, and not the whole number of a body corporate, should be perjured.

Item, I forbid all n——s and persons of q——ty to watch bargains near and about the Exchange, to the diminution and wrong of the said stock-jobbers.

Thus far, in as brief and intelligible a manner as any will can appear, until it is explained by the learned, I have disposed of my real and personal estate: but, as I am an Adept, I have by birth an equal right to give also an indefeasible title to my endowments and qualifications, which I do in the following manner:

Item, I give my chastity to all virgins who have withstood their market.

Item, I give my courage among all who are ashamed of their distressed friends, all sneakers in assemblies, and men who show valour in common conversation.

Item, I give my wit (as rich men give to the rich) among such as think they have enough already. And in case they shall not accept of the legacy, I give it to Bentivolio* to defend his works from time to time, as he shall think fit to publish them.

Item, I bestow my learning upon the honorary members of the Royal Society.

Now for the disposal of this body.

As these eyes must one day cease to gaze on Teraminta, and this heart shall one day pant no more for her indignation: that is to say, since this body must be earth; I shall commit it to the dust in a manner suitable to my character. Therefore, as there are those who dispute whether there is any such real person as Isaac Bickerstaff or not; I shall excuse all persons who ap-

* Dr. Richard Bentley.

pear what they really are, from coming to my funeral. But all those who are, in their way of life, *personæ*,* as the Latins have it, persons assumed, and who appear what they really are not, are hereby invited to that solemnity.

The body shall be carried by six watchmen, who are never seen in the day.

Item, The pall shall be held by the six most known pretenders to honesty, wealth, and power, who are not possessed of any of them. The two first, a half lawyer, and a complete justice. The two next a chymist, and a projector. The third couple, a treasury-solicitor, and a small courtier.

To make my funeral (what that solemnity, when done to common men, really is in itself) a very farce, and since all mourners are mere actors on these occasions, I shall desire those who are professedly such to attend mine. I humbly, therefore, beseech Mrs. Barry to act once more, and be my widow. When she swoons away at the church-porch, I appoint the merry John Falstaff, and the gay Sr Harry Wildair, to support her. I desire Mr. Pinkethman to follow in the habit of a Cardinal, and Mr. Bullock in that of a privy-counsellor. To make up the rest of the appearance, I desire all the ladies from the balconies to weep with Mrs. Barry, as they hope to be wives and widows themselves. I invite all, who have nothing else to do, to accept of gloves and scarves.

Thus, with the great Charles V. of Spain, I resign the glories of this transitory world: Yet, at the same time, to show you my indifference, and that my desires are not too much fixed upon any thing, I own to you, I am as willing to stay as to

* Masks.

go: therefore leave it in the choice of my gentle readers, whether I shall hear from them, or they hear no more from me."

White's Chocolate-house, April 25.

Easter-day being a time when you cannot well meet with any but humble adventurers; and there being such a thing as low gallantry, as well as low comedy, Colonel Ramble* and myself went early this morning into the fields, which were strewed with shepherds and shepherdesses, but indeed of a different turn from the simplicity of those of Arcadia. Every hedge was conscious of more than what the representations of enamoured swains admit of. While we were surveying the crowd around us, we saw at a distance a company coming towards Pancras church; but though there was not much disorder, we thought we saw the figure of a man stuck through with a sword, and at every step ready to fall, if a woman by his side had not supported him; the rest followed two and two. When we came nearer this appearance, who should it be but Monsieur Guardeloop, mine and Ramble's French taylor, attended by others, leading one of Madam Depingle's maids to the church, in order to their espousals. It was his sword tucked so high above his waist, and the circumflex which persons of his profession take in their walking, that made him appear at a distance wounded and falling. But, the morning being rainy, methought the march to this wedding was but too lively a picture of wedlock itself. They seemed both to have a month's mind to make the best of their way single; yet both tugged arm in

* Probably Colonel Brett.

arm: and when they were in a dirty way, he was but deeper in the mire, by endeavouring to pull out his companion, and yet without helping her. The bridegroom's feathers in his hat all drooped; one of his shoes had lost an heel. In short, he was in his whole person and dress so extremely soused, that there did not appear one inch or single thread about him *unmarried*. Pardon me, that the melancholy object still dwells upon me so far, as to reduce me to punning. However, we attended them to the chapel, where we stayed to hear the irrevocable words pronounced upon our old servant, and made the best of our way to town. I took a resolution to forbear all married persons, or any in danger of being such, for four and twenty hours at least; therefore dressed, and went to visit Florimel, the vainest thing in town, where I knew would drop in colonel Picket, just come from the camp, her professed admirer. He is of that order of men who have much honour and merit, but withal a coxcomb; the other of that set of females, who has innocence and wit, but the first of coquets. It is easy to believe, these must be admirers of each other. She says the colonel rides the best of any man in England: The colonel says, she talks the best of any woman. At the same time, he understands wit just as she does horsemanship. You are to know, these extraordinary persons see each other daily; and they themselves, as well as the town, think it will be a match: But it can never happen that they can come to the point; for, instead of addressing to each other, they spend their whole time in the reports of themselves: he is satisfied if he can convince her he is a fine gentleman, and a man of consequence; and she in appearing to him an accomplished lady and a wit, without fur-

ther design. Thus he tells her of his manner of posting his men at such a pass, with the numbers he commanded on that detachment: she tells him, how she was dressed on such a day at court, and what offers were made her the week following. She seems to hear the repetition of his men's names with admiration, and waits only to answer him with as false a muster of lovers. They talk to each other, not to be informed, but improved. Thus they are so like, that they are to be ever distant, and the parallel lines may run together for ever, but never met.

Will's Coffee-house, April 25.

This evening the comedy, called "Epsom Wells," was acted for the benefit of Mr. Bullock, who, though he is a person of much wit and ingenuity, has a peculiar talent of looking like a fool, and therefore excellently well qualified for the part of Bisket in this play. I cannot indeed sufficiently admire his way of bearing a beating, as he does in this drama, and that with such a natural air and propriety of folly, that one cannot help wishing the whip in one's own hand; so richly does he seem to deserve his chastisement. Skilful actors think it a very peculiar happiness to play in a scene with such as top their parts. Therefore I cannot but say, when the judgment of any good author directs him to write a beating for Mr. Bullock from Mr. William Pinkethman, or for Mr. William Pinkethman from Mr. Bullock, those excellent players seem to be in their most shining circumstances, and please me more, but with a different sort of delight, than that which I receive from those grave scenes of Brutus and Cassius, or Antony and Ventidius.

The whole comedy is very just, and the low part of human life represented with much humour and wit.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 25.

We are advised from Vienna, by letters of the twentieth instant, that the Emperor hath lately added twenty new members to his Council of State, but they have not yet taken their places at the board. General Thaun is returned from Baden, his health being so well re-established by the baths of that place, that he designs to set out next week for Turin, to his command of the Imperial troops in the service of the Duke of Savoy. His Imperial Majesty has advanced his brother, Count Henry Thaun, to be a brigadier, and a counsellor of the Aulic council of war. These letters import, that king Stanislaus and the Swedish General Crassau are directing their march to Nieper, to join the King of Sweden's army in Ukrania; that the States of Austria have furnished Marshal Heister with a considerable sum of money, to enable him to push on the war vigorously in Hungary, where all things as yet are in perfect tranquillity; and that General Thungen has been very importunate for a speedy re-inforcement of the forces on the Upper Rhine, representing at the same time what miseries the inhabitants must necessarily undergo, if the designs of France on those parts be not speedily and effectually prevented.

Letters from Rome, dated the thirteenth instant, say, that, on the preceding Sunday, his Holiness was carried in an open chair from St. Peter's to St. Mary's, attended by the sacred College, in cavalcade; and, after mass, distributed several dowries for the marriage of poor

and distressed virgins. The proceedings of that court are very dilatory concerning the recognition of king Charles, notwithstanding the pressing instances of the Marquis de Prie, who has declared, that if this affair be not wholly concluded by the fifteenth instant, he will retire from that court, and order the Imperial troops to return into the Ecclesiastical State. On the other hand, the Duke of Anjou's minister has, in the name of his master, demanded of his Holiness to explain himself on that affair; which, it is said, will be finally determined in a consistory to be held on Monday next; the Duke d'Uzeda designing to delay his departure until he sees the issue. These letters also say, that the court was mightily alarmed at the news which they received by an express from Ferrara, that General Boneval, who commands in Comacchio, had sent circular letters to the inhabitants of St. Alberto, Longastrino, Fillo, and other adjacent parts, enjoining them to come and swear fealty to the Emperor, and receive new investitures of their fiefs from his hands. Letters from other parts of Italy say, that the king of Denmark continues at Lucca; that four English and Dutch men of war were seen off Oneglia, bound for Final, in order to transport the troops designed for Barcelona; and that her majesty's ship the Colchester arrived at Leghorn the fourth instant from Port Mahon, with advice, that Major General Stanhope designed to depart from thence the first instant with six or seven thousand men, to attempt the relief of the castle of Alicant.

Our last advices from Berlin, bearing date the twenty-seventh instant, import, that the king was gone to Linum, and the queen to Mecklenburg; but that their majesties designed to return the

next week to Oranienburgh, where a great chase of wild beasts was prepared for their diversion, and from thence they intend to proceed together to Potsdam; that the prince royal was set out for Brabant, but intended to make some short stay at Hanover. These letters also inform us, that they are advised from Obory, that the king of Sweden, being on his march towards Holki, met General Renne with a detachment of Muscovites, who, placing some regiments in ambuscade, attacked the Swedes in their rear, and putting them to flight, killed two thousand men, the king himself having his horse shot under him.

We hear from Copenhagen, that, the ice being broke, the Sound is again open for the ships; and that they hoped his majesty would return sooner than they at first expected.

Letters from the Hague, dated May the fourth, N. S. say, that an express arrived there on the first, from Prince Eugene to his grace the Duke of Marlborough. The States are advised that the auxiliaries of Saxony were arrived on the frontiers of the United Provinces; as also, that the two regiments of Wolfenbuttel, and four thousand troops from Wirtemberg, who are to serve in Flanders, are in full march thither. Letters from Flanders say, that the great convoy of ammunition and provisions, which set out from Ghent for Lisle, was safely arrived at Courtray. We hear from Paris, that the king has ordered the militia on the coasts of Normandy and Bretagne to be in readiness to march; and that the court was in apprehension of a descent, to animate the people to rise in the midst of their present hardships.

They write from Spain, that the Pope's Nuncio

left Madrid the tenth of April, in order to go to Bayonne; that the Marquis de Bay was at Badajos, to observe the motions of the Portuguese: and that the Count d'Estain, with a body of five thousand men, was on his march to attack Gironne. The Duke of Anjou has deposed the Bishop of Lerida, as being a favourer of the interest of King Charles, and has summoned a convocation at Madrid, composed of the archbishops, bishops, and states of that kingdom, wherein he hopes they will come to a resolution to send for no more bulls to Rome.

No. 8. THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

Will's Coffee-house, April 26.

THE play of the London Cuckolds was acted this evening before a suitable audience, who were extremely well diverted with that heap of vice and absurdity. The indignation which Eugenio, who is a gentleman of a just taste, has upon occasion of seeing human nature fall so low in its delights, made him, I thought, expatiate upon the mention of this play very agreeably. Of all men living, said he, I pity players, (who must be men of good understanding, to be capable of being such,) that they are obliged to repeat and assume proper

gestures for representing things of which their reason must be ashamed, and which they must disdain their audience for approving. The amendment of these low gratifications is only to be made by people of condition, by encouraging the representation of the noble characters drawn by Shakspeare and others; from whence it is impossible to return without strong impressions of honour and humanity. On these occasions, distress is laid before us with all its causes and consequences, and our resentment placed according to the merit of the persons afflicted. Were dramas of this nature more acceptable to the taste of the town, men who have genius would bend their studies to excel in them. How forcible an effect this would have on our minds, one needs no more than to observe how strongly we are touched by mere pictures. Who can see Le Brun's picture of the Battle of Porus without entering into the character of that fierce gallant man, and being accordingly spurred to an emulation of his constancy and courage? When he is falling with his wound, his features are at the same time very terrible and languishing; and there is such a stern faintness diffused through all his look, as is apt to move a kind of horror, as well as pity, in the beholder. This I say, is an effect wrought by mere lights and shades: consider also a representation made by words only, as in an account given by a good writer. Catiline in Sallust makes just such a figure as Porus by Le Brun. It is said of him, *Catilina verò longè a suis inter hostium cadavera repertus est: paululum etiam spirans, ferocitatemque animi, quam vivus habuerat, in vultu retinens.* "Catiline was found killed, far from his own men, among the dead bodies of the enemy: he seemed still to

breathe, and still retained in his face the same fierceness he had when he was living." You have in that one sentence a lively impression of his whole life and actions. What I would insinuate from all this is, that if the painter and the historian can do thus much in colours and language, what may not be performed by an excellent poet, when the character he draws is presented by the person, the manner, the look, and the motion of an accomplished player? If a thing painted or related can irresistibly enter our hearts, what may not be brought to pass by seeing generous things performed before our eyes? Eugenio ended his discourse, by recommending the apt use of a theatre, as the most agreeable and easy method of making a polite and moral gentry; which would end in rendering the rest of the people regular in their behaviour, and ambitious of laudable undertakings.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 27.

Letters from Naples of the ninth instant, N. S. advise, that Cardinal Grimani had ordered the regiment commanded by General Pate to march towards Final, in order to embark for Catalonia; whither also a thousand horse are to be transported from Sardinia, besides the troops which come from the Milanese. An English man of war has taken two prizes, one a vessel of Malta, the other of Genoa; both laden with goods of the enemy. They write from Florence of the thirteenth, that his Majesty of Denmark had received a courtier from the Hague, with an account of some matter relating to the treaty of a peace; upon which he declared, that he thought it necessary to hasten to his own dominions.

Letters from Switzerland inform us, that the

effects of the great scarcity of corn in France were felt at Geneva; the magistrates of which city had appointed deputies to treat with the Cantons of Bern and Zurich, for leave to buy up such quantities of grain within their territories as should be thought necessary. The Protestants of Tockenburg are still in arms about the convent of St. John, and have declared, that they will not lay them down until they shall have sufficient security, from the Roman Catholics, of living unmolested in the exercise of their religion. In the mean time, the deputies of Bern and Tockenburg have frequent conferences at Zurich with the regency of that Canton, to find out methods for quieting these disorders.

Letters from the Hague, of the third of May, advise, that the President Rouille, after his last conference with the deputies of the States, had retired to Bodegrave, five miles distant from Worden, and expected the return of a courier from France on the fourth, with new instructions. It is said if his answer from the French Court shall not prove satisfactory, he will be desired to withdraw out of these parts. In the mean time it is also reported, that his equipage, as an ambassador on this great occasion, is actually on the march towards him. They write from Flanders, that the great convoy of provisions which set out from Ghent is safely arrived at Lisle. Those advices add, that the enemy had assembled near Tournay a considerable body of troops, drawn out of the neighbouring garrisons. Their High Mightinesses having sent orders to their Ministers at Hamburgh and Dantzic to engage the magistrates of those cities to forbid the sale of corn to the French, and to signify to them, that the Dutch merchants will buy up as much of that

commodity as they can spare; the Hamburghers have accordingly contracted with the Dutch, and refused any commerce with the French on that occasion.

From my own Apartment.

After the lassitude of a day, spent in the strolling manner which is usual with men of pleasure in this town, and with a head full of a million of impertinencies, which had danced round it for ten hours together, I came to my lodging, and hastened to bed. My valet de chambre knows my university trick of reading there; and he, being a good scholar for a gentleman, ran over the names of Horace, Tibullus, Ovid, and others, to know which I would have. "Bring Virgil," said I; "and if I fall asleep, take care of the candle." I read the sixth book over with the most exquisite delight, and had gone half through it a second time, when the pleasing ideas of Elysian fields, deceased worthies walking in them, sincere lovers enjoying their languishment without pain, compassion for the unhappy spirits who had mis-spent their short day-light, and were exiled from the seats of bliss for ever; I say, I was deep again in my reading, when this mixture of images had taken place of all others in my imagination before, and lulled me into a dream, from which I am just awake, to my great disadvantage. The happy mansions of Elysium, by degrees, seemed to be wafted from me, and the very traces of my late waking thoughts began to fade away, when I was cast by a sudden whirlwind upon an island, encompassed with a roaring and troubled sea, which shaked its very centre, and rocked its inhabitants as in a cradle. The islanders lay on their faces, without offering to

look up, or hope for preservation; all her harbours were crowded with mariners, and tall vessels of war lay in danger of being driven to pieces on her shores. "Bless me!" said I, "why have I lived in such a manner, that the convulsion of nature should be so terrible to me, when I feel in myself that the better part of me is to survive it? Oh! may that be in happiness!" A sudden shriek, in which the whole people on their faces joined, interrupted my soliloquy, and turned my eyes and attention to the object that had given us that sudden start, in the midst of an inconsolable and speechless affliction. Immediately the winds grew calm, the waves subsided, and the people stood up, turning their faces upon a magnificent pile in the midst of the island. There we beheld an hero of a comely and erect aspect, but pale and languid, sitting under a canopy of state. By the faces and dumb sorrow of those who attended, we thought him in the article of death. At a distance sat a lady, whose life seemed to hang upon the same thread with his. She kept her eyes fixed upon him, and seemed to smother ten thousand thousand nameless things, which urged her tenderness to clasp him in her arms; but her greatness of spirit overcame those sentiments, and gave her power to forbear disturbing his last moment; which immediately approached.* The hero looked up with an air of negligence, and satiety of being, rather than of pain to leave it; and leaning back his head, expired.

When the heroine, who sat at a distance, saw his last instant come, she threw herself at his feet, and, kneeling, pressed his hand to her lips;

* George, Prince of Denmark.

in which posture she continued under the agony of an unutterable sorrow, until conducted from our sight by her attendants. That commanding awe, which accompanies the grief of great minds, restrained the multitude while in her presence; but as soon as she retired they gave way to their distraction, and all the islanders called upon their deceased hero. To him, methought, they cried out as to a guardian being; and I gathered from their broken accents that it was he who had the empire over the ocean and its powers, by which he had long protected the island from shipwreck and invasion. They now give a loose to their moan, and think themselves exposed without hopes of human or divine assistance. While the people ran wild, and expressed all the different forms of lamentation, methought a sable cloud overshadowed the whole land, and covered its inhabitants with darkness; no glimpse of light appeared, except one ray from Heaven upon the place in which the heroine now secluded herself from the world, with her eyes fixed on those abodes to which her consort was ascended. Methought a long period of time had passed away in mourning and in darkness, when a twilight began by degrees to enlighten the hemisphere; and, looking round me, I saw a boat rowed towards the shore, in which sat a personage adorned with warlike trophies, bearing on his left arm a shield, on which was engraven the image of Victory, and in his right hand a branch of olive. His visage was at once so winning and so awful, that the shield and the olive seemed equally suitable to his genius.

When this illustrious person* touched on the

* About this time the Duke of Marlborough returned from Holland, with the Preliminaries of a Peace.

shore, he was received by the acclamations of the people, and followed to the palace of the heroine. No pleasure in the glory of her arms, or the acclamations of her applauding subjects, were ever capable to suspend her sorrow for one moment, till she saw the olive-branch in the hand of that auspicious messenger. At that sight, as Heaven bestows its blessings on the wants and importunities of mortals, out of its native bounty, and not to increase its own power or honour, in compassion to the world, the celestial mourner was then first seen to turn her regard to things below; and, taking the branch out of the warrior's hand, looked at it with much satisfaction, and spoke of the blessings of peace with a voice and accent, such as that in which guardian spirits whisper to dying penitents assurances of happiness. The air was hushed, the multitude attentive, and all nature in a pause while she was speaking. But as soon as the messenger of peace had made some low reply, in which, methought, I heard the word *Iberia*, the heroine, assuming a more severe air, but such as spoke resolution without rage, returned him the olive, and again veiled her face. Loud cries and clashing of arms immediately followed, which forced me from my charming vision, and drove me back to these mansions of care and sorrow.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff thanks Mr. Quarterstaff for his kind and instructive letter dated the 26th inst.

No. 9. SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

Will's Coffee-house, April 28.

THIS evening we were entertained with The Old Bachelor, a comedy of deserved reputation. In the character which gives name to the play, there is excellently represented the reluctance of a battered debauchee to come into the trammels of order and decency: he neither languishes nor burns, but frets for love. The gentlemen of more regular behaviour are drawn with much spirit and wit, and the drama introduced by the dialogue of the first scene with uncommon, yet natural conversation. The part of Fondlewife is a lively image of the unseasonable fondness of age and impotence. But instead of such agreeable works as these, the town has for half an age been tormented with insects called *Easy Writers*, whose abilities Mr. Wycherly one day described excellently well in one word: "That," says he "among these fellows is called *Easy Writing*, which any one may easily write:" such janty scribblers are so justly laughed at for their sonnets on Phillis and Chloris, and fantastical descriptions in them; that an ingenious kinsman of mine, of the family of the Staffs, Mr. Humphrey Wagstaff by name, has, to avoid their strain, run into a way perfectly new, and described things

exactly as they happen*: he never forms fields, or nymphs, or groves, where they are not; but makes the incidents just as they really appear. For an example of it; I stole out of his manuscript the following lines: they are a description of the morning, but of the morning in town; nay, of the morning at this end of the town, where my kinsman at present lodges.

Now hardly here and there an hackney coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own;
The slip-shod 'prentice from his master's door,
Had par'd the street, and sprinkled round the floor:
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel-edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep;
Duns at his Lordship's gates began to meet,
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd thro' half a street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a' nights to steal for fees;
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

All that I apprehend is, that dear Numps will be angry I have published these lines; not that he has any reason to be ashamed of them, but for fear of those rogues, the bane to all excellent performances, the imitators. Therefore, beforehand, I bar all descriptions of the evening; as a medley of verses signifying grey peas are now cried warm; that wenches now begin to amble round the passages of the play-house: or of noon; as, that fine ladies and great beaux are just yawning out of their beds aud windows in Pall-Mall, and so forth. I forewarn also all per-

* Dr. Swift.

sons from encouraging any draughts after my cousin; and foretell any man who shall go about to imitate him, that he will be very insipid. The family-stock is embarked in this design, and we will not admit of counterfeits: Dr. Anderson* and his heirs enjoy his pills; Sir William Read† has the cure of eyes; and Monsieur Roselli‡ only can cure the gout. We pretend to none of these things; but to examine who and who are together, to tell any mistaken man he is not what he believes he is, to distinguish merit and expose false pretences to it; is a liberty our family has by law in them, from an intermarriage with a daughter of Mr. Scoggin§, the famous droll of the last century. This right I design to make use of; but will not encroach upon the above-mentioned adepts, or any other. At the same time, I shall take all the privileges I may as an Englishman, and will lay hold of the late act of naturalization to introduce what I shall think fit from France. The use of that law may, I hope, be extended to people the polite world with new characters, as well as the kingdom itself with new subjects. Therefore, an author of that nation called La Bruyere, I shall make bold with on such occasions: the last person I read of in that writer was Lord Timon. Timon, says my author, is the most generous of all men; but is so hurried away with that strong impulse of bestowing, that he confers benefits without distinction, and is munificent without laying obligations: for all the unworthy,

* Anderson was a Scotch physician in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II.

† The Queen's oculist. It is said, that though he was wonderfully successful, he could neither read nor write.

‡ Roselli, sufficiently known from the Romance of his life, which was written by himself.

§ Scoggin was a buffoon in the reign of King James I.

who receive from him, have so little sense of this noble infirmity, that they look upon themselves rather as partners in a spoil, than partakers of a bounty. The other day, coming into Paris, I met Timon going out on horseback, attended only by one servant. It struck me with a sudden damp, to see a man of so excellent a disposition, and who understood making a figure so well, so much shortened in his retinue: but, passing by his house, I saw his great coach break to pieces before his door, and by a strange enchantment immediately turned into many different vehicles. The first was a very pretty chariot, into which stepped his Lordship's secretary; the second was hung a little heavier; into that strutted the fat steward: in an instant followed a chaise, which was entered by the butler. The rest of the body and wheels were forthwith changed into go-carts, and run away with by the nurses and brats of the rest of the family. What makes these misfortunes in the affairs of Timon the more astonishing is, that he has better understanding than those who cheat him; so that a man knows not which most to wonder at, the indifference of the master or the impudence of the servant.

White's Chocolate-house, April 29.

It is a matter of much speculation among the beaux and oglers, what it is that can have made so sudden a change, as has been of late observed in the whole behaviour of Pastorella, who never sat still a moment until she was eighteen, which she has now exceeded by two months. Her aunt, who has the care of her, has not been always so rigid as she is at this present date; but has so good a sense of the frailty of woman, and falsehood of

man, that she resolved on all manner of methods to keep Pastorella, if possible, in safety, against herself and all her admirers. At the same time the good lady knew, by long experience, that a gay inclination, curbed too rashly, would but run to the greater excesses for that restraint; she therefore intended to watch her, and take some opportunity of engaging her insensibly in her own interests, without the anguish of an admonition. You are to know then, that Miss, with all her flirting and ogling, had also a strong curiosity in her, and was the greatest eaves-dropper breathing. Parisatis (for so her prudent aunt is called) observed this humour, and retires one day to her closet, into which she knew Pastorella would peep, and listen to know how she was employed. It happened accordingly; and the young lady saw her good governante on her knees, and, after a *mental behaviour*, break into these words; "As for the dear child committed to my care, let her sobriety of carriage, and severity of behaviour, be such as may make that noble Lord who is taken with her beauty turn his designs to such as are honourable." Here Parisatis heard her niece nestle closer to the key-hole: she then goes on, "Make her the joyful mother of a numerous and wealthy offspring; and let her carriage be such, as may make this noble youth expect the blessings of a happy marriage, from the singularity of her life, in this loose censorious age." Miss, having heard enough, sneaks off for fear of discovery, and immediately at her glass alters the sitting of her head; then pulls up her tucker, and forms herself into the exact manner of Lindamiri; in a word, becomes a sincere convert to every thing that is commendable in a fine young lady; and two or three such matches, as her aunt feigned in her devo-

tions, are at this day in her choice. This is the history and original cause of Pastorella's conversion from coquetry. The prudence in the management of this young lady's temper, and good judgment of it, is hardly to be exceeded. I scarce remember a greater instance of forbearance of the usual peevish way with which the aged treat the young than this, except that of our famous Noy, whose good nature went so far, as to make him put off his admonitions to his son, even until after his death; and did not give him his thoughts of him until he came to read that memorable passage in his will: "All the rest of my estate," says he, "I leave to my son Edward (who is executor of this my will), to be squandered as he shall think fit: I leave it him for that purpose, and hope no better from him." A generous disdain, and reflection upon how little he deserved from so excellent a father, reformed the young man, and made Edward from an arrant rake become a fine gentleman.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 29.

Letters from Portugal of the eighteenth instant, dated from Estremos, say, that on the sixth the Earl of Galloway arrived at that place, and had the satisfaction to see the quarters well furnished with all manner of provisions, and a quantity of bread sufficient for subsisting the troops for sixty days, besides biscuits for twenty-five days. The enemy give out, that they shall bring into the field fourteen regiments of horse, and twenty-four battalions. The troops in the service of Portugal will make up 14,000 foot, and 4000 horse. On the day these letters were dispatched, the Earl of Galloway received advice, that the Marquis de Bay was preparing for some enterprise, by

gathering his troops together on the frontiers: whereupon his Excellency resolved to go that same night to Villa Viciosa, to assemble the troops in that neighbourhood, in order to disappoint his designs.

Yesterday in the evening Captain Foxton, aid-de-camp to Major-General Cadogan, arrived here express from the Duke of Marlborough. And this day a mail is come in with letters from Brussels of the sixth of May, N. S. which advise, that the enemy had drawn together a body, consisting of 20,000 men, with a design, as was supposed, to intercept the great convoy on the march towards Lisle, which was safely arrived at Menin and Courtray, in its way to that place, the French having retired without making any attempt.

We hear from the Hague, that a person of the first quality is arrived in the Low Countries from France, in order to be a Plenipotentiary in an ensuing treaty of peace.

Letters from France acknowledge, that Monsieur Bernard has made no higher offers of satisfaction to his creditors than of 35l. per cent.

These advices add, that the Marshal Boufflers, Monsieur Torcy (who distinguished himself formerly, by advising the Court of France to adhere to the treaty of Partition), and Monsieur d'Harcourt (who negotiated with Cardinal Portocarrero for the succession of the Crown of Spain in the house of Bourbon), are all three joined in a commission for a treaty of peace. The Marshal is come to Ghent; the other two are arrived at the Hague.

It is confidently reported here, that the Right Honourable the Lord Townshend is to go with his Grace the Duke of Marlborough into Holland.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff has received the epistles of Mrs. Rebecca Wagstaff, Timothy Pikestaff, and Wagstaff, which he will acknowledge farther as occasion shall serve.

No. 10. TUESDAY, MAY 3, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—— nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

By Mrs. Jenny Distaff, Half-sister to Mr. Bickerstaff.

From my own Apartment, May 1.

My brother Isaac, having a sudden occasion to go out of town, ordered me to take upon me the dispatch of the next advices from home with liberty to speak in my own way, not doubting the allowances which would be given to a writer of my sex. You may be sure I undertook it with much satisfaction; and I confess, I am not a little pleased with the opportunity of running over all the papers in his closet, which he has left open for my use on this occasion. The first that I lay my hands on, is a treatise concerning "the empire of beauty," and the effects it has had in all nations of the world, upon the public and private actions of men; with an appendix, which he calls, "The bachelor's scheme for governing his wife." The first thing he makes this gentleman propose is that she shall be no woman; for she is to have

an aversion to balls, to operas, to visits; she is to think his company sufficient to fill up all the hours of life with great satisfaction; she is never to believe any other man wise, learned or valiant; or, at least, but in a second degree. In the next place, he intends she shall be a cuckold; but expects, that he himself must live in a perfect security from that terror. He dwells a great while on instructions for her discreet behaviour, in case of his falsehood. I have not patience with these unreasonable expectations, therefore turn back to the treatise itself. Here, indeed, my brother deduces all the revolutions among men from the passion of love; and in his preface answers that usual observation against us, "that there is no quarrel without a woman in it;" with a gallant assertion, that "there is nothing else worth quarrelling for." My brother is of a complexion truly amorous; all his thoughts and actions carry in them a tincture of that obliging inclination; and this turn has opened his eyes to see, that we are not the inconsiderable creatures which unlucky pretenders to our favour would insinuate. He observes, that no man begins to make any tolerable figure until he sets out with the hopes of pleasing some one of us: no sooner he takes that in hand, but he pleases every one else by the bye. It has an immediate effect upon his behaviour. There is Colonel Ranter, who never spoke without an oath, until he saw the Lady Betty Modish; now, never gives his man an order, but it is, "Pray, Tom, do it." The drawers where he drinks live in perfect happiness. He asked Will at the George the other day, how he did? Where he used to say, "Damn it, it is so;" he now "believes there is some mistake; he must confess, he is of another opinion; but, however, he will not insist."

Every temper, except downright insipid, is to be animated and softened by the influence of beauty: but of this untractable sort is a lifeless handsome fellow that visits us, whom I have dressed at this twelvemonth; but he is as insensible of all the arts I use, as if he conversed all that time with his nurse. He out-does our whole sex in all the faults our enemies impute to us; he has brought laziness into an opinion, and makes his indolence his philosophy; insomuch that, no longer ago than yesterday in the evening he gave me this account of himself: "I am, Madam, perfectly unmoved at all that passes among men, and seldom give myself the fatigue of going among them; but when I do, I always appear the same thing to those whom I converse with. My hours of existence, or being awake, are from eleven in the morning to eleven at night; half of which I live to myself, in picking my teeth, washing my hands, paring my nails, and looking in the glass. The insignificancy of my manners to the rest of the world, makes the laughers call me a *Quid-nunc;* a phrase which I neither understand, nor shall ever inquire what they mean by it. The last of me each night is at St. James's coffee-house, where I converse; yet never fall into a dispute on any occasion; but leave the understanding I have passive of all that goes through it, without entering into the business of life. And thus, Madam, have I arrived, by laziness, to what others pretend to by philosophy, a perfect neglect of the world." Sure, if our sex had the liberty of frequenting public-houses and conversations, we should put these rivals of our faults and follies out of countenance However, we shall soon have the pleasure of being acquainted with them one way or other; for my brother Isaac designs, for the use

of our sex, to give the exact characters of all the chief politicians who frequent any of the coffee-houses from St. James's to the Exchange; but designs to begin with that cluster of wise heads, as they are found sitting every evening from the left side of the fire, at the Smyrna, to the door. This will be of great service to us, and I have authority to promise an exact journal of their deliberations; the publication of which I am to be allowed for pin-money. In the mean time, I cast my eye upon a new book, which gave me more pleasing entertainment, being a sixth part of Miscellany Poems published by Jacob Tonson,* which I find, by my brother's notes upon it, no way inferior to the other volumes. There is, it seems, in this, a collection of the best pastorals that have hitherto appeared in England; but among them none superior to that dialogue between Sylvia and Dorinda, written by one of my own sex;† where all our little weaknesses are laid open in a manner more just, and with truer raillery, than ever man yet hit upon.

> Only this I now discern,
> From the things thou'dst have me learn,
> That womankind's peculiar joys
> From past or present beauties rise.

But, to re-assume my first design, there cannot be a greater instance of the command of females, than in the prevailing charms of the heroine in the play, which was acted this night, called All for Love; or, The world well lost. The enamoured Anthony resigns glory and power to the force of the attractive Cleopatra, whose charms were the defence of her diadem against a people otherwise invincible. It is so natural for women

* Usually called Dryden's collection.
† By Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, afterwards Mrs. Rowe.

to talk of themselves, that it is to be hoped, all my own sex at least will pardon me, that I could fall into no other discourse. If we have their favour, we give ourselves very little anxiety for the rest of our readers. I believe, I see a sentence of Latin in my brother's day-book of wit, which seems applicable on this occasion, and in contempt of the critics,

———*Tristitiam & metus*
*Tradam protervis in mare Creticum**
Portare ventis. HOR. 1 Od. xxvi. 2.

No boding fears shall break my rest,
Nor anxious cares invade my breast;
Puff them, ye wanton gales, away,
And plunge them in the Cretan sea. R. WYNNE.

But I am interrupted by a packet from Mr. Kidney, from St. James's coffee-house, which I am obliged to insert in the very style and words which Mr. Kidney uses in his letter.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 2.

We are advised by letters from Bern, dated the first instant, N. S. that the Duke of Berwick arrived at Lyons the twenty-fifth of the last month, and continued his journey the next day to visit the passes of the mountains, and other posts in Dauphiné and Provence. These letters also informed us, that the miseries of the people in France are heightened to that degree, that unless a peace be speedily concluded, half of that kingdom would perish for want of bread. On the twenty-fourth, the Marshal de Thesse passed through Lyons, in his way to Versailles; and two battalions, which were marching from Alsace

* The humour of Mrs. Jenny Distaff's Latin quotation rises out of the similarity between the words *Creticum* and *Criticum*.

to reinforce the army of the Duke of Berwick, passed also through that place. Those troops were to be followed by six battalions more.

Letters from Naples to the sixteenth of April say, that the Marquis de Prie's son was arrived there, with instructions from his father, to signify to the Viceroy the necessity his Imperial Majesty was under of desiring an aid from that kingdom for carrying on the extraordinary expenses of the war. On the fourteenth of the same month, they made a review of the Spanish troops in that garrison, and afterwards of the marines; one part of whom will embark with those designed for Barcelona, and the rest are to be sent on board the galleys appointed to convoy provisions to that place.

We hear from Rome, by letters dated the twentieth of April, that the Count de Mellos, Envoy from the king of Portugal, had made his public entry into that city with much state and magnificence. The Pope has lately held two other consistories, wherein he made a promotion of two Cardinals; but the acknowledgment of King Charles is still deferred.

Letters from other parts of Italy advise us, that the Doge of Venice continues dangerously ill; that the Prince de Carignan, having relapsed into a violent fever, died the twenty-third of April, in his eightieth year.

Advices from Vienna of the twenty-seventh of April import, that the Archbishop of Saltzburg is dead, who is succeeded by Count Harrach, formerly Bishop of Vienna, and for these last three years coadjutor to the said Archbishop; and that Prince Maximilian of Litchtenstein is likewise departed this life at his country seat called Cromaw, in Moravia. These advices add, that the Emperor has named Count Zinzendorf, Count

Goes, and Monsieur Consbruck, for his plenipotentiaries in an ensuing treaty of peace; and they hear from Hungary, that the Imperialists have had several successful skirmishes with the malcontents.

Letters from Paris, dated May the sixth, say that the Marshal de Thesse arrived there on the twenty-ninth of the last month, and that the Chevalier de Beuil was sent thither by Don Pedro Ronquillo with advice, that the confederate squadron appeared before Alicant on the seventeenth, and, having for some time cannonaded the city, endeavoured to land some troops for the relief of the castle; but General Stanhope, finding the passes well guarded, and the enterprise dangerous, demanded to capitulate for the castle; which being granted him, the garrison, consisting of 600 regular troops, marched out with their arms and baggage the day following; and being received on board, they immediately set sail for Barcelona. These letters, add, that the march of the French and Swiss regiments is further deferred for a few days; and that the Duke of Noailles was just ready to set out for Roussillon, as well as the Count de Bezons for Catalonia.

The same advices say, bread was sold at Paris for sixpence a pound; and that there was not half enough, even at that rate, to supply the necessities of the people, which reduced them to the utmost despair; that 300 men had taken up arms, and, having plundered the market of the suburb of St. Germain, pressed down by their multitude the king's guards who opposed them. Two of those mutineers were afterwards seized and condemned to death; but four others went to the magistrate who pronounced that sentence, and told him, he must expect to answer with his own

life for those of their comrades. All order and sense of government being thus lost among the enraged people; to keep up a show of authority, the captain of the guards, who saw all their insolence, pretended, that he had represented to the king their deplorable condition, and had obtained their pardon. It is further reported, that the Dauphin and Dutchess of Burgundy, as they went to the opera, were surrounded by crowds of people, who upbraided them with their neglect of the general calamity, in going to diversions, when the whole people were ready to perish for want of bread. Edicts are daily published to suppress these riots; and papers, with menaces against the government, as publicly thrown about. Among others, these words were dropped in a court of justice, "France wants a Ravilliac or a Jesuit to deliver her." Besides this universal distress, there is a contagious sickness, which, it is feared, will end in a pestilence. Letters from Bourdeaux bring accounts no less lamentable: the peasants are driven by hunger from their abodes into that city, and make lamentations in the streets without redress.

We are advised by letters from the Hague, dated the tenth instant, N. S. that, on the sixth, the Marquis de Torcy arrived there from Paris; but the passport, by which he came, having been sent blank by Monsieur Rouille, he was there two days before his quality was known. That minister offered to communicate to Monsieur Heinsius the proposals which he had to make; but the Pensionary refused to see them, and said, he would signify it to the States, who deputed some of their own body to acquaint him, that they would enter into no negotiation until the arrival of his grace the Duke of Marlborough and

the other ministers of the alliance. Prince Eugene was expected there the twelfth instant from Brussels. It is said, that besides Monsieur de Torcy, and Monsieur Pajot, director-general of the posts, there are two or three persons at the Hague whose names are not known; but it is supposed, that the Duke d'Alba, ambassador from the Duke of Anjou, was one of them. The States have sent letters to all the cities of the provinces, desiring them to send their deputies to receive the propositions of peace made by the court of France.

*** In the absence of Mr. Bickerstaff, Mrs. Distaff has received Mr. Nathaniel Broomstick's letter.

No. 11. THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

By Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

Wills' Coffee-house, May 3.

A kinsman has sent me a letter, wherein he informs me, he had lately resolved to write an heroic poem, but by business has been interrupted, and has only made one similitude, which he should be afflicted to have wholly lost; and begs of me to apply it to something, being very desirous to see it well placed in the world. I am so

willing to help the distressed, that I have taken it in: but, though his greater genius might very well distinguish his verses from mine, I have marked where his begin. His lines are a description of the sun in eclipse, which I know nothing more like than a brave man in sorrow, who bears it as he should, without imploring the pity of his friends, or being dejected with the contempt of his enemies: as in the case of Cato.

When all the globe to Cæsar's fortune bow'd,
Cato alone his empire disallow'd;
With inborn strength alone oppos'd mankind,
With Heav'n in view, to all below it blind;
Regardless of his friends' applause, or moan,
Alone triumphant, since he falls alone.*
"Thus when the Ruler of the genial day
Behind some dark'ning planet forms his way,
Desponding mortals, with officious care,
The concave drum and magic brass prepare;
Implore him to sustain th' important fight,
And save depending worlds from endless night;
Fondly they hope their labour may avail
To ease his conflict, and assist his toil,
Whilst he, in beams of native splendor bright,
(Though dark his orb appear to human sight)
Shines to the gods with more diffusive light;
To distant stars with equal glory burns,
Inflames their lamps, and feeds their golden urns,
Sure to retain his known superior tract,
And proves the more illustrious by defect."

This is a very lively image; but I must take the liberty to say, my kinsman drives the sun a little like Phaëton: he has all the warmth of Phœbus, but will not stay for his direction of it. *Avail* and *toil*, *defect* and *tract*, will never do for rhymes. But, however, he has the true spirit in him; for which reason I was willing to entertain any thing he pleased to send me. The subject which he writes upon naturally raises great reflexions in the

* The verses are by Mr. Jabez Hughes.

soul, and puts us in mind of the mixed condition which we mortals are to support; which, as it varies to good or bad, adorns or defaces our actions to the beholders: all which glory and shame must end in, what we so much repine at, death. But doctrines on this occasion, any other than that of living well, are the most insignificant and most empty of all the labours of men. None but a tragedian can die by rule, and wait till he discovers a plot or says a fine thing upon his *exit*. In real life, this is a chimera; and by noble spirits it will be done decently, without the ostentation of it. We see men of all conditions and characters go through it with equal resolution; and if we consider the speeches of the mighty philosophers, heroes, lawgivers, and great captains, they can produce no more in a discerning spirit, than rules to make a man a fop on his death-bed. Commend me to that natural greatness of soul, expressed by an innocent, and consequently resolute country-fellow, who said in the pains of the cholic, "If I once get this breath out of my body, you shall hang me before you put it in again." Honest Ned! and so he died.*

But it is to be supposed, that from this place you may expect an account of such a thing as a new play is not to be omitted. That acted this night is the newest that ever was writ. The author is my ingenious friend Mr. Thomas Durfey. This Drama is called, "The Modern Prophets," and is a most unanswerable satire against the late spirit of enthusiasm. The writer had by long experience observed that, in company, very grave discourses had been followed by bawdry; and therefore has turned the humour that way with

* This Ned was a farmer of Anthony Henley, Esq. who mentions this saying of his in a letter to Swift.

great success, and taken from his audience all manner of superstition, by the agitations of pretty Mrs. Bignell, whom he has, with great subtlety, made a lay-sister, as well as a prophetess; by which means she carries on the affairs of both worlds with great success. My friend designs to go on with another work against winter, which he intends to call, "The Modern Poets," a people no less mistaken in their opinions of being inspired, than the other. In order to this, he has by him seven songs, besides many ambiguities, which cannot be mistaken for any thing but what he means them. Mr. Durfey generally writes state-plays, and is wonderfully useful to the world in such representations. This method is the same that was used by the old Athenians, to laugh out of countenance, or promote, opinions among the people. My friend has therefore, against this play is acted for his benefit, made two dances, which may be also of an universal benefit. In the first he has represented absolute power in the person of a tall man with a hat and feather, who gives his first minister, that stands just before him, an huge kick; the minister gives the kick to the next before; and so to the end of the stage. In this moral and practical jest, you are made to understand, that there is, in an absolute government, no gratification, but giving the kick you receive from one above you, to one below you. This is performed to a grave and melancholy air; but on a sudden the tune moves quicker, and the whole company fall into a circle, and take hands; and then, at a certain sharp note, they move round, and kick as kick can. This latter performance he makes to be the representation of a free state; where, if you mind all your steps, you may go round and round very jollily, with a motion

pleasant to yourselves and those you dance with: nay, if you put yourselves out, at the worst you only kick and are kicked like friends and equals.

From my own Apartment, May 4.

Of all the vanities under the sun, I confess that of being proud of one's birth is the greatest. At the same time, since, in this unreasonable age, by the force of prevailing custom, things in which men have no hand are imputed to them; and that I am used by some people, as if Isaac Bickerstaff, though I write myself *Esquire*, was nobody: to set the world right in that particular, I shall give you my genealogy, as a kinsman of ours has sent it me from the Herald's Office. It is certain, and observed by the wisest writers, that there are women who are not nicely chaste, and men not severely honest, in all families; therefore let those who may be apt to raise aspersions upon ours, please to give us as impartial an account of their own, and we shall be satisfied. The business of heralds is a matter of so great nicety, that, to avoid mistakes, I shall give you my cousin's letter, *verbatim*, without altering a syllable.

"Dear Cousin,

"Since you have been pleased to make yourself so famous of late, by your ingenious writings, and some time ago by your learned predictions: since Partridge, of immortal memory, is dead and gone, who, poetical as he was, could not understand his own poetry; and philomatical as he was, could not read his own destiny: since the pope, the king of France, and great part of his court, are either literally or metaphorically de-

funct: since, I say, these things (not foretold by any one but yourself) have come to pass after so surprising a manner; it is with no small concern I see the original of the Staffian race so little known in the world as it is at this time; for which reason, as you have employed your studies in astronomy, and the occult sciences, so , my mother being a Welsh woman, dedicated mine to genealogy, particularly that of our own family, which, for its antiquity and number, may challenge any in Great Britain. The Staffs are originally of Staffordshire, which took its name from them: the first that I find of the Staffs was one Jacobstaff, a famous and renowned astronomer, who, by Dorothy his wife, had issue seven sons, viz. Bickerstaff, Longstaff, Wagstaff, Quarterstaff, Whitestaff, Falstaff, and Tipstaff. He also had a younger brother, who was twice married, and had five sons, viz. Distaff, Pikestaff, Mopstaff, Broomstaff, and Raggedstaff. As for the branch from whence you spring, I shall say very little of it, only that it is the chief of the Staffs, and called Bickerstaff, *quasi* Biggerstaff; as much as to say, the Great Staff, or Staff of Staffs; and that it has applied itself to astronomy with great success, after the example of our aforesaid forefather. The descendants from Longstaff, the second son, were a rakish disorderly sort of people, and rambled from one place to another, until, in the time of Harry the Second, they settled in Kent, and were called Long-Tails, from the Long-Tails which were sent them as a punishment for the murder of Thomas a-Becket, as the legends say. They have always been sought after by the ladies; but whether it be to show their aversion to popery, or their love to miracles, I cannot say. The Wagstaffs are a merry

thoughtless sort of people, who have always been opinionated of their own wit; they have turned themselves mostly to poetry. This is the most numerous branch of our family, and the poorest. The Quarterstaffs are most of them prize-fighters or deer-stealers: there have been so many of them hanged lately, that there are very few of that branch of our family left. The Whitestaffs* are all courtiers, and have had very considerable places. There have been some of them of that strength and dexterity, that five hundred† of the ablest men in the kingdom have often tugged in vain to pull a staff out of their hands. The Falstaffs are strangely given to whoring and drinking: there are abundance of them in and about London. One thing is very remarkable of this branch, and that is, there are just as many women as men in it. There was a wicked stick of wood of this name in Harry the Fourth's time, one Sir John Falstaff. As for Tipstaff, the youngest son, he was an honest fellow; but his sons, and his sons' sons, have all of them been the veriest rogues living: it is this unlucky branch that has stocked the nation with that swarm of lawyers, attorneys, sergeants, and bailiffs, with which the nation is over-run. Tipstaff, being a seventh son, used to cure the king's evil; but his rascally descendants are so far from having that healing quality, that, by a touch upon the shoulder, they give a man such an ill habit of body, that he can never come abroad afterwards. This is all I know of the line of Jacobstaff: his younger bro-

* An allusion to the staff that is carried, as an ensign of his office, by the first Lord of the Treasury, who is afterwards humorously compared by Steele to "an emmet distinguished from his fellows by a white straw."

† The House of Commons.

ther Isaacstaff, as I told you before, had five sons, and was married twice; his first wife was a Staff (for they did not stand upon false heraldry in those days) by whom he had one son, who, in process of time, being a schoolmaster and well read in the Greek, called himself Distaff or Twicestaff. He was not very rich, so he put his children out to trades; and the Distaffs have ever since been employed in the woollen and linen manufactures, except myself, who am a genealogist. Pikestaff, the eldest son by the second *venter*, was a man of business, a downright plodding fellow, and withal so plain, that he became a proverb. Most of this family are at present in the army. Raggedstaff was an unlucky boy, and used to tear his clothes in getting birds nests, and was always playing with a tame bear his father kept. Mopstaff fell in love with one of his father's maids, and used to help her to clean the house. Broomstaff was a chimney-sweeper. The Mopstaffs and Broomstaffs are naturally as civil people as ever went out of doors; but alas! if they once get into ill hands, they knock down all before them. Pilgrimstaff ran away from his friends, and went strolling about the country: and Pipestaff was a wine-cooper. These two were the unlawful issue of Longstaff.

"N. B. The Canes, the Clubs, the Cudgels, the Wands, the Devil upon two Sticks*, and one Bread, that goes by the name of the Staff of Life, are none of our relations. I am dear Cousin,

"Your humble servant,

From the Herald's Office, May 1, 1709. "D. Distaff."

* An allusion to the "Diable Boiteux" of Le Sage.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 4.

As political news is not the principal subject on which we treat, we are so happy as to have no occasion for that art of cookery which our brother newsmongers so much excel in: as appears by their excellent and inimitable manner of dressing up a second time for your taste the same dish which they gave you the day before, in case there come over no new pickles from Holland. Therefore, when we have nothing to say to you from courts and camps, we hope still to give you somewhat new and curious from ourselves: the women of our house, upon occasion, being capable of carrying on the business, according to the laudable custom of the wives in Holland; but without further preface, take what we have not mentioned in our former relations.

Letters from Hanover, of the thirtieth of the last month, say, that the Prince Royal of Prussia arrived there on the fifteenth, and left that court on the second of this month, in pursuit of his journey to Flanders, where he makes the ensuing campaign. Those advices add, that the young Prince Nassau, hereditary governor of Friesland, celebrated on the twenty-sixth of the last month his marriage with the beauteous Princess of Hesse-Cassel, with a pomp and magnificence suitable to their age and quality.

Letters from Paris say, his most Christian Majesty retired to Marly on the first instant, N. S. and our last advices from Spain inform us, that the Prince of Asturias had made his public entry into Madrid in great splendor. The Duke of Anjou has given Don Joseph Hartado de Amaraga the government of Terra firma de Veragua, and the presidency of Panama in America. They

add, that the forces commanded by the Marquis de Bay have been reinforced by six battalions of Spanish Walloon guards. Letters from Lisbon advise, that the army of the king of Portugal was at Elvas on the twenty-second of the last month, and would decamp on the twenty-fourth, in order to march upon the enemy who lay at Badajos.

Yesterday, at four in the morning, his grace the Duke of Marlborough set out for Margate, and embarked for Holland at eight in the morning.

Yesterday also Sir George Thorold was declared Alderman of Cordwainers Ward, in the room of his brother Sir Charles Thorold, deceased.

Advertisement.

*** Any Ladies who have any particular stories of their acquaintance, which they are willing privately to make public, may send them by the penny-post to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. enclosed to Mr. John Morphew, near Stationers Hall.

No. 12. SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

May 5.

When a man has engaged to keep a stage-coach, he is obliged, whether he has passengers or not, to set out: thus it fares with us weekly

historians; but indeed, for my particular, I hope, I shall soon have little more to do in this work, than to publish what is sent me from such as have leisure and capacity for giving delight, and being pleased in an elegant manner. The present grandeur of the British nation might make us expect, that we should rise in our public diversions, and manner of enjoying life, in proportion to our advancement in glory and power. Instead of that, survey this town, and you will find rakes and debauchees are your men of pleasure; thoughtless atheists and illiterate drunkards call themselves freethinkers; and gamesters, banterers, biters, swearers, and twenty new-born insects more, are, in their several species, the modern men of wit. Hence it is, that a man who has been out of town but one half year, has lost the language, and must have some friend to stand by him, and keep him in countenance for talking common sense. To-day I saw a short interlude at White's of this nature, which I took notes of, and put together as well as I could in a public place. The persons of the drama are Pip, the last gentleman that has been made so at cards; Trimmer, a person half undone at them, and who is now between a cheat and a gentleman; Acorn, an honest Englishman of good plain sense and meaning: and Mr. Friendly, a reasonable man of the town.

White's Chocolate-house, May 5.

Enter PIP, TRIMMER, *and* ACORN.

Ac. What is the matter, gentlemen; what! take no notice of an old friend?

Pip. Pox on it! do not talk to me, I am vowelled by the count, and cursedly out of humour.

Ac. *Vowel'd!* pr'ythee, Trimmer, what does he mean by that?

Trim. Have a care, Harry, speak softly; do not show your ignorance!—if you do, they will BITE you wherever they meet you, they are such cursed curs—the present wits.

Ac. *Bite* me! what do you mean?

Pip. Why! do not you know what *biting* is? nay, you are in the right on it. However, one would learn it only to defend one's self against men of wit, as one would know the tricks of play, to be secure againts the cheats. But do not you hear, Acorn, that report, that some potentates of the alliance have taken care of themselves exclusively of us?

Ac. How! Heaven forbid! after all our glorious victories; all the expense of blood and treasure!

Pip. BITE!

Ac. *Bite!* how?

Trim. Nay, he has *bit* you fairly enough. that is certain.

Ac. Pox; I do not feel it——How? where?

[*Exeunt* Pip *and* Trimmer *laughing*.

Ac. Ho! Mr. Friendly, your most humble servant; you heard what passed between those fine gentlemen and me. Pip complained to me that he had been VOWELED; and they tell me I am BIT.

Friend. You are to understand, Sir, that simplicity of behaviour, which is the perfection of good breeding and good sense, is utterly lost in the world; and in the room of it there are started a thousand little inventions, which men, barren of better things, take up in the place of it. Thus for every character in conversation that used to please, there is an impostor put upon you. Him

whom we allowed, formerly, for a certain pleasant subtilty, and natural way of giving you an unexpected hit, called a *Droll*, is now mimicked by a *Biter*, who is a dull fellow, that tells you a lie with a grave face, and laughs at you for knowing him no better than to believe him. Instead of that sort of companion who could rally you, and keep his countenance, until he made you fall into some little inconsistency of behaviour, at which you yourself could laugh with him, you have the sneerer, who will keep you company from morning to night, to gather your follies of the day (which perhaps you commit out of confidence in him) and expose you in the evening to all the scorners in town For your man of sense and free spirit, whose set of thoughts were built upon learning, reason, and experience, you have now an impudent creature made up of vice only, who supports his ignorance by his courage, and want of learning by contempt of it.

Ac. Dear Sir, hold: what you have told me already of this change in conversation is too miserable to be heard with any delight; but methinks, as these new creatures appear in the world, it might give an excellent field to writers for the stage, to divert us with the representation of them there.

Friend. No, no; as you say, there might be some hopes of redress of these grievances, if there were proper care taken of the theatre; but the history of that is yet more lamentable than that of the decay of conversation I gave you.

Ac. Pray, Sir, a little. I have not been in town these six years, until within this fortnight.

Friend. It is now some time since several revolutions in the gay world had made the empire of the stage subject to very fatal convulsions, which

were too dangerous to be cured by the skill of little King Oberon*, who then sat in the throne of it. The laziness of this Prince threw him upon the choice of a person who was fit to spend his life in contentions, an able and profound attorney, to whom he mortgaged his whole empire. This Divito† is the most skilful of all politicians; he has a perfect art in being unintelligible in discourse, and uncomeatable in business. But he, having no understanding in this polite way, brought in upon us, to get in his money, ladder-dancers, rope-dancers, jugglers, and mountebanks, to strut in the place of Shakspeare's heroes, and Johnson's humourists. When the seat of wit was thus mortgaged without equity of redemption, an architect‡ arose, who has built the Muse a new palace, but secured her no retinue; so that, instead of action there, we have been put off by song and dance. This latter help of sound has also begun to fail for want of voices; therefore the palace has since been put into the hands of a surgeon, who cuts any foreign fellow into an eunuch,§ and passes him upon us for a singer of Italy.

Ac. I will go out of town to-morrow.

Friend. Things are come to this pass; and yet the world will not understand, that the theatre has much the same effect on the manners of the age, as the bank on the credit of the nation. Wit and spirit, humour and good sense, can never be revived but under the government of those who are judges of such talents; who know, that

* Mr. Owen or Mac Owen Swiney.

† Christopher Rich.

‡ Sir John Vanbrugh.

§ John James Heydegger, Esq. styled here a surgeon, in allusion to the employment assigned to him: he had at that time the direction of the operas, as he had afterwards of the masquerades.

whatever is put up in their stead, is but a short and trifling expedient, to support the appearance of them for a season. It is possible, a peace will give leisure to put these matters under new regulations; but, at present, all the assistance we can see towards our recovery, is as far from giving us help, as a poultice is from performing what can be done only by the grand elixir.

Will's Coffee-house, May 6.

According to our late designs in the applauded verses on the morning,† which you lately had from hence, we proceed to improve that just intention, and present you with other labours, made proper to the place in which they were written. The following poem comes from Copenhagen, and is as fine a winter-piece as we have ever had from any of the schools of the most learned painters. Such images as these give us a new pleasure in our sight, and fix upon our minds traces of reflection, which accompany us whenever the like objects occur. In short excellent poetry and description dwell upon us so agreeably, that all the readers of them are made to think, if not write, like men of wit. But it would be injury to detain you longer from this excellent performance, which is addressed to the Earl of Dorset by Mr. Philips, the author of several choice poems in Mr. Tonson's new Miscellany.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams that Northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects that to verse invite:

† By Swift.

The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert regions sing;
The ships unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day;
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
For many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain;
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds began thro' hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen Eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsully'd froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds the watery marshes yield
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine;
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies;
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends;
Or, if a Southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintery charm.
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
Thro' fragrant bowers and thro' delicious meads;

While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue;
And while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods and wilds, and thorny ways appear:
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

From my own Apartment, May 6.

There has a mail this day arrived from Holland; but the matter of the advices importing rather what gives us great expectations, than any positive assurances, I shall, for this time, decline giving you what I know; and apply the following verses of Mr. Dryden, in the second part of "Almanzor," to the present circumstances of things, without discovering what my knowledge in astronomy suggests to me:

When Empire in its childhood first appears,
A watchful fate o'ersees its tender years;
Till grown more strong, it thrusts and stretches out,
And elbows all the kingdoms round about:
The place thus made for its first breathing free,
It moves again for ease and luxury;
Till, swelling by degrees, it has possest
The greater space, and now crowds up the rest.
When from behind there starts some petty state,
And pushes on its now unwieldy fate;
Then down the precipice of time it goes,
And sinks in minutes which in ages rose.

No. 13. TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

From my own Apartment, May 8.

MUCH hurry and business has to-day perplexed me into a mood too thoughtful for going into company; for which reason, instead of the tavern, I went into Lincoln's-inn walks; and, having taken a round or two, I sat down, according to the allowed familiarity of these places, on a bench; at the other end of which sat a venerable gentleman, who, speaking with a very affable air, "Mr. Bickerstaff," said he, "I take it for a very great piece of good fortune that you have found me out." "Sir," said I, "I had never, that I know of, the honour of seeing you before." "That," replied he, "is what I have often lamented; but, I assure you, I have for many years done you good offices, without being observed by you; or else, when you had any little glimpse of my being concerned in an affair, you have fled from me, and shunned me like an enemy; but however, the part I am to act in the world is such, that I am to go on in doing good, though I meet with never so many repulses, even from those I oblige." This, thought I, shews a great good nature, but little judgment, in the persons upon whom he confers his favours. He immediately took notice to me that he observed, by my countenance, I

thought him indiscreet in his beneficence; and proceeded to tell me his quality in the following manner: "I know thee, Isaac, to be so well versed in the occult sciences, that I need not much preface, or make long preparations to gain your faith that there are airy beings who are employed in the care and attendance of men, as nurses are to infants, until they come to an age in which they can act of themselves. These beings are usually called, amongst men guardian angels; and, Mr. Bickerstaff, I am to acquaint you, that I am to be yours for some time to come; it being our orders to vary our stations, and sometimes to have one patient under our protection, and sometimes another, with a power of assuming what shape we please, to ensnare our wards into their own good. I have of late been upon such hard duty, and know you have so much work for me, that I think fit to appear to you face to face, to desire you will give me as little occasion for vigilance as you can." "Sir," said I, "it will be a great instruction to me in my behaviour, if you please to give me some account of your late employments, and what hardships or satisfactions you have had in them, that I may govern myself accordingly." He answered, "To give you an example of the drudgery we go through, I will entertain you only with my three last stations. I was on the first of April last put to mortify a great beauty, with whom I was a week; from her I went to a common swearer, and have been last with a gamester. When I first came to my lady, I found my great work was to guard well her eyes and ears; but her flatterers were so numerous, and the house, after the modern way, so full of looking glasses, that I seldom had her safe but in her sleep.

Whenever we went abroad, we were surrounded by an army of enemies; when a well made man appeared, he was sure to have a side-glance of observation; if a disagreeable fellow, he had a full face, out of mere inclination to conquests: but at the close of the evening, on the sixth of the last month, my ward was sitting on a couch, reading Ovid's Epistles; and as she came to this line of Helen to Paris,

"She half consents who silently denies*,"

entered Philander,† who is the most skilful of all men in address to women. He is arrived at the perfection of that art which is, "to talk like a very miserable man, but look like a very happy one." I saw Dictinna blush at his entrance, which gave me the alarm; but he immediately, said something so agreable on her being at study, and the novelty of finding a lady employed in so grave a manner, that he on a sudden became very familiarly a man of no consequence, and in an instant laid all her suspicions of his skill asleep, as he had almost done mine; until I observed him very dangerously turn his discourse upon the elegance of her dress, and her judgment in the choice of that very pretty mourning. Having had women before under my care, I trembled at the apprehension of a man of sense who could talk upon trifles, and resolved to stick to my post with all the circumspection imaginable. In short, I prepossessed her against all he could say to the advantage of her dress and person; but he turned again the discourse, where I found I had no pow-

* This line occurs in a joint translation of "Helen's Epistle to Paris," by the earl of Mulgrave and Dryden, in the edition of "Ovid's Epistles, 1709."

† Supposed to be Lord Halifax.

er over her, on the abusing her friends and acquaintance. He allowed, indeed, that Flora had a little beauty, and a great deal of wit; but then she was so ungainly in her behaviour, and such a laughing hoyden! Pastorella had with him the allowance of being blameless; but what was that towards being praise-worthy? To be only innocent, is not to be virtuous! He afterwards spoke so much against Mrs. Dipple's forehead, Mrs. Prim's mouth, Mrs. Dentrifice's teeth, and Mrs. Fidget's cheeks, that she grew downright in love with him: for it is always to be understood, that a lady takes all you detract from the rest of her sex to be a gift to her. In a word, things went so far that I was dismissed; and she will remember that evening nine months, from the sixth of April, by a very remarkable token. The next, as I said, I went to, was a common swearer. Never was a creature so puzzled as myself, when I came first, to view his brain: half of it was worn out, and filled up with mere expletives, that had nothing to do with any other parts of the texture; therefore, when he called for his clothes in a morning, he would cry, 'John!' John does not answer. 'What a plague! nobody there? What the devil, and rot me, John, for a lazy dog as you are!' I knew no way to cure him, but by writing down all he said one morning as he was dressing, and laying it before him on the toilet when he came to pick his teeth. The last recital I gave him of what he said for half an hour before was, 'What, a pox rot me! where is the wash-ball? call the chairman! damn them, I warrant they are at the alehouse already! zounds! and confound them!' When he came to the glass, he takes up my note —'*Ha*! this fellow is worse than I: what, does *he* swear with pen and ink?' But, reading on, he

found them to be his own words. The stratagem had so good an effect upon him, that he grew immediately a new man, and is learning to speak without an oath, which makes him extremely short in his phrases; for, as I observed before, a common swearer has a brain without any idea on the swearing side; therefore my ward has yet mighty little to say, and is forced to substitute some other vehicle of nonsense, to supply the defect of his usual expletives. When I left him, he made use of 'Odsbodikins! Oh me! and Never stir alive!' and so forth; which gave me hopes of his recovery. So I went to the next I told you of, the gamester. When we first take our place about a man, the receptacles of the pericranium are immediately searched. In his, I found no one ordinary trace of thinking; but strong passion, violent desires, and a continued series of different changes, had torn it to pieces. There appeared no middle condition; the triumph of a prince, or the misery of a beggar, were his alternate states. I was with him no longer than one day, which was yesterday. In the morning at twelve we were worth four thousand pounds; at three, we were arrived at six thousand; half an hour after, we were reduced to one thousand; at four of the clock, we were down to two hundred; at five, to fifty; at six, to five; at seven, to one guinea: the next bet, to nothing. This morning he borrowed half a crown of the maid who cleans his shoes; and is now gaming in Lincoln's-Inn Fields among the boys for farthings and oranges, until he has made up three pieces, and then he returns to White's into the best company in town."

Thus ended our first discourse; and, it is hoped, you will forgive me that I have picked so

little out of my companion at our first interview. In the next, it is possible he may tell me more pleasing incidents; for though he is a familiar, he is not an evil spirit.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 9.

We hear from the Hague of the fourteenth instant, N. S. that Monsieur de Torcy hath had frequent conferences with the Grand Pensioner, and the other ministers who were heretofore commissioned to treat with Monsieur Rouille. The preliminaries of peace are almost settled, and the proceedings wait only for the arrival of the Duke of Marlborough; after whose approbation of the articles proposed, it is not doubted but the methods of the treaty will be publicly known. In the mean time the States have declared an abhorrence of taking any step in this great affair, but in concert with the Court of Great Britain, and other Princes of the alliance. The posture of affairs in France does necessarily oblige that nation to be very much in earnest in their offers; and Monsieur de Torcy hath professed to the Grand Pensioner, that he will avoid all occasions of giving him the least jealousy of his using any address in private conversation for accomplishing the ends of his embassy. It is said, that as soon as the preliminaries are adjusted, that minister is to return to the French court. The States of Holland have resolved to make it an instruction to all their men of war and privateers, to bring into their ports whatever neutral ships they shall meet with, laden with corn, and bound for France; and, to avoid all cause of complaint from the Potentates to whom these ships shall belong, their full demand for their freight shall be paid them there. The French Protestants residing in that country

have applied themselves to their respective magistrates, desiring that there may be an article in the treaty of peace which may give liberty of conscience to the Protestants in France. Monsieur Bosnage, Minister of the Walloon church at Rotterdam, has been at the Hague, and hath had some conferences with the Deputies of the States on that subject. It is reported there, that all the French refugees in those dominions are to be naturalized, that they may enjoy the same good effects of the treaty with the Hollanders themselves, in respect of France.

Letters from Paris say, the people conceive great hopes of a sudden peace, from Monsieur Torcy's being employed in the negotiation; he being a minister of too great weight in that court to be sent on any employment in which his master would not act in a manner wherein he might justly promise himself success. The French advices add, that there is an insurrection in Poictou, three thousand men having taken up arms, and beaten the troops which were appointed to disperse them: three of the mutineers being taken were immediately executed; and as many of the King's party were used after the same manner.

Our late act of naturalization hath had so great an effect in foreign parts, that some princes have prohibited the French refugees in their dominions to sell or transfer their estates to any other of their subjects; and at the same time have granted them greater immunities than they hitherto enjoyed. It has been also thought necessary to restrain their own subjects from leaving their country on pain of death.

No. 14. THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

From my own Apartment, May 10.

Had it not been that my familiar had appeared to me, as I told you in my last, in person, I had certainly been unable to have found even words without meaning, to keep up my intelligence with the town; but he has checked me severely for my despondence, and ordered me to go on in my design of observing upon things, and forbearing persons; for, said he, the age you live in is such, that a good picture of any vice or virtue will infallibly be misrepresented; and though none will take the kind description you make so much to themselves, as to wish well to the author, yet all will resent the ill characters you produce, out of fear of their own turn in the license you must be obliged to take, if you point at particular persons. I took his admonition kindly, and immediately promised him to beg pardon of the author of the "Advice to the Poets," for my raillery upon his work; though I aimed at no more in that examination, but to convince him, and all men of genius, of the folly of laying themselves out on such plans as are below their characters. I hope too it was done without ill-breeding, and nothing spoken below what a civilian (as it is allowed I am) may utter to a physician*. After this preface, all the

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

world may be safe from my writings; for, if I can find nothing to commend, I am silent, and will forbear the subject; for though I am a reformer, I scorn to be an inquisitor.

It would become all men, as well as me, to lay before them the noble character of Verus the magistrate*, who always sat in triumph over, and contempt of, vice; he never searched after it, or spared it when it came before him: at the same time he could see through the hypocrisy and disguise of those, who have no pretence to virtue themselves but by their severity to the vicious. This same Verus was, in times past, Chief Justice (as we call it amongst us) in Feliciat. He was a man of profound knowledge of the laws of his country, and as just an observer of them in his own person; he considered justice as a cardinal virtue, not as a trade for maintenance. Wherever he was judge, he never forgot that he was also counsel. The criminal before him was always sure he stood before his country, and, in a sort, a parent of it. The prisoner knew, that though his spirit was broken with guilt, and incapable of language to defend himself, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his safety; and that his judge would wrest no law to destroy him, nor conceal any that could save him. In his time there was a nest of pretenders to justice, who happened to be employed to put things in a method for being examined before him at his usual sessions: these animals were to Verus, as monkeys are to men; so like, that you can hardly disown them, but so base, that you are ashamed of their fraternity.

* Sir John Holt, Lord Chief Justice in the reign of King William III. and for some years after the King's death.

† Britain.

It grew a phrase, "Who would do justice on the Justices? That certainly would Verus. I have seen an old trial where he sat judge on two of them; one was called Trick-track, the other Tear-shift: one was a learned judge of sharpers; the other the quickest of all men at finding out a wench. Trick-track never spared a pickpocket, but was a companion to cheats; Tear-shift would make compliments to wenches of quality, but certainly commit poor ones. If a poor rogue wanted a lodging, Trick-track sent him to gaol for a thief; if a poor whore went only with one thin petticoat, Tear-shift would imprison her for being loose in her dress. These patriots infested the days of Verus, while they alternately committed and released each other's prisoners. But Verus regarded them as criminals, and always looked upon men as they stood in the eye of justice, without respecting whether they sat on the bench, or stood at the bar.

Will's Coffee-house, May 11.

Yesterday we were entertained with the tragedy of the Earl of Essex*; in which there is not one good line, and yet a play which was never seen without drawing tears from some part of the audience: a remarkable instance that the soul is not to be moved by words, but things; for the incidents in this drama are laid together so happily, that the spectator makes the play for himself, by the force which the circumstance has upon his imagination. Thus, in spite of the most dry discourses, and expressions almost ridiculous with respect to propriety, it is impossible for one unprejudiced to see it, un-

* By John Banks.

touched with pity. I must confess, this effect is not wrought on such as examine why they are pleased; but it never fails to appear on those who are not too learned in nature, to be moved by her first suggestions. It is certain, the person and behaviour of Mr. Wilks has no small share in conducing to the popularity of the play; and when a handsome fellow is going to a more coarse exit than beheading, his shape and countenance make every tender one reprieve him with all her heart, without waiting until she hears his dying words.

This evening, The Alchymist was played. This comedy is an example of Ben Jonson's extensive genius, and penetration into the passions and follies of mankind. The scene in the fourth act, where all the cheated people oppose the man that would open their eyes, has something in it so inimitably excellent, that it is certainly as great a master-piece as has ever appeared by any hand. The author's great address in shewing covetousness the motive of the actions of the puritan, the epicure, the gamester, and the trader; and that all their endeavours, how differently soever they seem to tend, center only in that one point of gain; shews he had, to a great perfection, that discernment of spirit which constitutes a genius for comedy.

White's Chocolate-house, May 11.

It is not to be imagined, how far the violence of our desires will carry us towards our own deceit in the pursuit of what we wish for. A gentleman here this evening was giving me an account of a dumb fortune-teller,* who outdoes Mr. Partridge,

* Duncan Campbell, said to be deaf and dumb, who practised at this time on the credulity of the vulgar, and pretended to predict fortunes by the second sight, &c.

myself, or the unborn doctor† for predictions; all his visitants come to him full of expectations, and pay his own rate for the interpretations they put upon his shrugs and nods. There is a fine rich city widow stole thither the other day (though it is not six weeks since her husband's departure from her company to rest,) and with her trusty maid, demanded of him, whether she should marry again, by holding up two fingers, like horns on her forehead: the wizard held up both his hands forked. The relic desired to know, whether he meant, by his holding up both hands, to represent that she had one husband before, and that she should have another? or that he intimated, she should have two more? The cunning man looked a little sour, upon which Betty jogged her mistress, who gave the other guinea; and he made her understand, she should positively have two more, but shaked his head, and hinted that they should not live long with her. The widow sighed, and gave him the other half guinea. After this prepossession, all that she had next to do was to make sallies to our end of the town, and find out whom it is her fate to have. There are two who frequent this place whom she takes to be men of vogue, and of whom her imagination has given her the choice. They are both the appearances of fine gentleman, to such as do not know when they see persons of that turn; and, indeed, they are industrious enough to come at that character, to deserve the reputation of being such: but this town will not allow us to be the things we seem to aim at, and is too discerning to be fobbed off with pretences. One of these pretty fellows

† The real name of the quack-doctor and man-midwife, who affected to be distinguished as "unborn," was Kirleus.

fails by his laborious exactness; the other, by his as much studied negligence. Frank Careless, as soon as his valet had helped on and adjusted his clothes, goes to his glass, sets his wig awry, tumbles his cravat; and, in short, undresses himself to go into company. Will Nice is so little satisfied with his dress, that all the time he is at a visit he is still mending it, and is for that reason the more insufferable; for he who studies carelessness has, at least, his work the sooner done of the two. The widow is distracted whom to take for her first man; for Nice is every way so careful, that she fears his length of days; and Frank is so loose, that she has apprehensions for her own health with him. I am puzzled how to give a just idea of them; but, in a word, Careless is a coxcomb, and Nice, a fop: both, you will say, very hopeful candidates for a gay young woman just set at liberty. But there is a whisper, her maid will give her to Tom Terror the gamester. This fellow has undone so many women, that he will certainly succeed if he is introduced; for nothing so much prevails with the vain part of that sex, as the glory of deceiving them who have deceived others.

Desunt multa.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 11.

Letters from Berlin, bearing date May the eleventh, N. S. inform us, that the birth-day of her Prussian Majesty has been celebrated there with all possible magnificence; and the king made her on that occasion a present of jewels to the value of thirty thousand crowns. The Marquis de Quesne, who has distinguished himself by his great zeal for the Protestant interest, was, at the time of the dispatch of these letters, at that court, soliciting the king to take care, that an article in behalf of

the refugees, admitting their return to France, should be inserted in the treaty of peace. They write from Hanover, of the fourteenth, that his Electoral Highness had received an express from Count Merci, representing how necessary it was to the common cause, that he would please to hasten to the Rhine; for that nothing but his presence could quicken the measures towards bringing the imperial army into the field. There are very many speculations upon the intended interview of the king of Denmark and king Augustus. The latter has made such preparations for the reception of the other, that it is said, his Danish Majesty will be entertained in Saxony with much more elegance than he met with in Italy itself.

Letters from the Hague, of the eighteenth instant, N. S. say, that his Grace the Duke of Marlborough landed the night before at the Brill, after having been kept out at sea, by adverse winds, two days longer than is usual in that passage. His Excellency the Lord Townshend, her Majesty's ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General, was driven into the Veer in Zealand on Thursday last, from whence he came to the Hague within few hours after the arrival of his Grace. The Duke, soon after his coming to the Hague, had a visit from the Pensioner of Holland. All things relative to the peace were in suspense until this interview; nor is it yet known what resolutions will be taken on that subject; for the troops of the allies have fresh orders dispatched to them, to move from their respective quarters, and march with all expedition to the frontiers, where the enemy are making their utmost efforts for the defence of their country. These *advices* further inform us, that the Marquis de *Torcy* had received an answer from the court of

France, to his letters, which he had sent thither by an express on the Friday before.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff has received letters from Mr. Coltstaff, Mr. Whipstaff, and Mrs. Rebecca Wagstaff; all which relate chiefly to their being left out in the genealogy of the family lately published; but my Cousin who writ that draught, being a clerk in the Herald's Office, and being at present under the displeasure of the Chapter; it is feared, if that matter should be touched upon at this time, the young gentleman would lose his place for treason against the King of Arms.

Castabella's complaint is come to hand.

No. 15. SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

From my own Apartment, May 12.

I have taken a resolution hereafter, on any want of intelligence, to carry my Familiar abroad with me, who has promised to give me very proper and just notices of persons and things, to make up the history of the passing day. He is wonderfully skilful in the knowledge of men and manners, which has made me more than ordinarily curious to know how he came to that perfection;

and I communicated to him that doubt. "Mr. Pacolet," said I, "I am mightily surprised to see you so good a judge of our nature and circumstances, since you are a mere spirit, and have no knowledge of the bodily part of us." He answered, smiling, "You are mistaken; I have been one of you, and lived a month amongst you, which gives me an exact sense of your condition. You are to know, that all, who enter into human life, have a certain date or *stamen* given to their being, which they only who die of age may be said to have arrived at; but it is ordered sometimes by fate, that such as die infants are, after death, to attend mankind to the end of that *stamen* of being in themselves, which was broke off by sickness or any other disaster. These are proper guardians to men, as being sensible of the infirmity of their state. You are philosopher enough to know, that the difference of men's understandings proceeds only from the various dispositions of their organs; so that he, who dies at a month old, is in the next life as knowing, though more innocent, as they who live to fifty; and after death, they have as perfect a memory and judgment of all that passed in their life-time, as I have of all the revolutions in that uneasy, turbulent condition of yours; and you would say I had enough of it in a month, were I to tell you all my misfortunes." "A life of a month cannot have, one would think, much variety. But pray," said I, "let us have your story."

Then he proceeds in the following manner:

"It was one of the most wealthy families in Great Britain into which I was born, and it was a very great happiness to me that it so happened, otherwise I had still, in all probability, been living: but I shall recount to you all the occurrences

of my short and miserable existence, just as, by examining into the traces made in my brain, they appeared to me at that time. The first thing that ever struck my senses was a noise over my head of one shrieking; after which, methought, I took a full jump, and found myself in the hands of a sorceress, who seemed as if she had been long waking, and employed in some incantation: I was thoroughly frightened, and cried out; but she immediately seemed to go on in some magical operation and anointed me from head to foot. What they meant, I could not imagine: for there gathered a great crowd about me, crying, "An Heir! an Heir!" upon which I grew a little still, and believed this was a ceremony to be used only to great persons, and such as made them, what they called *Heirs*. I lay very quiet; but the witch for no manner of reason or provocation in the world, takes me, and binds my head as hard as possibly she could; then ties up both my legs, and makes me swallow down an horrid mixture. I thought it an harsh entrance into life, to begin with taking physic; but I was forced to it, or else must have taken down a great instrument in which she gave it me. When I was thus dressed, I was carried to a bed side, where a fine young lady (my mother I wot) had like to have hugged me to death. From her they faced me about, and there was a thing with quite another look from the rest of the company, to whom they talked about my nose. He seemed wonderfully pleased to see me; but I knew since, my nose belonged to another family. That into which I was born is one of the most numerous amongst you; therefore crowds of relations came every day to congratulate my arrival; amongst others, my cousin Betty, the greatest romp in nature; she whisks me such a height

over her head, that I cried out for fear of falling. She pinched me, and called me a squealing chit, and threw me into a girl's arms that was taken in to tend me. The girl was very proud of the womanly employment of a nurse, and took upon her to strip and dress me a-new, because I made a noise, to see what ailed me: she did so, and stuck a pin in every joint about me. I still cried; upon which, she lays me on my face in her lap; and, to quiet me, fell a nailing in all the pins, by clapping me on the back, and screaming a lullaby. But my pain made me exalt my voice above hers, which brought up the nurse, the witch I first saw, and my grandmother. The girl is turned down stairs, and I stripped again, as well to find what ailed me, as to satisfy my grannam's farther curiosity. This good old woman's visit was the cause of all my troubles. You are to understand, that I was hitherto bred by hand, and any body that stood next gave me pap, if I did but open my lips; insomuch, that I was grown so cunning, as to pretend myself asleep when I was not, to prevent my being crammed. But my grand-mother began a loud lecture upon the idleness of the wives of this age, who, for fear of their shapes, forbear suckling their own offspring: and ten nurses were immediately sent for; one was whispered to have a wanton eye, and would soon spoil her milk; another was in a consumption; the third had an ill voice, and would frighten me instead of lulling me to sleep. Such exceptions were made against all but one country milch-wench, to whom I was committed, and put to the breast. This careless jade was eternally romping with the footman, and downright starved me; insomuch that I daily pined away, and should never have been relieved had it not been that, on the thirtieth day of my life, a

Fellow of the Royal Society, who had writ upon Cold Baths, came to visit me, and solemnly protested, I was utterly lost for want of that method*; upon which he soused me head and ears into a pail of water, where I had the good fortune to be drowned; and so escaped being lashed into a linguist until sixteen, running after wenches until twenty-five, and being married to an ill-natured wife until sixty; which had certainly been my fate, had not the enchantment between body and soul been broke by this philosopher. Thus, until the age I should have otherwise lived, I am obliged to watch the steps of men; and, if you please, shall accompany you in your present walk, and get you intelligence from the aërial lacquey, who is in waiting, what are the thoughts and purposes of any whom you inquire for."

I accepted his kind offer, and immediately took him with me in a hack to White's.

White's Chocolate-house, May 13.

We got in hither, and my companion threw a powder round us, that made me as invisible as himself; so that we could see and hear all others, ourselves unseen and unheard.

The first thing we took notice of was a nobleman of a goodly and frank aspect, with his generous birth and temper visible in it, playing at cards with a creature of a black and horrid countenance, wherein were plainly delineated the arts of his mind, cozenage, and falsehood. They were marking their game with counters, on which we could see inscriptions, imperceptible to any but

* The Fellow of the Royal Society, here alluded to, was probably Sir John Floyer, Knt. M. D. who published, "An Inquiry into the right use and abuses of the hot, cold, and temperate *Baths* in England, &c."

us. My Lord had scored with pieces of ivory, on which were writ "Good Fame, Glory, Riches, Honour, and Posterity." The spectre over-against him had on his counters the inscriptions of "Dishonour, Impudence, Poverty, Ignorance, and want of Shame." "Bless me!" said I; "sure, my Lord does not see what he plays for?" "As well as I do," says Pacolet. "He despises that fellow he plays with, and scorns himself for making him his companion." At the very instant he was speaking, I saw the fellow, who played with my Lord, hide two cards in the roll of his stocking. Pacolet immediate stole them from thence; upon which the nobleman soon after won the game. The little triumph he appeared in, when he got such a trifling stock of ready money, though he had ventured so great sums with indifference, increased my admiration. But Pacolet began to talk to me. "Mr. Isaac, this to you looks wonderful, but not at all to us higher beings: that nobleman has as many good qualities as any man of his order, and seems to have no faults but what, as I may say, are excrescences from virtues. He is generous to a prodigality, more affable than is consistent with his quality, and courageous to a rashness. Yet, after all this, the source of his whole conduct is (though he would hate himself if he knew it) mere avarice. The ready cash laid before the gamester's counters makes him venture, as you see, and lay distinction against infamy, abundance against want; in a word, all that is desirable against all that is to be avoided." However, said I, be sure you disappoint the sharpers to-night, and steal from them all the cards they hide. Pacolet obeyed me, and my Lord went home with their whole bank in his pocket.

Will's Coffee-house, May 13.

To-night was acted a second time a comedy called The Busy Body: this play is written by a lady. In old times, we used to sit upon a play here after it was acted; but now the entertainment is turned another way; not but there are considerable men in all ages, who, for some eminent quality or invention, deserves the esteem and thanks of the public. Such a benefactor is a gentleman of this house; who is observed by the surgeons with much envy; and is ranked among, and received by the modern wits, as a great promoter of gallantry and pleasure. But, I fear, pleasure is less understood in this age, which so much pretends to it, than in any since the creation. It was admirably said of him, who first took notice, that *(Res est severa voluptas)* "there is a certain severity in pleasure." Without that, all decency is banished; and if reason is not to be present at our greatest satisfactions, of all the race of creatures the human is the most miserable. It was not so of old. When Virgil describes a wit, he always means a virtuous man; and all his sentiments of men of genius are such as show persons distinguished from the common level of mankind; such as place happiness in the contempt of low fears, and mean gratifications: fears which we are subject to with the vulgar; and pleasures which we have in common with beasts. With these illustrious personages, the wisest man was the greatest wit; and none was thought worthy of that character, unless he answered this excellent description of the poet:

Qui——metus omnes & inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.
VIRG. Georg. II. 492.

Happy the man,———
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of fortune, and resign'd to fate. DRYDEN.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 13.

We had this morning advice, that some English merchant ships, convoyed by the Bristol of fifty-four guns, were met with by a part of Monsieur Gui Trouin's squadron, who engaged the convoy. That ship defended itself until the English merchants got clear of the enemy; but, being disabled, was herself taken. Within few hours after, my Lord Dursley came up with part of his squadron, and, engaging the French, retook the Bristol (which, being very much shattered, sunk); and took the Glorieux, a ship of forty-four guns, as also a privateer of fourteen. Before this action, his Lordship had taken two French merchant-men, and had, at the dispatch of these advices brought the whole safe into Plymouth.

No. 16. TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, May 15.

SIR Thomas,* of this house, has shewed me some letters from the Bath, which give accounts of what

* The nick-name of a waiter at White's.

passes among the good company of that place; and allowed me to transcribe one of them, that seems to be writ by some of Sir Thomas's particular acquaintance, and is as follows:

"Dear Knight, *May* 9, 1709.

"I desire you would give my humble service to all our friends, which I speak of to you (out of method) in the very beginning of my epistle, lest the present disorders, by which this seat of gallantry and pleasure is torn to pieces, should make me forget it. You keep so good company, that you know Bath is stocked with such as come hither to be relieved from luxuriant health, or imaginary sickness; and consequently is always as well stowed with gallants, as invalids, who live together in a very good understanding. But the season is so early, that our fine company is not yet arrived: and the warm bath, which in heathen times was dedicated to Venus, is now used only by such as really want it for health's sake. There are, however, a good many strangers, among whom are too ambitious ladies, who, being both in the autumn of their life, take the opportunity of placing themselves at the head of such as we are, before the Chloes, Clarissas and Pastorellas come down. One of these two is excessively in pain, that the ugly being, called Time, will make wrinkles in spite of the lead forehead cloth: and therefore hides, with the gaiety of her air, the volubility of her tongue, and quickness of her motion, the injuries which it has done her. The other lady is but two years behind her in life, and dreads as much being laid aside as the former; and consequently has taken the necessary precautions to prevent her reign over us. But she is very discreet, and wonderfully turned for ambition, being

never apparently transported either with affection or malice. Thus, while Florimel is talking in public, and spreading her graces in assemblies, to gain a popular dominion over our diversions, Prudentia visits, very cunningly, all the lame, the splenetic, and the superannuated, who have their distinct classes of followers and friends. Among these she has found, that somebody has sent down printed certificates of Florimel's age, which she has read and distributed to this unjoyful set of people, who are always enemies to those in possession of the good opinion of the company. This unprovoked injury done by Prudentia was the first occasion of our fatal divisions here, and a declaration of war between these rivals. Florimel has abundance of wit, which she has lavished in decrying Prudentia, and giving defiance to her little arts. For an instance of her superior power, she bespoke the play of Alexander the Great, to be acted by the company of strollers, and desired us all to be there on Thursday last. When she spoke to me to come, "As you are," said she "a lover, you will not fail the death of Alexander: the passion of love is wonderfully hit—Statira! O that happy woman—to have a conqueror at her feet! But you will be sure to be there." I, and several others, resolved to be of her party. But see the irresistible strength of that unsuspected creature, a "silent woman." Prudentia had counterplotted us, and had bespoke on the same evening the puppet show of "The Creation of the world."* She had engaged every body to be there; and, to turn our leader into ridicule,

* A deformed cripple, of the name of Powel, was the master of a popular puppet-show at this time, and made Punch utter many things, that would not have been endured in any other way of communication.

had secretly let them know, that the puppet Eve was made the most like Florimel that ever was seen. On Thursday morning the puppet-drummer, Adam and Eve, and several others who lived before the flood, passed through the streets on horseback, to invite us all to the pastime, and the representation of such things as we all knew to be true: and Mr. Mayor was so wise, as to prefer these innocent people the puppets, who, he said, were to represent Christians, before the wicked players, who were to show Alexander, an heathen philosopher. To be short, this Prudentia had so laid it, that at ten of the clock footmen were sent to take places at the puppet-show, and all we of Florimel's party were to be out of fashion, or desert her. We chose the latter. All the world crowded to Prudentia's house, because it was given out that nobody could get in. When we came to Noah's flood in the show, Punch and his wife were introduced dancing in the ark. An honest plain friend of Florimel's, but a critic withal, rose up in the midst of the representation, and made many very good exceptions to the drama itself, and told us, that it was against all morality, as well as rules of the stage, that Punch should be in jest in the deluge, or indeed that he should appear at all. This was certainly a just remark, and I thought to second him; but he was hissed by Prudentia's party: upon which, really, Sir Thomas, we, who were his friends, hissed him too. Old Mrs. Petulant desired both her daughters to mind the moral; then whispered Mrs. Mayoress, "This is very proper for young people to see!" Punch, at the end of the play, made Prudentia a compliment, and was very civil to the whole company, making bows until his buttons touched the ground. All was carried trium-

phantly against our party. In the mean time Florimel went to the tragedy, dressed as fine as hands could make her, in hopes to see Prudentia pine away with envy. Instead of that, she sat a full hour alone, and at last was entertained with this whole relation from Statira, who wiped her eyes with her tragical cut handkerchief, and lamented the ignorance of the quality. Florimel was stung with this affront, and the next day bespoke the puppet-show. Prudentia, insolent with power, bespoke Alexander. The whole company came then to Alexander. Madam Petulent desired her daughters to mind the moral, and believe no man's fair words; "for you will see, children (says she,) these soldiers are never to be depended upon; they are sometimes here, sometimes there.—Do not you see, daughter Betty, Colonel Clod, our next neighbour in the country, pull off his hat to you? court'sy, good child, his estate is just by us." Florimel was now mortified down to Prudentia's humour; and Prudentia exalted into hers. This was observed; Florimel invites us to the play a second time; Prudentia to the show. See the uncertainty of human affairs! The beaux, the wits, the gamesters, the prudes, the coquets, the valetudinarians, and gallants, all now wait upon Florimel. Such is the state of all things at this present date; and if there happen any new commotions, you shall have immediate advice from,

Sir,

Your affectionate friend,
and servant."

TO CASTABELLA.

Madam, *May* 16, 1709.

I have the honour of a letter from a friend of yours, relating to an incivility done to you at the opera, by one of your own sex; but I, who was an eye-witness of the accident, can testify to you, that though she pressed before you, she lost her ends in that design; for she was taken notice of for no other reason, but her endeavours to hide a finer woman than herself. But, indeed, I dare not go farther in this matter than just this bare mention; for though it was taking your place of right, rather than place of precedence, yet it is so tender a point, and on which the very life of female ambition depends, that it is of the last consequence to meddle in it. All my hopes are from your beautiful sex; and those bright eyes, which are the bane of others, are my only sun-shine. My writings are sacred to you; and I hope, I shall always have the good fortune to live under your protection; therefore take this public opportunity to signify to all the world, that I design to forbear any thing that may in the least tend to the diminution of your interest, reputation, or power. You will therefore forgive me, that I strive to conceal every wrong step made by any who have the honour to wear petticoats, and shall at all times do what is in my power to make all mankind as much their slaves as myself. If they would consider things as they ought, there needs not much argument to convince them, that it is their fate to be obedient to you, and that your greatest rebels do only serve with a worse grace. I am, Madam,

Your most obedient and
most humble servant,
ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 16.

Letters from the Hague, bearing date the twenty-first instant, N. S. advise, that his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, immediately after his arrival, sent his Secretary to the President and the Pensionary, to acquaint them therewith. Soon after, these ministers visited the Duke, and made him compliments in the name of the States-General; after which they entered into a conference with him on the present posture of affairs, and gave his Grace assurances of the firm adherence of the States to the alliance: at the same time acquainting him, that all overtures of peace were rejected, until they had an opportunity of acting in concert with their allies on that subject. After this interview, the Pensionary and the President returned to the Assembly of the States. Monsieur Torcy has had a conference at the Pensioner's house with his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, Prince Eugene, and his Excellency the Lord Townshend. The result of what was debated at that time is kept secret; but there appears an air of satisfaction and good understanding between these ministers. We are apt also to give ourselves very hopeful prospects from Monsieur Torcy's being employed in this negotiation, who had been always remarkable for a particular way of thinking, in his sense of the greatness of France; which he has always said, "was to be promoted rather by the arts of peace, than those of war." His delivering himself freely on this subject has formerly appeared an unsuccessful way to power in that court; but in its present circumstances those maxims are better received; and it is thought a certain argument of the sincerity of the French King's intentions, that this minister is

at present made use of. The marquis is to return to Paris within a few days, who has sent a courier thither to give notice of the reasons of his return, that the court may be the sooner able to dispatch commissioners for a formal treaty.

The expectations of peace are increased by advices from Paris of the twelfth instant, which say, the Dauphin has altered his resolution of commanding in Flanders the ensuing campaign. The Saxon and Prussian reinforcements, together with Count Mercy's regiment of imperial horse, are encamped in the neighbourhood of Brussels; and sufficient stores of corn and forage are transported to that place and Ghent, for the service of the confederate army.

They write from Mons, that the Elector of Bavaria had advice, that an advanced party of the Portugueze army had been defeated by the Spaniards.

We hear from Languedoc, that their corn, olives, and figs, were wholly destroyed; but that they have a hopeful prospect of a plentiful vintage.

No. 17. THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

Will's Coffee-house, May 18.

THE discourse has happened to turn this evening upon the true panegyric, the perfection of

which was asserted to consist in a certain artful way of conveying the applause in an indirect manner. There was a gentleman gave us seve- instances of it. Among others, he quoted (from Sir Francis Bacon, in his "Advancement of Learning,") a very great compliment made to Tiberius, as follows. In a full debate upon public affairs in the Senate, one of the assembly rose up, and with a very grave air said, he thought it for the honour and dignity of the commonwealth, that Tiberius should be declared a God, and have divine worship paid him. The Emperor was surprised at the proposal, and demanded of him to declare, whether he had made any application to incline him to that overture? The Senator answered with a bold and haughty tone, "Sir, in matters that concern the commonwealth, I will be governed by no man." Another gentleman mentioned something of the same kind, spoken by the late Duke of Buckingham to the late Earl of Orrery: "My lord (says the Duke, after his libertine way), you will certainly be damned." "How, my lord! says the Earl, with some warmth. "Nay (said the Duke) there is no help for it; for it is positively said, Cursed is he of whom all men speak well*." This is taking a man by surprise, and being welcome when you have so surprised him. The person flattered receives you into his closet at once; and the sudden change of his heart, from the expectation of an ill wisher, to find you his friend, makes you in his full favour in a moment. The spirits that were raised so suddenly against you, are as suddenly for you. There was another instance

* Luke vi. 26. His Grace did not understand, nor quote fairly the passage of Scripture, to which he thought it so witty thus impiously to allude.

given of this kind at the table. A gentleman, who had a very great favour done him, and an employment bestowed upon him, without so much as being personally known to his benefactor, waited upon the great man who was so generous, and was beginning to say he was infinitely obliged. "Not at all," says the patron, turning from him to another; "had I known a more deserving man in England, he should not have had it."

We should certainly have had more examples, had not a gentleman produced a book which he thought an instance of this kind: it was a pamphlet called "The Naked Truth." The idea any one would have of that work from the title was, that there would be much plain dealing with people in power, and that we should see things in their proper light, stripped of the ornaments which are usually given to the actions of the great; but the skill of this author is such, that he has under that rugged appearance, approved himself the finest gentleman and courtier that ever writ. The language is extremely sublime, and not at all to be understood by the vulgar. The sentiments are such as would make no figure in ordinary words; but such is the art of the expression, and the thoughts are elevated to so high a degree, that I question whether the discourse will sell much. There was an ill-natured fellow present, who hates all panegyric mortally; "P—— take him," said he, "what the devil means his Naked Truth, in speaking nothing but to the advantage of all whom he mentions? This is just such a great action as that of the champion's on a coronation-day, who challenges all mankind to dispute with him the right of the sovereign, surrounded with his guards." The gentleman who produced the treatise desired him to be cautious,

and the whole of the horse of the King of Portugal's army, passed the river, and with some pieces of cannon did good execution on the enemy. Upon observing this, the Marquis de Bay advanced with his horse, and attacked the right wing of the Portugueze cavalry, who faced about, and fled, without standing the first encounter. But their foot repulsed the same body of horse, in three successive charges, with great order and resolution. While this was transacting, the British General commanded the brigade of Pearce to keep the enemy in diversion by a new attack. This was so well executed, that the Portugueze infantry had time to retire in good order, and repass the river. But that brigade, which rescued them, was itself surrounded by the enemy, and Major-General Sarkey, Brigadier Pearce, together with both their regiments, and that of the Lord Galway, lately raised, were taken prisoners.

During the engagement, the Earl of Barrimore, having advanced too far to give some necessary order, was hemmed in by a squadron of the enemy; but found means to gallop up to the brigade of Pearce, with which he remains also a prisoner. My Lord Galway had his horse shot under him in this action; and the Conde de Saint Juan, a Portugueze General, was taken prisoner. The same night the army encamped at Aronches, and on the ninth moved to Elvas, where they lay when these dispatches came away. Colonel Stanwix's regiment is also taken. The whole of this affair has given the Portugueze a great idea of the capacity and courage of my Lord Galway, against whose advice they entered upon this unfortunate affair, and by whose conduct they were rescued from it. The prodigious constancy and resolution of that great man is hardly to

be paralleled, who under the oppression of a maimed body, and the reflection of repeated ill-fortune, goes on with an unspeakable alacrity in the service of the common cause. He has already put things in a very good posture after this ill accident, and made the necessary dispositions for covering the country from any further attempt of the enemy, who still lie in the camp they were in before the battle.

Letters from Brussels, dated the twenty-fifth instant, advise, that notwithstanding the negotiations of a peace seem so far advanced, that some do confidently report the preliminaries of a treaty to be actually agreed on, yet the allies hasten their preparations for opening the campaign; and the forces of the Empire, the Prussians, the Danes, the Wirtembergers, the Palatines, and Saxon auxiliaries, are in motion towards the general rendezvous, they being already arrived in the neighbourhood of Brussels. These advices add, that the deputies of the States of Holland, having made a general review of the troops in Flanders, set out for Antwerp on the 21st instant from that place.

No. 18. SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream.
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

From my own Apartment, May 20.

IT is observed too often that men of wit do so much employ their thoughts upon fine specula-

good sentence of his own invention upon his dwelling-place,* to find out where he lives: he is so near London, that his conceit is this, "the country in town;" or, "the town in the country;" for you know, if they are both in one, they are all one. Besides that the ambiguity is not of great consequence; if you are safe at the place it is no matter if you do not distinctly know where the place is. But to return to the orthography of public places; I propose, that every tradesman in the cities of London and Westminster shall give me sixpence a quarter for keeping their signs in repair, as to the grammatical part; and I will take into my house a Swiss countt of my acquaintance, who can remember all their names without book, for dispatch sake, setting up the head of the said foreigner for my sign; the features being strong, and fit for hanging high.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 20.

This day a mail arrived from Holland, by which there are advices from Paris, that the kingdom of France is in the utmost misery and distraction. The merchants of Lyons have been at court, to remonstrate their great sufferings by the failure of their public credit; but have received no other satisfaction than promises of a sudden peace; and that their debts will be made good by funds out of the revenue, which will not answer, but in case of the peace which is promised. In the mean time, the cries of the common people

* On Buckingham-house, now the Queen's palace, were originally these inscriptions. On the front, "Sic siti lætantur Lares;" on the back front, "Rus in urbe." On the side next the road, "Spectator fastidiosus sibi molestus;" on the North side, "Lentè incœpit, citò perfecit."

† Probably John-James Heidegger, esq.

are loud for want of bread, the gentry have lost all spirit and zeal for their country, and the king himself seems to languish under the anxiety of the pressing calamities of the nation, and retires from hearing those grievances which he hath not power to redress. Instead of preparations for war, and the defence of their country, there is nothing to be seen but evident marks of a general despair: processions, fastings, public mournings and humiliations, are become the sole employments of a people, who were lately the most vain and gay of any in the universe.

The pope has written to the French king on the subject of a peace; and his majesty has answered in the lowliest terms, that he entirely submits his affairs to Divine Providence, and shall soon shew the world, that he prefers the tranquillity of his people to the glory of his arms, and extent of his conquests.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-fourth say, that his excellency the Lord Townshend delivered his credentials on that day to the States General, as plenipotentiary from the Queen of Great Britain; as did also Count Zinzendorf, who bears the same character from the Emperor.

Prince Eugene intended to set out the next day for Brussels, and his grace the Duke of Marlborough on the Tuesday following. The marquis de Torcy talks daily of going, but still continues there. The army of the allies is to assemble on the seventh of next month at Helchin; though it is generally believed that the preliminaries to a treaty are fully adjusted.

The approach of the peace strikes a panic through our armies, though that of a battle could never do it; and they almost repent of their bravery, that made such haste to humble themselves and

the French King. The Duke of Marlborough, though otherwise the greatest general of the age, has plainly shewn himself unacquainted with the arts of husbanding a war. He might have grown as old as the Duke of Alva, or Prince Waldeck in the low countries, and yet have got reputation enough every year for any reasonable man; for the command of a General in Flanders hath been ever looked upon as a provision for life. For my part, I cannot see how his grace can answer it to the world, for the great eagerness he hath shewn to send an hundred thousand of the bravest fellows in Europe a-begging. But the private gentlemen of the infantry will be able to shift for themselves; a brave man can never starve in a country stocked with hen-roosts. "There is not a yard of linen," says my honoured progenitor, Sir John Falstaff, "in my whole company; but as for that," says this worthy knight, "I am in no great pain; we shall find shirts on every hedge." There is another sort of gentlemen whom I am much more concerned for, and that is the ingenious fraternity of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member: I mean the news-writers of Great Britain, whether Post-men or Post-boys*, or by what other name or title soever dignified or distinguished. The case of these gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the soldiers, considering that they have taken more towns, and fought more battles. They have been upon parties and skirmishes, when our armies have lain still; and given the general assault to many a place, when the besiegers were quiet in their trenches. They have made us masters of seve-

* "The Post-Boy" was a scandalous weekly paper, by Abel Roper; and "The Flying Post," by George Ridpath, was just such another.

ral strong towns many weeks before our generals could do it; and completed victories, when our greatest captains have been glad to come off with a drawn battle. Where Prince Eugene has slain his thousands, Boyer* has slain his ten thousands. This gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his courage and intrepidity during this whole war: he has laid about him with an inexpressible fury; and, like the offended Marius of ancient Rome, made such havoc among his countrymen, as must be the work of two or three ages to repair. It must be confessed, the redoubted Mr. Buckley† has shed as much blood as the former; but I cannot forbear saying (and I hope it will not look like envy,) that we regard our brother Buckley as a kind of Drawcansir who spares neither friend nor foe, but generally kills as many of his own side as the enemies. It is impossible for this ingenious sort of men to subsist after a peace: every one remembers the shifts they were driven to in the reign of king Charles the Second, when they could not furnish out a single paper of news, without lighting up a comet in Germany, or a fire in Moscow. There scarce appeared a letter without a paragraph on an earthquake. Prodigies were grown so familiar, that they had lost their name, as a great poet of that age has it. I remember Mr. Dyer‡, who is justly looked upon by all the fox-hunters in the nation as the greatest statesman our country has produced, was particularly famous for dealing in whales; insomuch, that in five months time (for

* Abel Boyer, author of "The Political State."

† Samuel Buckley, printer of "The Gazette," and also of "The Daily Courant."

‡ "Dyer's Letter;" a news-paper of that time, which, according to Mr. Addison, was entitled to little credit.

I had the curiosity to examine his letters on that occasion) he brought three into the mouth of the river Thames, besides two porpusses and a sturgeon. The judicious and wary Mr. Ichabod Dawks* hath all along been the rival of this great writer, and got himself a reputation from plagues and famines: by which, in those days, he destroyed as great multitudes, as he has lately done by the sword. In every dearth of news, Grand Cairo was sure to be unpeopled.

It being therefore visible, that our society will be greater sufferers by the peace than the soldiery itself, insomuch that the Daily Courant is in danger of being broken, my friend Dyer of being reformed, and the very best of the whole band of being reduced to half pay; might I presume to offer any thing in the behalf of my distressed brethren, I would humbly move, that an appendix of proper apartments, furnished with pen, ink, and paper, and other necessaries of life, should be added to the hospital of Chelsea, for the relief of such decayed news-writers as have served their country in the wars; and that for their exercise they should compile the annals of their brother veterans, who have been engaged in the same service, and are still obliged to do duty after the same manner.

I cannot be thought to speak this out of an eye to any private interest; for as my chief scenes of action are coffee-houses, play-houses, and my own apartment, I am in no need of camps, fortifications, and fields of battle, to support me; I do not call for heroes and generals to my assistance. Though the officers are broken, and the armies disbanded, I shall still be safe, as long as there are men, or

* Ichabod Dawks, "another poor, epistolary historian."

women, or politicians, or lovers, or poets, or nymphs, or swains, or cits, or courtiers, in being.

No. 19. TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—— nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

From my own Apartment, May 23.

THERE is nothing can give a man of any consideration greater pain, than to see order and distinction laid aside amongst men, especially when the rank (of which he himself is a member) is intruded upon by such as have no pretence to that honour. The appellation of Esquire is the most notoriously abused in this kind, of any class amongst men; insomuch, that it is become almost the subject of derision: but I will be bold to say, this behaviour towards it proceeds from the ignorance of the people in its true origin. I shall therefore, as briefly as possible, do myself and all true Esquires the justice to look into antiquity upon this subject.

In the first ages of the world, before the invention of jointures and settlements, when the noble passion of love had possession of the hearts of men, and the fair sex were not yet cultivated into the merciful disposition which they have showed in latter centuries, it was natural for great and heroic spirits to retire to rivulets, woods, and

caves, to lament their destiny, and the cruelty of the fair persons who were deaf to their lamentations. The hero in this distress was generally in armour, and in a readiness to fight any man he met with, especially if distinguished by any extraordinary qualifications: it being the nature of heroic love to hate all merit, lest it should come within the observation of the cruel one by whom its own perfections are neglected. A lover of this kind had always about him a person of a second value, and subordinate to him, who could hear his afflictions, carry an enchantment for his wounds, hold his helmet when he was eating (if ever he did eat), or in his absence, when he was retired to his apartment in any king's palace, tell the prince himself, or perhaps his daughter, the birth, parentage, and adventures of his valiant master. This trusty companion was styled his Esquire, and was always fit for any offices about him; was as gentle and chaste as a gentleman usher, quick and active as an equerry, smooth and eloquent as the master of the ceremonies. A man thus qualified was the first, as the ancients affirm, who was called an Esquire; and none without these accomplishments ought to assume our order: but, to the utter disgrace and confusion of the heralds, every pretender is admitted into this fraternity, even persons the most foreign to this courteous institution. I have taken an inventory of all within this city, and looked over every letter in the Post-office, for my better information. There are of the Middle Temple, including all in the buttery-books, and in the lists of the house, five-thousand.* In the Inner, four thousand.† In the King's Bench Walks, the whole buildings are in-

* In Original Tatler, 4000. † In Original Tatler, 5000.

habited by Esquires only. The adjacent street of Essex, from Morris's Coffee-house,* and, the turning towards the Grecian, you cannot meet one who is not an Esquire, until you take water. Every house in Norfolk and Arundel-streets is also governed by an Esquire, or his Lady: Soho-square, Bloomsbury-square, and all other places where the floors rises above nine feet, are so many universities, where you enter yourselves, and become of our order. However, if this were the worst of the evil, it were to be supported, because they are generally men of some figure, and use; though I know no pretence they have to an honour which had its rise from chivalry. But if you travel into the counties of Great Britain, we are still more imposed upon by innovation. We are indeed derived from the field: but shall that give title to all that ride mad after foxes, that halloo when they see a hare, or venture their necks full speed after an hawk, immediately to commence Esquires? No: our order is temperate, cleanly, sober, and chaste; but these rural Esquires commit immodesties upon haycocks, wear shirts half a week, and are drunk twice a day. These men are also, to the last degree, excessive in their food: an Esquire of Norfolk eats two pounds of dumplin every meal, as if obliged to do it by our order: an Esquire of Hampshire is as ravenous in devouring hog's flesh: one of Essex has as little mercy on calves. But I must take the liberty to protest against them, and acquaint those persons, that it is not the quantity they eat, but the manner of eating, that shows an Esquire. But, above all, I am most offended at small quillmen, and transcribing clerks, who are all come into our order, for no

* Morris's Coffee-house was in the Strand.

reason that I know of, but that they can easily flourish at the end of their name. I will undertake that, if you read the superscriptions to all the offices in the kingdom, you will not find three letters directed to any but Esquires. I have myself a couple of clerks, and the rogues make nothing of leaving messages upon each other's desk: one directs, "To Gregory Goosequill, Esquire;" to which the other replies by a note, "To Nehemiah Dashwell, Esquire, with respect;" in a word, it is now *Populus Armigerorum*, a people of Esquires. And I do not know but, by the late act of naturalization, foreigners will assume that title, as part of the immunity of being Englishmen. All these improprieties flow from the negligence of the Herald's-office. Those gentlemen in party-coloured habits do not so rightly, as they ought, understand themselves; though they are dressed *cap-a-pee* in hieroglyphics, they are inwardly but ignorant men. I asked an acquaintance of mine, who is a man of wit, but of no fortune, and is forced to appear as a jack pudding on the stage to a mountebank: "Pr'ythee, Jack, why is your coat of so many colours?" He replied, "I act a fool; and this spotted dress is to signify, that every man living has a weak place about him; for I am Knight of the Shire, and represent you all." I wish the heralds would know as well as this man does, in his way, that they are to act for us in the case of our arms and appellations: we should not then be jumbled together in so promiscuous and absurd a manner. I design to take this matter into further consideration; and no man shall be received as an Esquire, who cannot bring a certificate, that he has conquered some lady's obdurate heart; that he can lead up a country-dance; or

carry a message between her and her lover, with address, secrecy, and diligence. A Squire is properly born for the service of the sex, and his credentials shall be signed by three toasts and one prude, before his title shall be received in my office.

Will's Coffee-house, May 23.

On Saturday last was presented the Busy Body, a comedy, written (as I have heretofore remarked) by a woman. The plot and incidents of the play are laid with that sublety of spirit which is peculiar to females of wit, and is very seldom well performed by those of the other sex, in whom craft in love is an act of invention, and not, as with women, the effect of nature and instinct.

To-morrow will be acted a play, called, the Trip to the Jubilee. This performance is the greatest instance that we can have of the irresistible force of proper action. The dialogue in itself has something too low to bear a criticism upon it: but Mr. Wilks enters into the part with so much skill, that the gallantry, the youth, and gaiety of a young man of a plentiful fortune, are looked upon with as much indulgence on the stage, as in real life, without any of those intermixtures of wit and humour, which usually prepossesses us in favour of such characters in other plays.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 23.

Letters from the Hague, of the twenty-third instant, N. S. say, that Mr. Walpole (who is since arrived) was going with all expedition to Great Britain, whither they doubted not but he carried with him the preliminaries to a treaty of peace. The French minister, Monsieur Torcy,

has been observed, in this whole negotiation, to turn his discourse upon the calamities sent down by heaven upon France, and imputed the necessities they were under to the immediate hand of Providence, in inflicting a general scarcity of provision, rather than the superior genius of the generals, or the bravery of the armies against them. It would be impious not to acknowledge the indulgence of Heaven to us; but at the same time, as we are to love our enemies, we are glad to see them mortified enough to mix Christianity with their politics. An authentic letter from Madam Maintenon to Monsieur Torcy has been stolen by a person about him, who has communicated a copy of it to some of the dependants of a minister of the allies. That epistle is writ in the most pathetic manner imaginable, and in a style which shows her genius, that has so long engrossed the heart of this great monarch.

"Sir,

"I received yours, and am sensible of the address and capacity with which you have hitherto transacted the great affair under your management. You well observe, that our wants here are not to be concealed: and that it is vanity to use artifices with the knowing men with whom you have to deal. Let me beg you, therefore, in this representation of our circumstances, to lay aside art, which ceases to be such when it is seen, and make use of all your skill to gain us what advantages you can from the enemy's jealousy of each other's greatness; which is the place where only you have room for any dexterity. If you have any passion for your unhappy country, or any affection for your distressed master, come home with peace. Oh Heaven! do I live to talk

of Lewis the Great, as the object of pity? The king shows a great uneasiness to be informed of all that passes: but, at the same time, is fearful of every one who appears in his presence, lest he should bring an account of some new calamity. I know not in what terms to represent my thoughts to you when I speak of the king, with relation to his bodily health. Figure to yourself that immortal man, who stood in our public places represented with trophies, armour, and terrors, on his pedestal: consider, the invincible, the great, the good, the pious, the mighty, which were the usual epithets we gave him, both in our language and thoughts. I say, consider him whom you knew the greatest and most glorious of monarchs, and now think you see the same man an unhappy lazar, in the lowest circumstances of human nature itself, without regard to the state from whence he is fallen. I write from his bed-side: he is at present in a slumber. I have many, many things to add; but my tears flow too fast, and my sorrow is too big for utterance.

"I am, &c."

There is such a veneration due from all men to the persons of princes, that it were a sort of dishonesty to represent further the condition which the king is in; but it is certain, that, soon after the receipt of these advices, Monsieur Torcy waited upon his grace the Duke of Marlborough and the Lord Townshend; and in that conference gave up many points, which he had before said were such as he must return to France before he could answer.

No. 20. THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, May 24.

It is not to be imagined how far prepossession will run away with people's understanding, in cases wherein they are under present uneasiness. The following narration is a sufficient testimony of the truth of this observation.

I had the honour the other day of a visit from a gentlewoman (a stranger to me) who seemed to be about thirty. Her complexion is brown; but the air of her face has an agreeableness which surpasses the beauties of the fairest women. There appeared in her look and mien a sprightly health; and her eyes had too much vivacity to become the language of complaint, which she began to enter into. She seemed sensible of it; and therefore, with down cast looks, said she, "Mr. Bickerstaff, you see before you the unhappiest of women; and therefore, as you are esteemed by all the world both a great civilian, as well as an astrologer, I must desire your advice and assistance, in putting me in a method of obtaining a divorce from a marriage, which I know the law will pronounce void." "Madam," said I, "your grievance is of such a nature, that

you must be very ingenuous in representing the causes of your complaint, or I cannot give you the satisfaction you desire." "Sir," she answers, "I believe there would be no need of half your skill in the art of divination, to guess why a woman would part from her husband." "It is true," said I; "but suspicions, or guesses at what you mean, nay certainty of it, except you plainly speak it, are no foundation for a formal suit." She clapped her fan before her face; "My husband," said she, "is no more an husband" (here she burst into tears) "than one of the Italian singers."

"Madam," said I, "the affliction you complain of is to be redressed by law; but, at the same time, consider what mortifications you are to go through, in bringing it into open court: how will you be able to bear the impertinent whispers, of the people present at the trial, the licentious reflections of the pleaders, and the interpretations that will in general be put upon your conduct by all the world? 'How little (will they say) could that lady command her passions!' Besides, consider, that curbing our desires is the greatest glory we can arrive at in this world, and will be most rewarded in the next." She answered, like a prudent matron; "Sir, if you please to remember the office of matrimony, the first cause of its institution is that of having posterity. Therefore, as to the curbing desires, I am willing to undergo any abstinence from food as you please to enjoin me; but I cannot, with any quiet of mind, live, in the neglect of a necessary duty, and an express commandment, *Increase and multiply*." Observing she was learned, and knew so well the duties of life, I turned my arguments rather to dehort her from this public procedure

by examples than precepts. "Do but consider, Madam, what crowds of beauteous women live in nunneries, secluded for ever from the sight and conversation of men, with all the alacrity of spirit imaginable; they spend their time in heavenly raptures, in constant and frequent devotions, and at proper hours in agreeable conversations." "Sir," said she hastily, "tell not me of Papists, or of any of their idolatries." "Well then, Madam, consider how many fine ladies live innocently in the eye of the world, and this gay town, in the midst of temptation: there is the witty Mrs. W—— is a virgin of forty-four, Mrs. T——s is thirty-nine, Mrs. L——ce thirty-three; yet you see they laugh, and are gay, at the park, at the play-house, at balls, and at visits; and so much at ease, that all this seems hardly a self-denial." "Mr. Bickerstaff," said she, with some emotion, "you are an excellent casuist; but the last word destroyed your whole argument; if it is not self-denial, it is no virtue. I presented you with an half guinea, in hopes not only to have my conscience eased, but my fortune told. "Yet"— "Well, Madam," said I, "pray of what age is your husband?" "He is," replied my injured client, "fifty; and I have been his wife fifteen years." "How happened it you never communicated your distress, in all this time, to your friends and relations?" She answered, "He has been thus but a fortnight." I am the most serious man in the world to look at, and yet could not forbear laughing out. "Why, Madam, in case of infirmity which proceeds only from age, the law gives no remedy." "Sir," said she, "I find you have no more learning than Dr. Case; and I am told of a young man, not five and twenty, just come from Oxford, to whom I will communicate

this whole matter, and doubt not but he will appear to have seven times more useful and satisfactory knowledge than you and all your boasted family." Thus I have entirely lost my client: but if this tedious narrative preserves Pastorella from the intended marriage with one twenty years her senior—to save a fine lady, I am contented to have my learning decried, and my predictions bound up with Poor Robin's almanacks.

Will's Coffee-house, May 25.

This evening was acted the Recruiting Officer, in which Mr. Estcourt's proper sense and observation is what supports the play. There is not, in my humble opinion, the humour hit in Sergeant Kite; but it is admirably supplied by his action. If I have skill to judge, that man is an excellent actor; but the crowd of the audience are fitter for representations at May-fair, than a theatre-royal. Yet that fair is now broke, as well as the theatre is breaking: but it is allowed still to sell animals there. Therefore, if any lady or gentleman have occasion for a tame elephant, let them inquire of Mr. Penkethman, who has one to dispose of at a reasonable rate. The downfal of May-fair has quite sunk the price of this noble creature, as well as of many other curiosities of nature. A tiger will sell almost as cheap as an ox; and I am credibly informed, a man may purchase a cat with three legs, for very near the value of one with four. I hear likewise that there is a great desolation among the gentlemen and ladies who were the ornaments of the town, and used to shine in plumes and diadems; the heroes being most of them pressed, and the queens beating hemp. Mrs. Saraband, so famous for her ingenious puppet-show, has set up a shop

in the Exchange, where she sells her little troop under the term of *jointed babies*. I could not but be solicitous to know of her, how she had disposed of that rake-hell Punch, whose lewd life and conversation had given so much scandal, and did not a little contribute to the ruin of the fair. She told me, with a sigh, "That, despairing of ever reclaiming him, she would not offer to place him in a civil family, but got him in a post upon a stall in Wapping, where he may be seen from sun-rising to sun-setting, with a glass in one hand, and a pipe in the other, as centry to a brandy-shop." The great revolutions of this nature bring to my mind the distresses of the unfortunate Camilla, who has had the ill luck to break before her voice, and to disappear at a time when her beauty was in the height of its bloom. This lady entered so thoroughly into the great characters she acted, that when she had finished her part, she could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the same magnificence that she did upon the stage. This greatness of soul has reduced that unhappy princess to an involuntary retirement, where she now passes her time among the woods and forests, thinking on the crowns and sceptres she has lost, and often humming over in her solitude,

> I was born of royal race,
> Yet must wander in disgrace, &c.

But, for fear of being overheard, and her quality known, she usually sings it in Italian,

> *Nacqui al regno, nacqui al trono,*
> *E per sono*
> *I venturata pastorella.*

Since I have touched upon this subject, I shall communicate to my reader part of a letter I have

received from an ingenious friend at Amsterdam, where there is a very noble theatre; though the manner of furnishing it with actors is something peculiar to that place, and gives us occasion to admire both the politeness and frugality of the people.

"My friends have kept me here a week longer than ordinary, to see one of their plays, which was performed last night with great applause. The actors are all of them tradesmen; who, after their day's work is over, earn about a guilder a night by personating kings and generals. The hero of the tragedy I saw was a journeyman tailor, and his first minister of state a coffee-man. The empress made me think of Parthenope in the Rehearsal; for her mother keeps an alehouse in the suburbs of Amsterdam. When the tragedy was over they entertained us with a short farce, in which the cobler did his part to a miracle; but, upon inquiry, I found he had really been working at his own trade, and representing on the stage what he acted every day in his shop. The profits of the theatre maintain an hospital; for as here they do not think the profession of an actor the only trade that a man ought to exercise; so they will not allow any body to grow rich in a profession that, in their opinion, so little conduces to the good of the commonwealth. If I am not mistaken, your play-houses in England have done the same thing; for, unless I am misinformed, the hospital at Dulwich was erected and endowed by Mr. Alleyn, a player: and it is also said, a famous she-tragedian has settled her estate, after her death, for the maintenance of decayed wits, who are to be taken in as soon as they grow dull, at whatever time of their life that shall happen."

St. James's Coffee-house, May 25.

Letters from the Hague, of the thirty-first instant, N. S. say, that the articles preliminary to a general peace were settled, communicated to the States General, and all the foreign ministers residing there, and transmitted to their respective masters on the twenty-eighth. Monsieur Torcy immediately returned to the court of France, from whence he is expected again on the fourth of the next month with those articles ratified by that court. The Hague is agreed upon for the place of treaty, and the fifteenth of the next month the day on which it is to commence. The terms whereon this negotiation is founded are not yet delivered by public authority; but what is most generally received is as follows:

Her Majesty's right and title, and the Protestant succession, to these dominions, is forthwith to be acknowledged. King Charles is to be owned the lawful sovereign of Spain. The French King shall not only recall his troops out of that kingdom, and deliver up to the Allies the towns of Roses, Fontarabia, and Pampelona; but, in case the Duke of Anjou shall not retire out of the Spanish dominions, he shall be obliged to assist the Allies to force him from thence. A cessation of arms is agreed upon for two months from the first day of the treaty. The port and fortifications of Dunkirk are to be demolished within four months; but the town itself left in the hands of the French. The Pretender is to be obliged to leave France. All Newfoundland is to be restored to the English. As to the other parts of America, the French are to restore whatever they may have taken from the English, as the

English in like manner are to give up what they may have taken from the French, before the commencement of the treaty. The trade between Great Britain and France shall be settled upon the same foundation as in the reign of King Charles the Second.

The Dutch are to have for their barriers, Newport, Berg, St. Vinox, Furnes, Ipres, Lisle, Tournay, Douay, Valenciennes, Condé, Maubeuge, Mons, Charleroy, Namur, and Luxemburg; all which places shall be delivered up to the allies before the end of June. The trade between Holland and France shall be on the same foot as in 1664. The cities of Strasburg, Brisac, and Alsatia, shall be restored to the Emperor and empire; and the King of France, pursuant to the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, shall only retain the protection of ten Imperial cities, viz. Colmar, Schlestat, Haguenau, Munster, Turkeim, Keisember, Obrenheim, Rosheim, Weisemberg, and Landau. Huninguen, Fort-Louis, Fort-Khiel, and New-Brisac, shall be demolished, and all the fortifications from Basil to Philipsburg. The King of Prussia shall remain in the peaceable possession of Neufchatel. The affair of Orange, as also the pretensions of his Prussian Majesty in the Franche Comté, shall be determined at this general negotiation of peace. The Duke of Savoy shall have a restitution made of all that has been taken from him by the French, and remain master of Exilles, Chamont, Fenestrelles, and the valley of Pragelas*.

* In the first edition of the Tatler, in folio, there is the following addition to this paper: "It is said that Monsieur Torcy, when he signed this instrument, broke into this exclamation: 'Would Colbert have signed such a treaty for France?' On which a minister present was pleased to say,

No. 21. SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—— nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, May 26.

A GENTLEMAN has writ to me out of the country a very civil letter, and said things which I suppress with great violence to my vanity. There are many terms in my narratives which he complains want explaining; and has therefore desired that, for the benefit of my country readers, I would let him know what I mean by a Gentleman, a pretty Fellow, a Toast, a Coquet, a Critic, a Wit, and all other appellations of those now in the gayer world, who are in possession of these several characters; together with an account of those who unfortunately pretend to them. I shall begin with him we usually call a Gentleman, or man of conversation.

It is generally thought that warmth of imagination, quick relish of pleasure, and a manner of becoming it, are the most essential qualities for forming this sort of man. But any one that is much in company will observe, that the height of good breeding is shewn rather in never giving offence, than in doing obliging things: thus he that never shocks you, though he is seldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your favour,

"Colbert himself would have been proud to have saved France in these circumstances on such terms."

than he who often entertains, and sometimes displeases you. The most necessary talent therefore in a man of conversation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine Gentleman, is a good judgment. He that has this in perfection is master of his companion, without letting him see it; and has the same advantage over men of any other qualifications whatsoever as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times his strength.

This is what makes Sophronius the darling of all who converse with him, and the most powerful with his acquaintance of any man in town. By the light of this faculty he acts with great ease and freedom among the men of pleasure, and acquits himself with skill and dispatch among the men of business: all which he performs with such success, that, with as much discretion in life as any man ever had, he neither is, nor appears cunning: but as he does a good office, if ever he does it, with readiness and alacrity; so he denies, what he does not care to engage in, in a manner that convinces you that you ought not to have asked it. His judgment is so good and unerring, and accompanied with so cheerful a spirit, that his conversation is a continual feast, at which he helps some, and is helped by others, in such a manner, that the equality of society is perfectly kept up, and every man obliges as much as he is obliged: for, it is the greatest and justest skill, in a man of superior understanding, to know how to be on a level with his companions. This sweet disposition runs through all the actions of Sophronius, and makes his company desired by women, without being envied by men. Sophronius would be as just as he is, if there were no law; and would be as discreet as he is, if there were no such thing as calumny.

In imitation of this agreeable being, is made that animal we call a pretty Fellow; who, being just able to find out, that what makes Sophronius acceptable is a natural behaviour, in order to the same reputation, makes his own an artificial one. Jack Dimple is his perfect mimic, whereby he is, of course, the most unlike him of all men living. Sophronius just now passed into the inner room directly forward; Jack comes as fast after as he can for the right and left looking-glass, in which he had but just approved himself by a nod at each, and marched on. He will meditate within for half an hour, until he thinks he is not careless enough in his air, and come back to the mirror to recollect his forgetfulness.

Will's Coffee-house, May 27.

This night was acted the comedy called The Fox;* but I wonder the modern writers do not use their interest in the house to suppress such representations. A man that has been at this will hardly like any other play during the season: therefore I humbly move, that the writings, as well as dresses, of the last age should give way to the present fashion. We are come into a good method enough (if we were not interrupted in our mirth by such an apparition as a play of Jonson's) to be entertained at more ease, both to the spectator and the writer, than in the days of old. It is no difficulty to get hats and swords, and wigs and shoes, and every thing else, from the shops in town; and make a man shew himself by his habit, without more ado, to be a counsellor, a fop, a courtier, or a citizen, and not be obliged to make those characters talk in different dialects to be dis-

* Printed in 1605.

tinguished from each other. This is certainly the surest and best way of writing; but such a play as this makes a man for a month after over-run with criticism, and inquire, "What every man on the stage said? what had such a one to do to meddle with such a thing? how came the other, who was bred after this or that manner, to speak so like a man conversant among a different people?" These questions rob us of all our pleasure; for, at this rate, no sentence in a play should be spoken by any one character which could possibly enter into the head of any other man represented in it; but every sentiment should be peculiar to him only who utters it. Laborious Ben's works will bear this sort of inquisition; but if the present writers were thus examined, and the offences against this rule cut out, few plays would be long enough for the whole evening's entertainment.

But I do not know how they did in those old times. This same Ben Jonson has made every one's passion in this play be towards money; and yet not one of them expresses that desire, or endeavours to obtain it, any way but what is peculiar to him only; one sacrifices his wife, another his profession, another his posterity, from the same motive; but their characters are kept so skilfully apart, that it seems prodigious their discourses should rise from the invention of the same author.

But the poets are a nest of hornets, and I will drive these thoughts no farther; but must mention some hard treatment I am like to meet with from my brother writers. I am credibly informed, that the author of a play, called "Love in a hollow Tree," has made some remarks upon my late discourse on "The Naked Truth." I cannot blame a gentleman for writing against any error; it is for the good of the learned world. But I

would have the thing fairly left between us two, and not under the protection of patrons: but my intelligence is, that he hath dedicated his treatise to the honourable Mr. Ed——d H——rd.

From my own Apartment, May 27.

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

"Sir, *York, May* 16, 1709.

"Being convinced, as the whole world is, how infallible your predictions are, and having the honour to be your near relation of the Staffian family, I was under great concern at one of your predictions relating to yourself, wherein you foretold your own death would happen on the seventeenth instant, unless it were prevented by the assistance of well disposed people. I have therefore prevailed on my own modesty to send you a piece of news, which may serve, instead of Goddard's* drops, to keep you alive for two days, until nature be able to recover itself, or until you meet with some better help from other hands. Therefore, without further ceremony, I will relate a singular adventure just happened in the place where I am writing, whereof it may be highly useful for the public to be informed.

"Three young ladies of our town were on Saturday last indicted for witchcraft. The witnesses against the first deposed, upon oath, before Justice Bindover, that she kept spirits locked up in vessels, which sometimes appeared in flames of blue fire; that she used magical herbs, with some of which she drew in hundreds of men daily to her, who went out from her presence all infla-

* Dr. Jonathan Goddard was the physician and confidant of Cromwell, a member of the Royal Society, and medical professor of Gresham College.

med, their mouths parched, and a hot steam issuing from them, attended with a grievous stench; that many of the said men were, by the force of that herb, metamorphosed into swine, and lay wallowing in the kennels for twenty-four hours before they could re-assume their shapes or their senses.

"It was proved against the second, that she cut off by night the limbs from dead bodies that were hanged, and was seen to dig holes in the ground, to mutter some conjuring words, and bury pieces of the flesh after the usual manner of witches.

"The third was accused for a notorious piece of sorcery, long practised by hags, of moulding up pieces of dough into the shapes of men, women, and children; then heating them at a gentle fire, which had a sympathetic power to torment the bowels of those in the neighbourhood.

"This was the sum of what was objected against the three ladies; who indeed, had nothing to say in their own defence but downright deny the facts, which is like to avail very little when they come upon their trials.

"But the parson of our parish, a strange refractory man, will believe nothing of all this; so that the whole town cries out, 'Shame! that one of his coat should be such an atheist;' and design to complain of him to the bishop: he goes about very oddly to solve the matter. He supposes that the first of these ladies keeping a brandy and tobacco shop, the fellows went out smoking; and got drunk towards evening, and made themselves beasts. He says, the second is a butcher's daughter, and sometimes brings a quarter of mutton from the slaughter-house overnight against a market-day, and once buried a bit of beef in the ground, as a known receipt to cure warts on her

hands. The parson affirms, that the third sells gingerbread; which, to please the children, she is forced to stamp with images before it is baked; and if it burns their guts, it is because they eat too much, or do not drink after it.

"These are the answers he gives to solve those wonderful phenomena; upon which I shall not animadvert, but leave it among philosophers: and so, wishing you all success in your undertakings for the amendment of the world, I remain, dear cousin,

"Your most affectionate kinsman,
"and humble servant,
"EPHRAIM BEDSTAFF.

"P. S. Those who were condemned to death among the Athenians were obliged to take a dose of poison, which made them die upwards; seizing first upon their feet, making them cold and insensible, and so ascending gradually, until it reached the vital parts. I believe your death, which you foretold would happen on the seventeenth instant, will fall out in the same way, and that your distemper hath already seized on you, and makes progress daily. The lower part of you, that is, the Advertisements, is dead; and these have risen for these ten days last past, so that they now take up almost a whole paragraph. Pray, Sir, do you endeavour to drive this distemper as much as possible to the extreme parts, and keep it there, as wise folks do the gout: for, if it once gets into your stomach, it will soon fly up into your head, and you are a dead man."

St. James's Coffee-house, May 27.

We hear from Leghorn, that Sir Edward Whitaker, with five men of war, four transports, and two fire-ships, were arrived at that port; and Admiral Byng was suddenly expected. Their

squadrons being joined, they designed to sail directly for Final, to transport the reinforcements lodged in those parts to Barcelona.

They write from Milan, that Count Thaun arrived there on the sixteenth instant, N. S. and proceeded on his journey to Turin on the twenty-first, in order to concert such measures with his Royal Highness, as shall appear necessary for the operations of the ensuing campaign.

Advices from Dauphiné say, that the troops of the Duke of Savoy begin already to appear in those vallies, whereof he made himself master the last year; and that the Duke of Berwick applied himself with all imaginable diligence to secure the passes of the mountains, by ordering intrenchments to be made towards Briançon, Tourneau, and the valley of Queiras. That general has also been at Marseilles and Toulon, to hasten the transportation of the corn and provisions designed for his army.

Letters from Vienna, bearing date May the twenty-third, N. S. import, that the Cardinal of Saxe Zeits and the Prince of Lichtenstein were preparing to set out for Presburg, to assist at the diet of the States of Hungary, which is to be assembled at that place on the twenty-fifth of this month. General Heister will shortly appear at the head of his army at Trentschin, which place is appointed for the general rendezvous of the Imperial forces in Hungary; from whence he will advance to lay siege to Newhausel. In the mean time reinforcements, with a great train of artillery, are marching the same way. The King of Denmark arrived on the tenth instant at Inspruck, and on the twenty-fifth at Dresden, under a triple discharge of the artillery of that place; but his Majesty refused the ceremonies of a public entry.

Our letters from the Upper Rhine say, that the Imperial army began to form itself at Etlingen; where the respective deputies of the Elector Palatine, the Prince of Baden Durlach, the Bishopric of Spires, &c. were assembled, and had taken the necessary measures for the provision of forage, the security of the country against the incursions of the enemy, and laying a bridge over the Rhine. Several vessels laden with corn are daily passing before Frankfort for the Lower Rhine.

Letters from Poland inform us, that a detachtachment of Muscovite cavalry, under the command of General Instand, had joined the confederate army; and the infantry, commanded by General Goltz, was expected to come up within few days. These succours will amount to twenty-thousand men.

Our last advices from the Hague, dated June the fourth, N. S. say, that they expected a courier from the French Court, with a ratification of the preliminaries, that night or the day following. His grace the Duke of Marlborough will set out for Brussels on Wednesday or Thursday next, if the dispatches which are expected from Paris do not alter his resolutions. Letters from Majorca confirm the honorable capitulation of the castle of Alicant, and also the death of the Governor, Major-general Richards, Colonel Sibourg, and Major Vignolles, who were all buried in the ruins of that place by the springing of the great mine, which did, it seems, more execution than was reported. Monsieur Torcy passed through Mons in his return, and had there a long conference with the Elector of Bavaria; after which, that Prince spoke publicly of the treatment he had received from France with the utmost indignation.

*** Any person that shall come publicly abroad in a fantastical habit, contrary to the present mode and fashion, except Don Diego Dismallo,* or any other out of poverty, shall have his name and dress inserted in our next.

N. B. Mr. Howd'yecall is desired to leave off those buttons.

No. 22. TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, May 28.

I came hither this evening to see fashions; and who should I first encounter but my old friend Cynthio (encompassed by a crowd of young fellows) dictating on the passion of love with the gayest air imaginable! "Well," says he, "as to what I know of the matter, there is nothing but ogling with skill carries a woman; but indeed it is not every fool that is capable of this art; you will find twenty can speak eloquently, fifty that can fight manfully, and a thousand that can dress genteelly at a mistress, where there is one that can gaze skilfully. This requires an exquisite judgment, to take the language of her eyes to yours

* This is well known to have been a nick-name given, in the rage of party, to a very respectable nobleman, the Earl of Nottingham.

exactly, and not let yours talk too fast for hers; as at a play between the acts, when beau Frisk stands upon a bench full in Lindamira's face, and her dear eyes are searching round to avoid that flaring open fool; she meets the watchful glance of her true lover, and sees his heart attentive on her charms, and waiting for a second twinkle of her eye for its next motion." Here the good company sneered but he goes on. "Nor is this attendance a slavery, when a man meets with encouragement, and her eye comes often in his way: for, after an evening so spent, and the repetition of four or five significant looks at him, the happy man goes home to his lodgings full of ten thousand pleasing images: his brain is dilated, and gives him all the ideas and prospects which it ever lets into its seat of pleasure. Thus, a kind look from Lindamira revives in his imagination all the beauteous lawns, green fields, woods, forests, rivers, and solitudes, which he had ever before seen in picture, description, or real life; and all with this addition, that he now sees them with the eyes of a happy lover, as before only with those of a common man. You laugh, gentlemen, but consider yourselves (ye common people, that were never in love,) and compare yourselves in good humour with yourselves out of humour, and ye will then acknowledge, that all external objects affect you according to the dispositions ye are in to receive their impressions, and not as those objects are in their own nature. How much more shall all that passes within his view and observation touch with delight a man who is prepossessed with successful love, which is an assemblage of soft affection, gay desires, and hopeful resolutions!"

Poor Cynthio went on at this rate to the crowd

about him, without any purpose in his talk, but to vent an heart overflowing with sense of success. I wondered what could exalt him from the distress, in which he had long appeared, to so much alacrity; but my familiar has given me the state of his affairs. It seems, then, that lately coming out of the play-house, his mistress, who knows he is in her livery, as the manner of insolent beauties is, is resolved to keep him still so, and gave him so much wages as to complain to him of the crowd she was to pass through. He had his wits and resolution enough about him to take her hand, and say, he would attend her to the coach. All the way thither my good young man stammered at every word, and stumbled at every step. His mistress, wonderfully pleased with her triumph, put to him a thousand questions, to make a man of his natural wit speak with hesitation; and let drop her fan, to see him recover it awkwardly. This is the whole foundation of Cynthio's recovery to the sprightly air he appears with at present.

I grew mighty curious to know something more of that lady's affairs, as being amazed how she could dally with an offer of one of his merit and fortune. I sent Pacolet to her lodgings, who immediately brought me back the following letter to her friend and confidant Amanda in the country, wherein she has opened her heart and all its folds.

"Dear Amanda,

"The town grows so empty, that you must expect my letter so too, except you will allow me to talk of myself instead of others. You cannot imagine what pain it is, after a whole day spent in public, to want your company, and the ease which friendship allows in being vain to each oth-

er, and speaking all our minds. An account of the slaughter which these unhappy eyes have made within ten days last past, would make me appear too great a tyrant to be allowed in a Christian country. I shall therefore confine myself to my principle conquests, which are the hearts of beau Frisk and Jack Freeland, besides Cynthio, who, you know, wore my fetters before you went out of town. Shall I tell you my weakness? I begin to love Frisk; it is the best-humoured impertinent thing in the world: he is always too in waiting, and will certainly carry me off one time or other. Freeland's father and mine have been upon treaty without consulting me; and Cynthio has been eternally watching my eyes, without approaching me, my friends, my maid, or any one about me: he hopes to get me, I believe, as they say the rattle-snake does the squirrel, by staring at me until I drop into his mouth. Freeland demands me for a jointure, which he thinks deserves me; Cynthio thinks nothing high enough to be my value: Freeland therefore will take it for no obligation to have me; and Cynthio's idea of me is what will vanish by knowing me better. Familiarity will equally turn the veneration of the one, and the indifference of the other, into contempt. I will stick therefore to my old maxim, to have that sort of a man who can have no greater views than what are in my power to give him possession of. The utmost of my dear Frisk's ambition is, to be thought a man of fashion; and therefore has been so much in mode, as to resolve upon me, because the whole town likes me. Thus I choose rather a man who loves me because others do, than one who approves me on his own judgment. He that judges for himself in love will often change his opinion; but he that follows the sense

of others must be constant, as long as a woman can make advances. The visits I make, the entertainments I give, and the addresses I receive, will be all arguments for me with a man of Frisk's second-hand genius; but would be so many bars to my happiness with any other man. However, since Frisk can wait, I shall enjoy a summer or two longer, and remain a single woman, in the sublime pleasure of being followed and admired; which nothing can equal except that of being beloved by you. I am, &c."

Will's Coffee-house, May 30.

My chief business here this evening was to speak to my friends in behalf of honest Cave Underhill, who has been a comic for three generations: my father admired him extremely when he was a boy. There is certainly nature excellently represented in his manner of action; in which he ever avoided the general fault in players, of doing too much. It must be confessed, he has not the merit of some ingenious persons now on the stage, of adding to his authors; for the actors were so dull in the last age, that many of them have gone out of the world, without having ever spoke one word of their own in the theatre. Poor Cave is so mortified, that he quibbles and tells you, he pretends only to act a part fit for a man who has one foot in the grave, viz. a grave digger. All admirers of true comedy, it is hoped, will have the gratitude to be present on the last day of his acting, who if he does not happen to please them, will have it even then to say, that it is his first offence.

But there is a gentleman here, who says he has it from good hands, that there is actually a subscription made by many persons of wit and

quality for the encouragement of new comedies. This design will very much contribute to the improvement and diversion of the town; but as every man is most concerned for himself, I, who am of a saturnine and melancholy complexion, cannot but murmur, that there is not an equal invitation to write tragedies; having by me, in my book of common places, enough to enable me to finish a very sad one by the fifth of the next month. I have the farewell of a general, with a truncheon in his hand, dying for love, in six lines. I have the principles of a politician (who does all the mischief in the play), together with his declaration on the vanity of ambition in his last moments, expressed in a page and an half. I have all my oaths ready, and my similies want nothing but application. I will not pretend to give you an account of the plot, it being the same design upon which all tragedies have been writ for several years last past; and, from the beginning of the first scene, the frequenters of the house may know as well as the author when the battle is to be fought, the lady to yield, and the hero proceed to his wedding and coronation. Besides these advantages which I have in readiness, I have an eminent tragedian very much my friend, who shall come in and go through the whole five acts without troubling me for one sentence, whether he is to kill or be killed, love or be loved, win battles or lose them, or whatever other tragical performance I shall please to assign him.

From my own Apartment, May 30.

I have this day received a letter, subscribed Fidelia, that gives me an account of an inchantment under which a young lady suffers, and desires my help to exorcise her from the power of

the sorcerer. Her lover is a rake of sixty; the lady a virtuous woman of twenty-five: her relations are to the last degree afflicted, and amazed at this irregular passion. Their sorrow I know not how to remove, but can their astonishment; for, there is no spirit in woman half so prevalent as that of contradiction, which is the sole cause of her perseverance. Let the whole family go dressed in a body, and call the bride to-morrow morning to her nuptials, and I will undertake the inconstant will forget her lover in the midst of all his aches. But if this expedient does not succeed, I must be so just to the young lady's distinguishing sense, as to applaud her choice. A fine young woman, at last, is but what is due from fate to an honest fellow, who has suffered so unmercifully by the sex; and I think we cannot enough celebrate her heroic virtue, who (like the patriot that ended a pestilence by plunging himself into a gulph) gives herself up to gorge that dragon which has devoured so many virgins before her.

*** A letter directed "To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer and Physician in ordinary to her Majesty's subjects of Great, with respect," is come to hand.

No. 23. THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, May 31.

The generality of mankind are so very fond of this world, and of staying in it, that a man cannot have eminent skill in any one art, but they will, in spite of his teeth, make him a physician also, that being the science the worldlings have most need of. I pretended, when I first set up, to astrology only; but I am told, I have deep skill also in medicine. I am applied to now by a gentleman for my advice in behalf of his wife, who, upon the least matrimonial difficulty, is excessively troubled with fits, and can bear no manner of passion without falling into immediate convulsions. I must confess it is a case I have known before, and remember the party was recovered by certain words pronounced in the midst of the fit, by the learned doctor who performed the cure. These ails have usually their beginning from the affections of the mind; therefore you must have patience to let me give you an instance, whereby you may discern the cause of the distemper, and then proceed in the cure as follows:

A fine town-lady was married to a gentleman of ancient descent in one of the counties of Great Britain, who had good humour to a weakness, and

was that sort of person of whom it is usually said, he is no man's enemy but his own: one who had too much tenderness of soul to have any authority with his wife; and she too little sense to give him any authority, for that reason. His kind wife observed this temper in him, and made proper use of it. But, knowing it was below a gentlewoman to wrangle, she resolved upon an expedient to save decorum, and wear her dear to her point at the same time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into fits whenever she was repulsed in a request, or contradicted in a discourse. It was a fish-day, when, in the midst of her husband's good-humour at table, she bethought herself to try her project. She made signs that she had swallowed a bone. The man grew pale as ashes, and ran to her assistance, calling for drink. "No, my dear," said she, recovering, "it is down; do not be frightened." This accident betrayed his softness enough. The next day she complained, a lady's chariot, whose husband had not half his estate, had a crane-neck, and hung with twice the air that hers did. He answered, "Madam, you know my income; you know I have lost two coach-horses this spring"—down she fell—"Hartshorn! Betty, Susan, Alice, throw water in her face." With much care and pains she was at last brought to herself, and the vehicle in which she visited was amended in the nicest manner, to prevent relapses; but they frequently happened during that husband's whole life, which he had the good fortune to end in few years after. The disconsolate soon pitched upon a very agreeable successor, whom she very prudently designed to govern by the same method. This man knew her little arts, and resolved to break through all tenderness, and be absolute master as

soon as occasion offered. One day it happened, that a discourse arose about furniture; he was very glad of the occasion, and fell into an invective against china, protesting he would never let five pounds more of his money be laid out that way as long as he breathed. She immediately fainted—he starts up as amazed, and calls for help—the maids run to the closet. He chafes her face, bends her forward, and beats the palms of her hands: her convulsions increase, and down she tumbles on the floor, where she lies quite dead, in spite of what the whole family, from the nursery to the kitchen, could do for her relief.

While every servant was thus helping or lamenting their mistress, he, fixing his cheek to hers, seemed to be following in a trance of sorrow; but secretly whispers her, "My dear, this will never do: what is within my power and fortune, you may always command; but none of your artifices: you are quite in other hands than those you passed these pretty passions upon." This made her almost in the condition she pretended; her convulsions now came thicker, nor was she to be held down. The kind man doubles his care, helps the servants to throw water in her face by full quarts; and when the sinking part of the fit came again, "Well, my dear," said he, "I applaud your action, but I must take my leave of you until you are more sincere with me; farewell for ever: you shall always know where to hear of me, and want for nothing." With that he ordered the maids to keep plying her with hartshorn, while he went for a physician: he was scarce at the stair head when she followed, and, pulling him into a closet, thanked him for her cure; which was so absolute, that she gave

me this relation herself, to be communicated for the benefit of all the voluntary invalids of her sex.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 1.

Advices from Brussels of the sixth instant, N. S. say, his Highness Prince Eugene had received a letter from Monsieur Torcy, wherein that minister, after many expressions of great respect, acquaints him, that his master had absolutely refused to sign the preliminaries to the treaty which he had, in his Majesty's behalf, consented to at the Hague. Upon the receipt of this intelligence, the face of things at that place was immediately altered, and the necessary orders were transmitted to the troops (which lay most remote from thence) to move towards the place of rendezvous with all expedition. The enemy seem also to prepare for the field, and have at present drawn together twenty-five thousand men in the plains of Lenz. Marshal Villars is at the head of those troops; and has given the generals under his command all possible assurances, that he will turn the fate of the war to the advantage of his master.

They write from the Hague of the seventh, that Monsieur Rouille had received orders from the Court of France, to signify to the States-General, and the Ministers of the High Allies, that the King could not consent to the preliminaries of a treaty of peace, as it was offered to him by Monsieur Torcy. The great difficulty is the business of Spain, on which particular his ministers seemed only to say, during the treaty, that it was not so immediately under their master's direction, as that he could engage for its being relinquished by the Duke of Anjou; but now he positively

answers, that he cannot comply with what his Minister has promised in his behalf; even in such points as are wholly in himself to act in, or not. This has had no other effect than to give the alliance fresh arguments for being diffident of engagements entered into by France. The Pensioner made a report of all which this Minister had declared to the Deputies of the States-General, and all things turn towards a vigorous war. The Duke of Marlborough designed to leave the Hague within two days, in order to put himself at the head of the army, which is to assemble on the seventeenth instant between the Scheld and the Lis. A fleet of eighty sail, laden with corn, from the Baltic, is arrived in the Texel. The States have sent circular letters to all the provinces, to notify this change of affairs, and animate their subjects to new resolutions in defence of their country.

From my own Apartment, May 31.

The public is not so little my concern, though I am but a student, as that I should not interest myself in the present great things in agitation. I am still of opinion the French King will sign the preliminaries. With that view, I have sent him, by my familiar, the following epistle, and admonished him, on pain of what I shall say of him to future generations, to act with sincerity on this occasion.

" *London, May* 31.

" ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire, of Great Britain, to LEWIS XIV. of France.

" The surprising news which arrived this day, of your Majesty's having refused to sign the treaty your Ministers have in a manner sued for,

nat gives ground to this application to your Majesty, from one, whose name, perhaps, is too obscure to have ever reached your territories; but one, who, with all the European world, is affected with your determinations. Therefore, as it is mine and the common cause of mankind, I presume to expostulate with you on this occasion. It will, I doubt not, appear to the vulgar extravagant, that the actions of a mighty Prince should be balanced by the censure of a private man, whose approbation or dislike are equally contemptible in their eyes, when they regard the thrones of sovereigns. But your Majesty has shewn, through the whole course of your reign, too great a value for liberal arts, to be insensible that true fame lies only in the hands of learned men, by whom it is to be transmitted to futurity, with marks of honour or reproach to the end of time. The date of human life is too short to recompense the cares which attend the most private condition. Therefore it is, that our souls are made, as it were, too big for it; and extend themselves in the prospect of a longer existence, in a good fame, and memory of worthy actions, after our decease. The whole race of men have this passion in some degree implanted in their bosoms, which is the strongest and noblest incitation to honest attempts: but the base use of the arts of peace, eloquence, poetry, and all the parts of learning, have been possessed by souls so unworthy of those faculties, that the names and appellations of things have been confounded by the labours and writings of prostituted men, who have stamped a reputation upon such actions as are in themselves the objects of contempt and disgrace. This is that which has misled your Majesty in the conduct of your reign, and made that life, which

might have been the most imitable, the most to be avoided. To this it is, that the great and excellent qualities, of which your Majesty is master, are lost in their application; and your Majesty has been carrying on for many years the most cruel tyranny, with all the noble methods which are used to support a just reign. Thus it is, that it avails nothing that you are a bountiful master; that you are so generous as to reward even the unsuccessful with honour and riches; that no laudable action passes unrewarded in your kingdom; that you have searched all nations for obscure merit: in a word, that you are in your private character endowed with every princely quality; when all that is subjected to unjust and ill-taught ambition, which, to the injury of the world, is gilded by those endowments. However, if your majesty will condescend to look into your own soul, and consider all its faculties and weaknesses with impartiality; if you will but be convinced, that life is supported in you by the ordinary methods of food, rest, and sleep; you will think it impossible that you could ever be so much imposed on, as to have been wrought into a belief, that so many thousands of the same make with yourself were formed by Providence for no other end, but by the hazard of their very being to extend the conquests and glory of an individual of their own species. A very little reflection will convince your Majesty, that such cannot be the intent of the Creator; and, if not, what horror must it give your Majesty to think of the vast devastations your ambition has made among your fellow-creatures! While the warmth of youth, the flattery of crowds, and a continual series of success and triumph indulged your Majesty in this illusion of mind, it was less

to be wondered at, that you proceeded in this mistaken pursuit of grandeur; but when age, disappointments, public calamities, personal distempers, and the reverse of all that makes men forget their true being, are fallen upon you; heavens! is it possible you can live without remorse? Can the wretched man be a tyrant? can grief study torments? can sorrow be cruel?

"Your Majesty will observe, I do not bring against you a railing accusation; but, as you are a strict professor of religion, I beseech your Majesty to stop the effusion of blood, by receiving the opportunity which presents itself for the preservation of your distressed people. Be no longer so infatuated, as to hope for renown from murder and violence; but consider that the great day will come, in which this world and all its glory shall change in a moment; when nature shall sicken, and the earth and sea give up the bodies committed to them, to appear before the last tribunal. Will it then, O King! be an answer for the lives of millions, who have fallen by the sword, 'They perished for my glory?' That day will come on, and one like it is immediately approaching: injured nations advance towards thy habitation; vengeance has begun its march, which is to be diverted only by the penitence of the oppressor. Awake, O monarch, from thy lethargy! disdain the abuses thou hast received; pull down the statue which calls thee immortal; be truly great: tear thy purple, and put on sackcloth.

"I am,
thy generous enemy,
ISAAC BICKERSTAFF."

No. 24. SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, June 2.

In my paper of the twenty-eighth of the last month I mentioned several characters, which want explanation to the generality of readers; among others, I spoke of a Pretty Fellow. I have since received a kind admonition in a letter, to take care that I do not omit to shew also what is meant by a Very Pretty Fellow; which is to be allowed as a character by itself, and a person exalted above the other by a peculiar sprightliness; as one who, by a distinguishing vigour, outstrips his companions, and has thereby deserved and obtained a particular appellation or nick-name of familiarity. Some have this distinction from the fair sex, who are so generous as to take into their protection such as are laughed at by the men, and place them for that reason in degrees of favour.

The chief of this sort is Colonel Brunett, who is a man of fashion, because he will be so; and practises a very janty way of behaviour, because he is too careless to know when he offends, and too sanguine to be mortified if he did know it. Thus the colonel has met with a town ready to receive him, and cannot possibly see why he should not make use of their favour, and set himself in the first degree of conversation. Therefore he is very successfully loud among the wits, and fa-

miliar among the ladies, and dissolute among the rakes. Thus he is admitted in one place, because he is so in another; and every man treats Brunett well, not out of his particular esteem for him, but in respect to the opinion of others. It is to me a solid pleasure to see the world thus mistaken on the good-natured side; for, it is ten to one but the colonel mounts into a general officer, marries a fine lady, and is master of a good estate, before they come to explain upon him. What gives most delight to me in this observation is, that all this arises from pure nature, and the colonel can account for his success no more than those by whom he succeeds. For these causes and considerations, I pronounce him a true woman's man, and in the first degree "A very pretty Fellow."

The next to a man of this universal genius is one who is peculiarly formed for the service of the ladies, and his merit chiefly is to be of no consequence. I am, indeed, a little in doubt, whether he ought not rather to be called a very Happy, than a very Pretty Fellow? for he is admitted at all hours; all he says or does, which would offend in another, are passed over in him; and all actions and speeches which please, doubly please if they come from him: no one wonders or takes notice when he is wrong; but all admire him when he is in the right. By the way, it is fit to remark, that there are people of better sense than these, who endeavour at this character; but they are out of nature; and though, with some industry, they get the characters of fools, they cannot arrive to be *very*, seldom to be merely "Pretty Fellows." But, where nature has formed a person for this station amongst men, he is gifted with a peculiar genius for success, and his very errors and absurdities contribute to it; this felicity attending him to his

life's end: for, it being in a manner necessary that he should be of no consequence, he is as well in old age as youth; and I know a man, whose son has been some years a "Pretty Fellow," who is himself at this hour a VERY Pretty Fellow.

One must move tenderly in this place, for we are now in the ladies lodgings, and speaking of such as are supported by their influence and favour; against which there is not, neither ought there to be, any dispute or observation. But when we come into more free air, one may talk a little more at large.

Give me leave then to mention three, whom I do not doubt but we shall see make considerable figures; and these are such as for their Bacchanalian performances must be admitted into this order. They are three brothers lately landed from Holland; as yet, indeed, they have not made their public entry, but lodge and converse at Wapping. They have merited already on the water-side particular titles: the first is called Hogshead; the second, Culverin; and the third, Musquet. This fraternity is preparing for our end of the town by their ability in the exercises of Bacchus, and measure their time and merit by liquid weight, and power of drinking. Hogshead is a prettier fellow than Culverin, by two quarts; and Culverin than Musquet, by a full pint. It is to be feared Hogshead is so often too full, and Culverin overloaded, that Musquet will be the only lasting Very Pretty Fellow of the three.

A third sort of this denomination is such as, by very daring adventures in love, have purchased to themselves renown and new names; as Jo Carry, for his excessive strength and vigour; Tom Drybones, for his generous loss of youth and health; and Cancrum, for his meritorious rottenness.

These great and leading spirits are proposed to all such of our British youth as would arrive at perfection in these different kinds; and if their parts and accomplishments were well imitated, it is not doubted but that our nation would soon excel all others in wit and arts, as they already do in arms.

N. B. The gentleman who stole Betty Pepin* may own it, for he is allowed to be "a VERY Pretty Fellow."

But we must proceed to the explanation of other terms in our writings.

To know what a Toast is in the country gives as much perplexity as she herself does in town: and indeed the learned differ very much upon the original of this word, and the acceptation of it among the moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and cheerful import. A toast, in a cold morning, heightened by nutmeg, and sweetened with sugar, has for many ages been given to our rural dispensers of justice, before they entered upon causes, and has been of great and politic use to take off the severity of their sentences; but has, indeed, been remarkable for one ill effect, that it inclines those who use it immoderately to speak Latin, to the admiration rather than information of an audience. This application of a toast makes it very obvious, that the word may, without a metaphor, be understood as an apt name for a thing which raises us in the most sovereign degree. But many of the wits of the last age will assert, that the word in its present sense, was known among them in their youth, and had its rise from

* The kept mistress of a knight of the shire near Brentford, who squandered his estate on women, and in contested elections.

an accident at the town of Bath, in the reign of King Charles the Second.

It happened that, on a public day, a celebrated Beauty of those times was in the Cross Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors; who has ever since been called a Toast.

Though this institution had so trivial a beginning, it is now elevated into a formal order; and that happy virgin, who is received and drunk to at their meetings, has no more to do in this life but to judge and accept of the first good offer. The manner of her inauguration is much like that of the choice of a Doge in Venice: it is performed by balloting; and when she is so chosen, she reigns indisputably for that ensuing year; but must be elected a-new to prolong her empire a moment beyond it. When she is regularly chosen, her name is written with a diamond on a drinking-glass.* The hieroglyphic of the diamond is to shew her, that her value is imaginary; and that of the glass to acquaint her that her condition is frail, and depends on the hand which holds her. This wise design admonishes

* It was the fashion of the time, to inscribe verses thus to the reigning beauties. Several of these sprightly productions, "on the toasting-glasses of the Kit-cat Club," by the Lords Halifax, Wharton, Lansdowne, and Carbury, by Mr. Maynwaring, and other poetical members of that ingenious society, may be seen in Nichols's "Select Collection of Miscellany Poems," vol. v. p. 168—178, 276.

her, neither to over-rate or depreciate her charms; as well considering and applying, that it is perfectly according to the humour and taste of the company, whether the toast is eaten, or left as an offal.

The foremost of the whole rank of toasts, and the most indisputed in their present empire, are Mrs. Gatty and Mrs. Frontlet: the first an agreeable, the second an awful beauty. These ladies are perfect friends, out of a knowledge, that their perfections are too different to stand in competition. He that likes Gatty can have no relish for so solemn a creature as Frontlet; and an admirer of Frontlet will call Gatty a maypole girl. Gatty for ever smiles upon you; and Frontlet disdains to see you smile. Gatty's love is a shining quick flame; Frontlet's, a slow wasting fire. Gatty likes the man that diverts her; Frontlet, him who adores her. Gatty always improves the soil in which she travels; Frontlet lays waste the country. Gatty does not only smile, but laughs at her lover; Frontlet not only looks serious, but frowns at him. All the men of wit (and coxcombs their followers) are professed servants of Gatty; the politicians and pretenders give solemn worship to Frontlet. Their reign will be best judged of by its duration. Frontlet will never be chosen more; and Gatty is a toast for life.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 3.

Letters from Hamburgh of the seventh inst. N. S. inform us, that no art or cost is omitted to make the stay of his Danish Majesty at Dresden agreeable: but there are various speculations upon the interview between King Augustus and that Prince, many putting politic constructions upon

his Danish Majesty's arrival at a time when his troops are marching out of Hungary, with orders to pass through Saxony, where it is given out, that they are to be recruited. It is said also, that several Polish senators have invited King Augustus to return into Poland. His Majesty of Sweden, according to the same advices, has passed the Nieper without any opposition from the Muscovites, and advances with all possible expedition towards Volhinia, where he proposes to join King Stanislaus and General Crassau.

We hear from Bern of the first instant, N. S. that there is not a province in France, from whence the Court is not apprehensive of receiving accounts of public emotions, occasioned by the want of corn. The general diet of the thirteen cantons is assembled at Baden, but have not yet entered upon business; so that the affair of Tockenburgh is yet at a stand.

Letters from the Hague, dated the eleventh instant, N. S. advise, that Monsieur Rouille having acquainted the ministers of the allies, that his master had refused to ratify the preliminaries of a treaty adjusted with Monsieur Torcy, set out for Paris on Sunday morning. The same day the foreign ministers met a committee of the States-general, where Monsieur Van Hessen opened the business upon which they were assembled, and in a very warm discourse laid before them the conduct of France in the late negotiations, representing the abject manner in which she had laid open her own distresses, that reduced her to a compliance with the demands of all the allies, and her meanness in receding from those points to which Monsieur Torcy had consented. The respective ministers of each potentate of the alliance severally expressed their resentment

of the faithless behaviour of the French, and gave each other mutual assurances of the constancy and resolution of their principals, to proceed with the utmost vigour against the common enemy. His grace the Duke of Marlborough set out for the Hague on the ninth of the afternoon, and lay that night at Rotterdam, from whence at four the next morning he proceeded towards Antwerp, with a design to reach Ghent the next day. All the troops in the Low Countries are in motion towards the general rendezvous between the Scheld and the Lis: the whole army will be formed on the twelfth instant; and it is said, that on the fourteenth they will advance towards the enemy's country. In the mean time the Marshal de Villars has assembled the French forces between Lens, La Bassee, and Douay.

Yesterday morning Sir John Norris, with the squadron under his command, sailed from the Downs for Holland.

From my own Apartment, June 3.

I have the honour of the following letter from a gentleman whom I receive into my family, and order the heralds at arms to enrol him accordingly.

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"Though you have excluded me the honour of your family, yet I have ventured to correspond with the same great persons as yourself, and have wrote this post to the King of France; though I am in a manner unknown in his country, and have not been seen there these many months:

TO LEWIS LE GRAND.

" Though in your country I'm unknown,
Yet, Sir, I must advise you;
Of late so poor and mean you're grown,
That all the world despise you.

Here vermin eat your Majesty,
There meagre subjects stand unfed;
What surer signs of poverty,
Than many lice and little bread?

Then, Sir, the present minute choose;
Our armies are advanced:
Those terms you at the Hague refuse,
At Paris won't be granted.

Consider this, and Dunkirk raze,
And Anna's title own;
Send one pretender out to graze,
And call the other home.

" Your humble servant,
BREAD THE STAFF OF LIFE."

No. 25. TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, June 6.

A LETTER from from a young lady, written in the most passionate terms, wherein she laments the misfortune of a gentleman, her lover, who was lately wounded in a duel, has turned my thoughts

to that subject, and inclined me to examine into the causes which precipitate men into so fatal a folly. And as it has been proposed to treat of subjects of gallantry in the article from hence, and no one point in nature is more proper to be considered by the company who frequent this place than that of duels, it is worth our consideration to examine into this chimerical groundless humour, and to lay every other thought aside, until we have stripped it of all its false pretences to credit and reputation amongst men.

But I must confess, when I consider what I am going about, and run over in my imagination all the endless crowd of men of honour who will be offended at such a discourse; I am undertaking, methinks, a work worthy an invulnerable hero in romance, rather than a private gentleman with a single rapier: but as I am pretty well acquainted, by great opportunities, with the nature of man, and know of a truth that all men fight against their will, the danger vanishes, and resolution rises upon this subject. For this reason, I shall talk very freely on a custom which all men wish exploded, though no man has courage enough to resist it.

But there is one unintelligible word, which I fear will extremely perplex my dissertation, and I confess to you I find very hard to explain, which is the term "satisfaction." An honest country gentleman had the misfortune to fall into company with two or three modern men of honour, where he happened to be very ill treated; and one of the company being conscious of his offence, sends a note to him in the morning, and tells him, he was ready to give him *satisfaction*. "This is fine doing," says the plain fellow; "last night he sent me away cursedly out of humour, and this

morning he fancies it would be a *satisfaction* to be run through the body."

As the matter at present stands, it is not to do handsome actions denominates a man of honour; it is enough if he dares to defend ill ones. Thus you often see a common sharper in competition with a gentleman of the first rank: though all mankind is convinced, that a fighting gamester is only a pickpocket with the courage of an highwayman. One cannot with any patience reflect on the unaccountable jumble of persons and things in this town and nation; which occasions very frequently, that a brave man falls by a hand below that of a common hangman, and yet his executioner escapes the clutches of the hangman for doing it. I shall therefore hereafter consider, how the bravest men in other ages and nations have behaved themselves upon such incidents as we decide by combat; and shew, from their practice, that this resentment neither has its foundation from true reason or solid fame; but is an imposture, made of cowardice, falsehood, and want of understanding. For this work, a good history of quarrels would be very edifying to the public; and I apply myself to the town for particulars and circumstances within their knowledge, which may serve to embellish the dissertation with proper cuts. Most of the quarrels I have ever known, have proceeded from some valiant coxcomb's persisting in the wrong, to defend some prevailing folly, and preserve himself from the ingenuousness of owning a mistake.

By this means it is called "giving a man satisfaction," to urge your offence against him with your sword; which puts me in mind of Peter's order to the keeper, in The Tale of a Tub: "if you neglect to do all this, damn you and your ge-

neration for ever; and so we bid you heartily farewell." If the contradiction in the very terms of one of our challenges were as well explained and turned into downright English, would it not run after this manner?

"Sir,

"Your extraordinary behaviour last night and the liberty you were pleased to take with me, makes me this morning give you this, to tell you, because you are an ill bred puppy, I will meet you in Hyde-park an hour hence, and because you want both breeding and humanity, I desire you will come with a pistol in your hand, on horseback, and endeavour to shoot me through the head, to teach you more manners. If you fail of doing me this pleasure, I shall say you are a rascal on every post in town: and so, Sir, if you will not injure me more, I shall never forgive what you have done already. Pray, Sir, do not fail of getting every thing ready; and you will infinitely oblige, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, &c.

From my own Apartment, June 6.

Among the many employments I am necessarily put upon by my friends, that of giving advice is the most unwelcome to me; and, indeed I am forced to use a little art in the matter; for, some people will ask counsel of you, when they have already acted what they tell you is still under deliberation. I had almost lost a very good friend the other day, who came to know "how I liked his design to marry such a lady?" I answered, "By no means, and I must be positive against it, for very solid reasons which are not proper to be communicated." "Not proper to be communicated;" said he, with a grave air; "I will know the bottom of this." I saw him moved, and knew

from thence he was already determined; therefore evaded it by saying, "To tell you the truth, dear Frank, of all women living, I would have her myself." "Isaac," said he, "thou art too late, for we have been both one these two months."

I learned this caution by a gentleman's consulting me formerly about his son. He railed at his *damned* extravagance, and told me, "in a very little time he would beggar him by the exorbitant bills which came from Oxford every quarter." "Make the rogue bite upon the bridle," said I; "pay none of his bills; it will but encourage him to further trespasses." He looked plaguy sour at me. His son soon after sent up a paper of verses, forsooth, in print on the last public occasion; upon which, he is convinced the boy has parts, and a lad of spirit is not to be too much cramped in his maintenance, lest he take ill courses. Neither father nor son can ever since endure the sight of me.

These sort of people ask opinions only out of the fulness of their heart on the subject of their perplexity, and not from a desire of information.

There is nothing so easy as to find out which opinion the man in doubt has a mind to; therefore the sure way is, to tell him that is certainly to be chosen. Then you are to be very clear and positive; leave no handle for scruple. "Bless me! Sir, there is no room for a question!" This rivets you into his heart; for you at once applaud his wisdom, and gratify his inclination. However, I had too much bowels to be insincere to a man who came yesterday to know of me, with which, of two eminent men in the city, he should place his son? Their names are Paulo and Avaro. This gave me much debate with myself,

because not only the fortune of the youth, but his virtue also, dependeth upon this choice. The men are equally wealthy; but they differ in the use and application of their riches, which you immediately see upon entering their doors.

The habitation of Paulo has at once the air of a nobleman and a merchant. You see the servants act with affection to their master, and satisfaction in themselves: the master meets you with an open countenance, full of benevolence and integrity: your business is dispatched with that confidence and welcome which always accompany honest minds: his table is the image of plenty and generosity, supported by justice and frugality. After we had dined here, our affair was to visit Avaro: out comes an awkward fellow, with a careful countenance; "Sir, would you speak with my master? may I crave your name?" After the first preamble, he leads us into a noble solitude, a great house that seemed uninhabited; but from the end of the spacious hall moves towards us Avaro, with a suspicious aspect, as if he had believed us thieves; and, as for my part, I approached him as if I knew him a cut-purse. We fell into discourse of his noble dwelling, and the great estate all the world knew he had to enjoy in it; and I, to plague him, began to commend Paulo's way of living. "Paulo," answered Avaro, "is a very good man; but we, who have smaller estates, must cut our coat according to our cloth." "Nay," says I, "every man knows his own circumstances best; you are in the right, if you have not wherewithal." He looked very sour; for it is, you must know, the utmost vanity of a mean-spirited rich man to be contradicted when he calls himself poor; but I resolved to vex him, by consenting to all he said; the main design

of which was, that he would have us find out, he was one of the wealthiest men in London, and lived like a beggar. We left him, and took a turn on the Exchange. My friend was ravished with Avaro. "This," said he, "is certainly a sure man." I contradicted him with much warmth, and summed up their different characters as well as I could. "This, Paulo," said I, "grows wealthy by being a common good; Avaro, by being a general evil: Paulo has the art, Avaro the craft of trade. When Paulo gains, all men he deals with are the better; whenever Avaro profits another certainly loses. In a word, Paulo is a citizen, and Avaro a cit." I convinced my friend, and carried the young getleman the next day to Paulo, where he will learn the way both to gain and enjoy a good fortune. And though I cannot say I have, by keeping him from Avaro, saved him from the gallows, I have prevented his deserving it every day he lives: for with Paulo he will be an honest man, without being so for fear of the law; as with Avaro he would have been a villain within the protection of it.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 6.

We hear from Vienna of the first instant, that Baron Imhoff, who attended her Catholic Majesty with the character of Envoy from the Duke of Wolfenbuttel, was returned thither. That minister brought an account, that Major-general Stanhope, with the troops which embarked at Naples was returned to Barcelona. We hear from Berlin, by advices of the eighth instant, that his Prussian Majesty had received an account from his Minister at Dresden, that the king of Denmark desired to meet his Majesty at Magdeburg. The King of Prussia has sent for answer, that his pre-

sent indisposition will not admit of so great a journey; but has sent the King a very pressing invitation to come to Berlin, or Potsdam. These advices say, that the Minister of the King of Sweden has produced a letter from his master to the King of Poland, dated from Botizau the thirtieth of March, O. S. wherein he acquaints him, that he has been successful against the Muscovites in all the actions which have happened since his march into their country. Great numbers have revolted to the Swedes since General Mazeppa went over to that side; and as many as have done so have taken solemn oaths to adhere to the interests of his Swedish Majesty.

Advices from the Hague of the fourteenth instant, N. S. say, that all things tended to a vigorous and active campaign; the allies having strong resentments against the late behaviour of the Court of France; and the French using all possible endeavours to animate their men to defend their country against a victorious and exasperated enemy. Monsieur Rouille had passed through Brussels without visiting either the Duke of Marlborough or Prince Eugene, who were both there at that time. The States have met, and publicly declared their satisfaction in the conduct of their deputies during the whole treaty. Letters from France say, that the court is resolved to put all to the issue of the ensuing campaign. In the mean time, they have ordered the preliminary treaty to be published, with observations upon each article, in order to quiet the minds of the people, and persuade them, that it has not been in the power of the King to procure a peace, but to the diminution of his Majesty's glory, and the hazard of his dominions. His grace the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene

arrived at Ghent on Wednesday last, where, at an assembly of all the general officers, it was thought proper, by reason of the great rains which have lately fallen, to defer forming a camp, or bringing the troops together; but, as soon as the weather would permit, to march upon the enemy with all expedition.

No. 26. THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

From my own Apartment, June 8.

I HAVE read the following letter with delight and approbation, and I hereby order Mr. Kidney at St. James's, and Sir Thomas at White's (who are my clerks for enrolling all men in their different classes, before they presume to drink tea or chocolate in those places,) to take care that the persons within the descriptions in the letter be admitted and excluded, according to my friend's remonstrance.

" Sir, *June* 6, 1709.

" Your paper of Saturday has raised up in me a noble emulation to be recorded in the foremost rank of worthies therein mentioned; if any regard be had to merit or industry, I may hope to succeed in the promotion, for I have omitted no toil or expense to be a proficient; and if my friends do

not flatter, they assure me I have not lost my time since I came to town. To enumerate but a few particulars: there is hardly a coachman I meet with, but desires to be excused taking me, because he has had me before. I have compounded two or three rapes; and let out to hire as many bastards to beggars. I never saw above the first act of a play*; and as to my courage, it is well known I have more than once had sufficient witnesses of my drawing my sword both in tavern and playhouse. Dr. Wall,† is my particular friend; and if it were any service to the public to compose the difference between Martin† and Santilaer† the Pearl-driller‡ I do not know a judge of more experience than myself; for in that I may say, with the poet,

Quæ regio in villa nostri non plena laboris?

"What street resounds not with my great exploits?"

I omit other less particulars, the necessary consequences of greater actions. But my reason for troubling you at this present is, to put a stop, if it may be, to an insinuating increasing set of people, who, sticking to the letter of your treatise, and not to the spirit of it, do assume the name of "Pretty Fellows;" nay, and even get new names, as you very well hint. Some of them I have heard calling to one another as I have sat at White's and St. James's, by the names of Betty, Nelly, and so forth. You see them accost each other with effeminate airs: they have their signs and tokens like freemasons: they rail at womankind; receive visits on their beds in gowns, and

* At that time, it seems as if the money was returned to such as withdrew at the end of the first act.

† Three practitioners in physic or surgery of some note at that time for curing diseases contracted by debauchery.

‡ A term, rendered unintelligible by time.

do a thousand other unintelligible prettinesses that I cannot tell what to make of. I therefore heartily desire you would exclude all this sort of animals.

"There is another matter I foresee an ill consequence from, that may be timely prevented by prudence; which is, that for the last fortnight, prodigious shoals of volunteers have gone over to bully the French, upon hearing the peace was just signing; and this is so true, that I can assure you, all ingrossing work about the Temple is risen above three shillings in the pound for want of hands Now as it is possible, some little alteration of affairs may have broken their measures, and that they will post back again, I am under the last apprehension, that these will, at their return, all set up for "Pretty Fellows," and thereby confound all merit and service, and impose on us some new alteration in our night-cap wigs, and pockets, unless you can provide a particular class for them. I cannot apply myself better than to you, and I am sure I speak the mind of a very great number, as deserving as myself."

The pretensions of this correspondent are worthy a particular distinction; he cannot indeed be admitted as a "Pretty," but is what we more justly call a "Smart Fellow." Never to pay at the play-house is an act of frugality that lets you into his character; and his expedient in sending his children begging before they can go, are characteristical instances that he belongs to this class. I never saw the gentleman; but I know by his letter, he hangs his cane to his button; and by some lines of it he should wear red-heeled shoes; which are essential parts of the habit belonging to the order of "Smart Fellows."

My familiar is returned with the following letter from the French king.

"*Versailles, June* 3, 1709.

"LEWIS XIV. to ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ."

"SIR,

"I have your epistle, and must take the liberty to say, that there has been a time, when there were generous spirits in Great Britain, who would not have suffered my name to be treated with the familiarity you think fit to use. I thought liberal men would not be such time-servers, as to fall upon a man because his friends are not in power. But, having some concern for what you may transmit to posterity concerning me, I am willing to keep terms with you, and make a request to you, which is, that you would give my service to the nineteenth century (if ever you or yours reach them), and tell them, that I have settled all matters between them and me by Monsieur Boileau. I should be glad to see you here."

It is very odd, this prince should offer to invite me into his dominions, or believe I should accept the invitation. No, no, I remember too well how he served an ingenious gentleman, a friend of mine, whom he locked up in the Bastile for no reason in the world, but because he was a wit, and feared he might mention him with justice in some of his writings. His way is, that all men of sense are preferred, banished, or imprisoned. He has indeed a sort of justice in him, like that of the gamesters; for if a stander-by sees one at play cheat, he has a right to come in for shares, as knowing the mysteries of the game*.

This is a very wise and just maxim; and if I have not left at Mr. Morphew's, directed to me,

* Sir John Vanburgh, who was once confined in the Bastile, is probably the person here alluded to.

bank bills for two hundred pounds, on or before this day seven-night, I shall tell how Tom Cash got his estate. I expect three hundred pounds of Mr. Soilett, for concealing all the money he has lent to himself, and his landed friend bound with him at thirty *per cent.* at his scrivener's. Absolute princes make people pay what they please in deference to their power: I do not know why I should not do the same, out of fear or respect to my knowledge. I always preserve decorums and civilities to the fair sex: therefore, if a certain lady, who left her coach at the New Exchange door in the Strand, and whipt down Durham-yard into a boat with a young gentleman for Vauxhall†; I say, if she will send me word, that I may give the fan which she dropped, and I found, to my sister Jenny, there shall be no more said of it. I expect hush-money to be regularly sent for every folly or vice any one commits in this whole town; and hope, I may pretend to deserve it better than a chamber-maid or a *valet de chambre;* they only whisper it to the little set of their companions; but I can tell it to all men living, or who are to live. Therefore I desire all my readers to pay their fines, or mend their lives.

White's Chocolate-house, June 8.

My familiar being come from France, with an answer to my letter to Lewis of that kingdom, instead of going on in a discourse of what he had seen in that court, he put on the immediate concern of a guardian, and fell to inquiring into my thoughts and adventures since his journey. As short as his stay had been, I confessed I had

† In the original Folio it is "Fox-Hall."

had many occasions for his assistance in my conduct; but communicated to him my thoughts of putting all my force against the horrid and senseless custom of duels. "If it were possible," said he, "to laugh at things in themselves so deeply tragical as the impertinent profusion of human life, I think I could divert you with a figure I saw just after my death, when the philosopher threw me, as I told you some days ago, into the pail of water.

"You are to know that, when men leave the body, there are receptacles for them as soon as they depart, according to the manner in which they lived and died. At the very instant I was killed, there came away with me a spirit which had lost his body in a duel. We were both examined. Me the whole assembly looked at with kindness and pity, but at the same time with an air of welcome and consolation: they pronounced me very happy, who had died in innocence; and told me, 'a quite different place was allotted to me, than that which was appointed for my companion; there being a great distance from the mansions of fools and innocents; though at the same time, said one of the ghosts, there is a great affinity between an ideot who has been so for a long life, and a child who departs before maturity. But this gentleman who has arrived with you is a fool of his own making, is ignorant out of choice, and will fare accordingly.' The assembly began to flock about him, and one said to him, 'Sir, I observed you came in through the gate of persons murdered, and I desire to know what brought you to your untimely end?' He said, 'he had been "a second." Socrates (who may be said to have been murdered by the commonwealth of Athens) stood by,

and began to draw near him, in order, after his manner to lead him into a sense of his error by concessions in his own discourse. 'Sir, said that divine and amicable spirit, what was the quarrel?' He answered, 'We shall know very suddenly, when the principal in the business comes, for he was desperately wounded before I fell.' 'Sir, said the sage, had you an estate?' 'Yes, Sir,' the new guest answered, 'I have left it in a very good condition, and made my will the night before this occasion.' 'Did you read it before you signed it? 'Yes, sure, Sir,' said the new comer. Socrates replies, 'Could a man, that would not give his estate without reading the instrument, dispose of his life without asking a question?' That illustrious shade turned from him, and a crowd of impertinent goblins, who had been drolls and parasites in their life-time, and were knocked on their head for their sauciness, came about my fellow-traveller, and made themselves very merry with questions about the words *Cart* and *Terce*, and other terms of fencers. But his thoughts began to settle into reflection upon the adventure which had robbed him of his late being; and with a wretched sigh, said he, How terrible are conviction and guilt, when they come too late for penitence!"

Pacolet was going on in this strain, but he recovered from it, and told me, "It was too soon to give my discourse on this subject so serious a turn; you have chiefly to do with that part of mankind which must be led into reflection by degrees, and you must treat this custom with humour and raillery to get an audience, before you come to pronounce sentence upon it. There is foundation enough for raising such entertainments, from the practice on this occasion. Do

not you know that often a man is called out of bed to follow implicitly a coxcomb (with whom he would not keep company on any other occasion) to ruin and death?—Then a good list of such as are qualified by the laws of these uncourteous men of chivalry to enter into combat (who are often persons of honour without common honesty); these, I say, ranged and drawn up in their proper order, would give an aversion to doing any thing in common with such as men laugh at and contemn. But to go through this work, you must not let your thoughts vary, nor make excursions from your theme: consider, at the same time, that the matter has been often treated by the ablest and greatest writers; yet that must not discourage you: for the properest person to handle it is one who has roved into mixed conversations, and must have opportunities (which I shall give you) of seeing these sort of men in their pleasures and gratifications, among which they pretend to reckon fighting. It was pleasantly enough said of a bully in France, when duels first began to be punished: The king has taken away gaming and stage-playing, and now fighting too; how does he expect gentlemen shall divert themselves?"

of all the actions of his followers; and a Rake has imitators whom you would never expect should prove so. Second-hand vice, sure, of all is the most nauseous. There is hardly a folly more absurd, or which seems less to be accounted for (though it is what we see every day,) than that grave and honest natures give into this way, and at the same time have good sense, if they thought fit to use it; but the fatality (under which most men labour) of desiring to be what they are not, makes them go out of a method in which they might be received with applause, and would certainly excel, into one, wherein they will all their life have the air of strangers to what they aim at.

For this reason, I have not lamented the metamorphosis of any one I know so much as of Nobilis, who was born with sweetness of temper, just apprehension, and every thing else that might make him a man fit for his order. But instead of the pursuit of sober studies and applications, in which he would certainly be capable of making a considerable figure in the noblest assembly of men in the world; I say in spite of that good nature, which is his proper bent, he will say ill natured things aloud, put such as he was, and still should be, out of countenance, and drown all the natural good in him, to receive an artificial ill character, in which he will never succeed; for Nobilis is no Rake. He may guzzle as much wine as he pleases, talk bawdy if he thinks fit; but he may as well drink water-gruel, and go twice a day to church, for it will never do. I pronounce it again, Nobilis is no Rake. To be of that order, he must be vicious against his will, and not so by study or application. All "Pretty Fellows" are also excluded to a man, as well as all inamoratoes, or persons of the epicene gen-

der, who gaze at one another in the presence of ladies. This class, of which I am giving you an account, is pretended to also by men of strong abilities in drinking; though they are such whom the liquor, not the conversation, keeps together. But blockheads may roar, fight, and stab, and be never the nearer; their labour is also lost; they want sense: they are no Rakes.

As a Rake among men is the man who lives in the constant abuse of his reason, so a coquet among women is one who lives in continual misapplication of her beauty. The chief of all whom I have the honour to be acquainted with, is pretty Mrs. Toss: she is ever in practice of something which disfigures her, and takes from her charms, though all she does tends to a contrary effect. She has naturally a very agreeable voice and utterance, which she has changed for the prettiest lisp imaginable. She sees what she has a mind to see at half a mile distance; but poring with her eyes half shut at every one she passes by, she believes much more becoming. The Cupid on her fan and she have their eyes full on each other, all the time in which they are not both in motion. Whenever her eye is turned from that dear object, you may have a glance, and your bow, if she is in humour, returned as civilly as you make it; but that must not be in the presence of a man of greater quality: for Mrs. Toss is so thoroughly well-bred, that the chief person present has all her regards. And she who giggles at divine service, and laughs at her very mother, can compose herself at the approach of a man of a good estate.

Will's Coffee-house, June 9.

A fine lady shewed a gentleman of this company, for an eternal answer to all his addresses, a pa-

per of verses, with which she is so captivated, that she professed the author should be the happy man in spite of all other pretenders. It is ordinary for love to make men poetical, and it had that effect on this enamoured man: but he was resolved to try his vein upon some of her confidents or retinue, before he ventured upon so high a theme as herself. To do otherwise than so, would be like making an heroic poem a man's first attempt. Among the favourites to the fair one, he found her parrot not to be in the last degree: he saw Poll had her ear, when his sighs were neglected. To write against him had been a fruitless labour; therefore he resolved to flatter him into his interest in the following manner:

TO A LADY, ON HER PARROT.

When nymphs were coy, and love could not prevail,
The gods disguis'd were seldom known to fail;
Leda was chaste, but yet a feather'd Jove
Surpris'd the fair, and taught her how to love.
There's no celestial but his heaven would quit,
For any form which might to thee admit.
See how the wanton bird, at every glance,
Swells his glad plumes, and feels an amorous trance;
The queen of beauty has forsook the dove;
Henceforth the parrot be the bird of love.

It is indeed a very just proposition to give that honour rather to the parrot than the other volatile. The parrot represents us in the state of making love: the dove, in the possession of the object beloved. But, instead of turning the dove off, I fancy it would be better if the chaise of Venus had hereafter a parrot added (as we see sometimes a third horse to a coach), which might intimate, that to be a parrot, is the only way to succeed; and to be a dove, to preserve your conquests. If the swain would go on successfully, he must imitate the bird he writes upon: for he

who would be loved by women, must never be silent before the favour, or open his lips after it.

From my own Apartment, June 10.

I have so many messages from young gentlemen who expect preferment and distinction, that I am wholly at a loss in what manner to acquit myself. The writer of the following letter tells me in a postscript, he cannot go out of town until I have taken some notice of him, and is very urgent to be somebody in it, before he returns to his commons at the university. But take it from himself.

"To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Monitor-General of Great Britain.

"Sir, *Sheer-lane, June* 8.

"I have been above six months from the university, of age these three months, and so long in town. I was recommended to one Charles Bubbleboy* near the Temple, who has supplied me with all the furniture he says a gentleman ought to have. I desired a certificate thereof from him, which he said would require some time to consider of; and when I went yesterday morning for it, he tells me, upon due consideration, I still want some few odd things more, to the value of threescore or fourscore pounds, to make me complete. I have bespoke them; and the favour I beg of you is, to know, when I am equipped, in what part or class of men in this town you will place me. Pray send me word what I am, and you shall find me, sir, your most humble servant,

"Jeffry Nicknack."

* Charles Mather, at that time an eminent toyman in Fleet-street.

I am very willing to encourage young beginners, but am extremely in the dark how to dispose of this gentleman. I cannot see either his person or habit in this letter; but I will call at Charles's,* and know the shape of his snuff-box, by which I can settle his character. Though indeed, to know his full capacity, I ought to be informed whether he takes Spanish or Musty.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 10.

Letters from the Low Countries, of the seventeenth instant say, that the Duke of Marlborough and the Prince of Savoy intended to leave Ghent on that day, and join the army which lies between Pont d'Espiere and Courtray, their head-quarters being at Helchin. The same day the Palatine foot were expected at Brussels. Lieutenant-general Dompre, with a body of eight thousand men, is posted at Alost, in order to cover Ghent and Brussels. The Marshal de Villars was still on the plain of Lenz; and it is said the Duke of Vendosme is appointed to command in conjunction with that general Advices from Paris say, Monsieur Voisin is made secretary of state, upon Monsieur Chamillard's resignation of that employment. The want of money in that kingdom is so great, that the court has thought fit to command all the plate of private families to be brought into the mint. They write from the Hague of the eighteenth, that the States of Holland continue their session; and that they have approved the resolution of the States-General, to publish a second edict to prohibit the sale of corn to the enemy. Many eminent persons in that assembly have declared that they are of opinion, that all

* Charles Mather's.

commerce whatsoever with France should be wholly forbidden: which point is under present deliberation; but it is feared it will meet with powerful opposition.

No. 28. TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, June 13.

I HAD suspended the business of duelling to a distant time, but that I am called upon to declare myself on a point proposed in the following letter.

" SIR, *June* 9, *at night.*

" I desire the favour of you to decide this question, whether calling a gentleman a Smart Fellow is an affront or not? A youth entering a certain coffee-house, with his cane tied to his button, wearing red-heeled shoes, I thought of your description, and could not forbear telling a friend of mine next to me, " There enters a Smart Fellow." The gentleman hearing it, had immediately a mind to pick a quarrel with me, and desired satisfaction; at which I was more puzzled than at the other, remembering what mention your familiar makes of those that had lost their lives on such occasions. The thing is referred to your judgment; and I expect you to be my second, since you have been the cause of our quarrel. I am, Sir, your friend and humble servant."

I absolutely pronounce, that there is no occasion of offence given in this expression; for a "Smart Fellow" is always an appellation of praise, and is a man of double capacity. The true cast or mould in which you may be sure to know him is, when his livelihood or education is in the civil list, and you see him express a vivacity or mettle above the way he is in by a little jerk in his motion, short trip in his steps, well-fancied lining of his coat, or any other indications which may be given in a vigorous dress. Now, what possible insinuation can there be, that it is a cause of quarrel for a man to say, he allows a gentleman really to be what his taylor, his hosier, and his milliner, have conspired to make him? I confess, if this person who appeals to me had said, he was "not a smart fellow," there had been cause for resentment; but if he stands to it that he is one, he leaves no manner of ground for misunderstanding. Indeed it is a most lamentable thing, that there should be a dispute raised upon a man's saying another is what he plainly takes pains to be thought.

But this point cannot be so well adjusted, as by inquiring what are the sentiments of wise nations and communities of the use of the sword, and from thence conclude whether it is honourable to draw it so frequently or not? An illustrious commonwealth of Italy* has preserved itself for many ages, without letting one of their subjects handle this destructive instrument; always leaving that work to such of mankind as understand the use of a whole skin so little, as to make a profession of exposing it to cuts and scars.

* Venice, which declined engaging in the war of the Grand Alliance in 1702.

But what need we run to such foreign instances? Our own ancient and well-governed cities are conspicuous examples to all mankind in their regulation of military atchievements. The chief citizens, like the noble Italians, hire mercenaries to carry arms in their stead; and you shall have a fellow of a desperate fortune for the gain of one half crown, go through all the dangers of Tothill-Fields, or the Artillery-Ground, clap his right jaw within two inches of the touch-hole of a musquet, fire it off, and huzza, with as little concern as he tears a pullet.* Thus you see to what scorn of danger these mercenaries arrive, out of a mere love of sordid gain: but methinks it should take off the strong prepossession men have in favour of bold actions, when they see upon what low motives men aspire to them. Do but observe the common practice in the government of those heroic bodies, our militia and lieutenancies, the most ancient corps of soldiers, perhaps, in the universe; I question, whether there is one instance of an animosity between any two of these illustrious sons of Mars since their institution, which was decided by combat? I remember indeed to have read the chronicle of an accident which had like to have occasioned bloodshed in the very field before all the general officers, though most of them were justices of the peace. Captain Crabtree, of Birchin-lane, haberdasher, had drawn a bill upon major-general Maggot, cheesemonger, in Thames-street. Crabtree draws this upon Mr. William Maggot and Company. A country lad received this bill, and not understanding the word *company*, used in drawing bills on men in partnership, carried it to Mr. Jeffrey

* The state and discipline of the city train bands at this time was very justly a standing subject of ridicule to the wits.

Stitch of Crooked-lane, (lieutenant of the major-general's company,) whom he had the day before seen march by the door in all the pomp of his commission. The lieutenant accepts it, for the honour of the company, since it had come to him: but repayment being asked from the major-general, he absolutely refuses. Upon this, the lieutenant thinks of nothing less than to bring this to a rupture, and takes for his second Tobias Armstrong, of the Counter,* and sends him with a challenge in a scrip of parchment, wherein was written Stitch *contra* Maggot; and all the fury vanished in a moment. The major-general gives satisfaction to the second, and all was well.

Hence it is, that the bold spirits of our city are kept in such subjection to the civil power. Otherwise, where would our liberties soon be, if wealth and valour were suffered to exert themselves with their utmost force? If such officers as are employed in the terrible bands above-mentioned were to draw bills as well as swords, these dangerous captains, who could victual an army as well as lead it, would be too powerful for the state. But the point of honour justly gives way to that of gain; and, by long and wise regulation, the richest is the bravest man. I have known a captain rise to a colonel in two days by the fall of stocks; and a major, my good friend, near the Monument, ascended to that honour by the fall of the price of spirits, and the rising of right nantz. By this true sense of honour, that body of warriors are ever in good order and discipline, with their colours and coats all whole: as in other battalions (where their principles of action are less solid) you see the men of service look like spectres with long sides and lank cheeks. In this army you may

* A bum-bailiff.

measure a man's service by his waist, and the most prominent belly is certainly the man who has been most upon action. Besides all this, there is another excellent remark to be made in the discipline of these troops. It being of absolute necessity, that the people of England should see what they have for their money, and be eye-witnesses of the advantages they gain by it, all battles which are fought abroad are represented here. But, since one side must be beaten, and the other conqueror, which might create disputes, the eldest company is always to make the other run, and the younger retreats, according to the last news and best intelligence. I have myself seen Prince Eugene make Catinat fly from the backside of Gray's Inn lane to Hockley in the Hole, and not give over the pursuit until obliged to leave the Bear-garden on the right, to avoid being borne down by fencers, wild-bulls, and monsters, too terrible for the encounter of any heroes, but such whose lives are their livelihood.

We have here seen that wise nations do not admit of fighting, even in the defence of their country, as a laudable action; and they live within the walls of our own city in great honour and reputation without it. It would be very necessary to understand, by what force of the climate, food, education, or employment, one man's sense is brought to differ so essentially from that of another; that one is ridiculous and contemptible for forbearing a thing which makes for his safety; and another applauded for consulting his ruin and destruction.

It will therefore be necessary for us (to shew our travelling) to examine this subject fully, and tell you how it comes to pass, that a man of honour in Spain, though you offend him never so gallantly, stabs you basely; in England, though you of-

fend him never so basely, challenges fairly: the former kills you out of revenge, the latter out of good breeding. But to probe the heart of man in this particular to its utmost thoughts and recesses, I must wait for the return of Pacolet, who is now attending a gentleman lately in a duel, and sometimes visits the person by whose hands he received his wounds.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 13.

Letters from Vienna of the eighth instant say, there has been a journal of the marches and actions of the King of Sweden, from the beginning of January, to the eleventh of April, N. S communicated by the Swedish ministers to that court. These advices inform, that his Swedish Majesty entered the territories of Muscovy in February last, with the main body of his army, in order to oblige the enemy to a general engagement; but that the Muscovites declining a battle, and an universal thaw having rendered the rivers unpassable, the King returned into Ukrania. There are mentioned several rencounters between considerable detachments of the Swedish and Russian armies. Marshal Heister intended to take his leave of the court on the day after the date of these letters, and put himself at the head of the army in Hungary. The malcontents had attempted to send in a supply of provision into Newhausel; but their design was disappointed by the Germans.

Advices from Berlin of the fifteenth instant, N. S. say that his Danish Majesty having received an invitation from the King of Prussia to an interview, designed to come to Potsdam within a few days, and that King Augustus resolved to accompany him thither. To avoid all difficulties in ceremony, the three Kings, and all the company

who shall have the honour to sit with them at table, are to draw lots, and take precedence accordingly.

They write from Hamburgh of the eighteenth instant, N. S. that some particular letters from Dantzic speak of a late action between the Swedes and Muscovites near Jerislaw; but that engagement being mentioned from no other place, there is not much credit given to this intelligence.

We hear from Brussels by letters dated the twentieth, that on the fourteenth, in the evening, the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene arrived at Courtray, with a design to proceed the day following to Lisle, in the neighbourhood of which city the confederate army was to rendezvous the same day. Advices from Paris inform us, that the Marshal de Bezons is appointed to command in Dauphine, and that the Duke of Berwick is set out for Spain, with a design to follow the fortunes of the Duke of Anjou, in case the French King should comply with the late demands of the allies.

The Court of France has sent a circular letter to all the governors of the provinces, to recommend to their consideration his Majesty's late conduct in the affair of peace. It is thought fit, in that epistle, to condescend to a certain appeal to the people, whether it is consistent with the dignity of the Crown, or the French name, to submit to the preliminaries demanded by the confederates? That letter dwells upon the unreasonableness of the allies, in requiring his Majesty's assistance in dethroning his grandson; and treats this particular in language more suitable to it, as it is a topic of oratory, than a real circumstance on which the interests of nations, and reasons of state, which affect all Europe, are concerned.

The close of this memorial seems to prepare the people to expect all events, attributing the confidence of the enemy to the goodness of their troops; but acknowledging that his sole dependance is upon the intervention of Providence.

No. 29. THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, June 14.

HAVING a very solid respect for human nature, however it is distorted from its natural make by affectation, humour, custom, misfortune, or vice, I do apply myself to my friends to help me in raising arguments for preserving it in all its individuals, as long as it is permitted. To one of my letters on this subject I have received the following answer:

"SIR,

"In answer to your question, why men of sense, virtue, and experience, are seen still to comply with that ridiculous custom of duelling? I must desire you to reflect that custom has dished up in ruffs the wisest heads of our ancestors, and put the best of the present age into huge falbala periwigs. Men of sense would not impose such incumbrances on themselves, but be glad

they might show their faces decently in public upon easier terms. If then such men appear reasonably slaves to the fashion, in what regards the figure of their persons, we ought not to wonder, that they are at least so in what seems to touch their reputations. Besides, you cannot be ignorant, that dress and chivalry have been always encouraged by the ladies, as the two principal branches of gallantry It is to avoid being sneered at for his singularity, and from a desire to appear more agreeable to his mistress, that a wise, experienced, and polite man, complies with the dress commonly received; and is prevailed upon to violate his reason and principles, in hazarding his life and estate by a tilt, as well as suffering his pleasures to be constrained and soured by the constant apprehension of a quarrel. This is the more surprising, because men of the most delicate sense and principles have naturally in other cases a particular repugnance in accommodating themselves to the maxims of the world: but one may easily distinguish the man that is affected with beauty, and the reputation of a tilt, from him who complies with both, merely as they are imposed upon him by custom; for, in the former you will remark an air of vanity and triumph; whereas, when the latter appears in a long *Duvillier** full of powder, or has decided a quarrel by the sword, you may perceive in his face, that he appeals to custom for an excuse. I think it may not be improper to inquire into the genealogy of this chimerical monster called a Duel, which I take to be an illegitimate species of the ancient knight errantry. By the laws of this whim, the heroic person, or man of gallantry,

* A kind of wig so called.

was indispensably obliged to starve in armour a certain number of years in the chase of monsters, encounter them at the peril of his life, and suffer great hardships, in order to gain the affection, of the fair lady, and qualify himself for assuming the *belle air;* that is, of a pretty fellow, or man of honour, according to the fashion: but since the publishing of Don Quixote, and extinction of the race of dragons, which Suetonius says happened in that of Wantley*, the gallant and heroic spirits of these latter times have been under the necessity of creating new chimerical monsters to entertain themselves with, by way of single combat, as the only proofs they are able to give their own sex, and the ladies, that they are in all points men of nice honour. But, to do justice to the ancient and real monsters, I must observe, that they never molested those who were not of a humour to hunt for them in the woods and deserts; whereas, on the contrary, our modern monsters are so familiarly admitted and entertained in all the courts and cities of Europe (except France), that one can scarcely be in the most humanized society without risking one's life; the people of the best sort, and the fine gentlemen of the age, being so fond of them, that they seldom appear in any public place without one. I have some further considerations upon this subject; which as you encourage me, shall be communicated to you by, Sir, a cousin but one remove from the best family of the Staffs; namely, Sir, your humble servant, kinsman, and friend,

"Tim Switch."

* In humorous writings one may be led to search for quotations no where to be found in the authors referred to, as appears from this passage.

It is certain that Mr. Switch has hit upon the true source of this evil; and that it proceeds only from the force of custom, that we contradict ourselves in half the particulars and occurrences of life. But such a tyranny in love, which the fair impose upon us, is a little too severe; that we must demonstrate our affection for them by no certain proof but hatred to one another, or come at them (only as one does at an estate) by survivorship. This way of application to gain a lady's heart, is taking her as we do towns and castles, by distressing the place, and letting none come near them without our pass. Were such a lover once to write the truth of his heart, and let her know his whole thoughts, he would appear indeed to have a passion for her; but it would hardly be called love. The billet-doux would run to this purpose:

"Madam,

"I have so tender a regard for you and your interests, that I will knock any man on the head whom I observe to be of my mind and like you. Mr. Truman, the other day, looked at you in so languishing a manner, that I am resolved to run him through to-morrow morning. This, I think, he deserves, for his guilt in admiring you; than which I cannot have a greater reason for murdering him, except it be that you also approve him. Whoever says he dies for you I will make his words good, for I will kill him. I am, Madam, your most obedient humble servant."

From my own Apartment, June 14.

I am just come hither at ten at night, and have, ever since six, been in the most celebrated, though most nauseous company in town; the two

leaders of the society were a Critic and a Wit. These two gentlemen are great opponents on all occasions, not discerning that they are the nearest each other, in temper and talents, of any two classes of men in the world; for to profess judgment, and to profess wit, both arise from the same failure; which is want of judgment. The poverty of the Critic this way proceeds from the abuse of his faculty; that of the Wit, from the neglect of it. It is a particular observation I have always made, that of all mortals a critic is the silliest; for by inuring himself to examine all things, whether they are of consequence or not, he never looks upon any thing but with a design of passing sentence upon it; by which means he is never a companion but always a censor. This makes him earnest upon trifles, and dispute on the most indifferent occasions with vehemence. If he offers to speak or write, that talent which should approve the work of the other faculties, prevents their operation. He comes upon action in armour, but without weapons; he stands in safety, but can gain no glory. The wit, on the other hand, has been hurried so long away by imagination only, that judgment seems not to have ever been one of his natural faculties. This gentleman takes himself to be as much obliged to be merry, as the other to be grave. A thorough Critic is a sort of Puritan in the polite world. As an enthusiast in religion stumbles at the ordinary occurrences of life, if he cannot quote scripture examples on the occasion; so the Critic is never safe in his speech or writing, without he has, among the celebrated writers, an authority for the truth of his sentence. You will believe we had a very good time with these brethren, who were so far out of the dress of their native coun-

try, and so lost in its dialect, that they were as much strangers to themselves, as to their relation to each other. They took up the whole discourse; sometimes the Critic grew passionate, and when reprimanded by the Wit for any trip or hesitation in his voice, he would answer, "Mr. Dryden makes such a character, on such an occasion, break off in the same manner: so that the stop was according to nature, and as a man in a passion should do." The Wit, who is as far gone in letters as himself, seems to be at a loss to answer such an apology; and concludes only that though his anger is justly vented, it wants fire in the utterance. If wit is to be measured by the circumstances of time and place, there is no man has generally so little of that talent as he who is a Wit by profession. What he says, instead of arising from the occasion, has an occasion invented to bring it in. Thus he is new for no other reason, but that he talks like nobody else; but has taken up a method of his own, without commerce of dialogue with other people. The lively Jasper Dactyle is one of this character. He seems to have made a vow to be witty to his life's end. When you meet him, "What do you think," says he, "I have been entertaining myself with?" Then out comes a premeditated turn; to which it is to no purpose to answer, for he goes on in the same strain of thought he designed without your speaking. Therefore I have a general answer to all he can say; as, "Sure there never was any creature had so much fire!" Spondee, who is a critic, is seldom out of this fine man's company. They have no manner of affection for each other, but keep together like Novel and Oldfox in the Plain Dealer, because they shew each other. I know several men of sense who

can be diverted with this couple; but I see no curiosity in the thing, except it be, that Spondee is dull, and seems dull; but Dactyle is heavy with a brisk face. It must be owned also that Dactyle has almost vigour enough to be a coxcomb; but Spondee, by the lowness of his constitution, is only a blockhead.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 15.

We have no particulars of moment since our last, except it be, that the copy of the following original letter came by the way of Ostend. It is said to have been found in the closet of Monsieur Chamillard, the late secretary of state of France, since his disgrace. It was signed by two brothers of the famous Cavallier,* who led the Cevennois, and had a personal interview with the king, as well as a capitulation to lay down his arms, and leave the dominions of France. There are many other names to it; among whom is the chief of the family of the marquis Guiscard. It is not yet known whether Monsieur Chamillard had any real design to favour the Protestant interest, or only thought to place himself at the head of that people, to make him considerable enough to oppose his enemies at court, and reinstate himself in power there.

"Sir,

"We have read your Majesty's letter to the governors of your provinces, with instructions what sentiments to insinuate into the minds of your people: but as you have always acted upon the maxim, that we were made for you, and not you for us, we must take leave to assure your

* James Cavallier was the celebrated leader of the French Protestants in the Cevennes, when they opposed the tyranny of Lewis XIV.

Majesty, that we are exactly of the contrary opinion; and must desire you to send for your grandson home, and acquaint him, that you now know, by experience, absolute power is only a vertigo in the brain of princes, which for a time may quicken their motion, and double in their diseased sight the instances of power above them; but must end at last in their fall and destruction. Your memorial speaks you a good father of your family, but a very ill one of your people. Your majesty is reduced to hear truth, when you are obliged to speak it. There is no governing any but savages by other methods than their own consent, which you seem to acknowledge in appealing to us for our opinion of your conduct in treating of peace. Had your people been always of your council, the king of France had never been reduced so low as to acknowledge his arms were fallen into contempt. But since it is thus, we must ask, how is any man of France, but they of the house of Bourbon, the better, that Philip is king of Spain? We have outgrown that folly of placing our happiness in your Majesty's being called, The Great. Therefore you and we are all alike bankrupts, and undone, let us not deceive ourselves; but compound with our adversaries, and not talk like their equals. Your Majesty must forgive us, that we cannot wish you success, or lend you help; for, if you lose one battle more, we may have a hand in the peace you make; and doubt not but your Majesty's faith in treaties will require the ratification of the states of your kingdom. So we bid you heartily farewell, until we have the honour to meet you assembled in parliament. This happy expectation makes us willing to wait the event of another campaign, from whence we hope to be raised

from the misery of slaves to the privileges of subjects. We are your Majesty's truly faithful and loyal subjects, &c."

No. 30. SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

From my own Apartment, June 16.

The vigilance, the anxiety, the tenderness, which I have for the good people of England, I am persuaded, will in time be much commended; but I doubt whether they will be ever rewarded. However, I must go on cheerfully in my work of reformation: that being my great design, I am studious to prevent my labour's increasing upon me; therefore am particularly observant of the temper and inclinations of childhood and youth, that we may not give vice and folly supplies from the growing generation. It is hardly to be imagined how useful this study is, and what great evils or benefits arise from putting us in our tender years to what we are fit or unfit; therefore on Tuesday last (with a design to sound their inclinations) I took three lads, who are under my guardianship, a-rambling, in a hackney-coach, to show them the town; as the lions, the tombs, Bedlam, and the other places which are entertainments to raw minds because they strike for-

cibly on the fancy. The boys are brothers, one of sixteen, the other of fourteen, the other of twelve. The first was his father's darling, the second his mother's, and the third mine, who am their uncle. Mr. William is a lad of true genius; but, being at the upper end of a great school, and having all the boys below him, his arrogance is insupportable. If I begin to show a little of my Latin, he immediately interrupts: "Uncle, under favour, that which you say is not understood in that manner." "Brother," says my boy Jack, "you do not shew your manners much in contradicting my uncle Isaac!" "You queer cur," says Mr. William, "do you think my uncle takes any notice of such a dull rogue as you are?" Mr. William goes on, "He is the most stupid of all my mother's children: he knows nothing of his book: when he should mind that, he is hiding or hoarding his taws and marbles, or laying up farthings. His way of thinking is, four and twenty farthings make sixpence, and two sixpences a shilling; two shillings and sixpence half a crown, and two half crowns five shillings. So within these two months the close hunks has scraped up twenty shillings, and we will make him spend it all before he comes home." Jack immediately claps his hands into both pockets, and turns as pale as ashes. There is nothing touches a parent (and such I am to Jack) so nearly as a provident conduct. This lad has in him the true temper for a good husband, a kind father, and an honest executor. All the great people, you see make considerable figures on the exchange, in court, and sometimes in senates, are such as in reality have no greater faculty than what may be called human instinct, which is a natural tendency to their own preservation, and

that of their friends, without being capable of striking out of the road for adventures. There is Sir William Scrip was of this sort of capacity from his childhood; he has bought the country round him, and makes a bargain better than Sir Harry Wildfire, with all his wit and humour. Sir Harry never wants money but he comes to Scrip, laughs at him half an hour, and then gives bond for the other thousand. The close men are incapable of placing merit any where but in their pence, and therefore gain it; while others, who have larger capacities, are diverted from the pursuit by enjoyments which can be supported only by that cash which they despise; and therefore are in the end slaves to their inferiors both in fortune and understanding. I once heard a man of excellent sense observe, that more affairs in the world failed by being in the hands of men of too large capacities for their business, than by being in the conduct of such as wanted abilities to execute them. Jack therefore, being of a plodding make, shall be a citizen: and I design him to be the refuge of the family in their distress, as well as their jest in prosperity. His brother Will shall go to Oxford with all speed, where, if he does not arrive at being a man of sense, he will soon be informed wherein he is a coxcomb. There is in that place such a true spirit of raillery and humour, that if they cannot make you a wise man, they will certainly let you know you are a fool; which is all my cousin wants, to cease to be so. Thus, having taken these two out of the way, I have leisure to look at my third lad. I observe in the young rogue a natural subtlety of mind which discovers itself rather in forbearing to declare his thoughts on any occasion, than in any visible way of exerting himself in discourse.

For which reason I will place him, where, if he commits no faults, he may go farther than those in other stations, though they excel in virtues. The boy is well-fashioned, and will easily fall into a graceful manner; wherefore I have a design to make him a page to a great lady of my acquaintance; by which means he will be well skilled in the common modes of life, and make a greater progress in the world by that knowledge, than with the greatest qualities without it. A good mien in a court will carry a man greater lengths than a good understanding in any other place. We see a world of pains taken, and the best years of life spent in collecting a set of thoughts in a college for the conduct of life, and, after all, the man so qualified shall hesitate in his speech to a good suit of clothes, and want common sense before an agreeable woman. Hence it is, that wisdom, valour, justice and learning, cannot keep a man in countenance that is possessed with these excellences, if he wants that inferior art of life and behaviour, called good-breeding. A man endowed with great perfections, without this, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occasions.

Will Courtly is a living instance of this truth, and has had the same education which I am giving my nephew. He never spoke a thing but what was said before, and yet can converse with the wittiest men without being ridiculous. Among the learned, he does not appear ignorant; nor with the wise, indiscreet. Living in conversation from his infancy makes him nowhere at a loss; and a long familiarity with the persons of men is, in a manner, of the same service to him, as if he knew their arts. As ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance, so good-

breeding is an expedient to make fools and wise men equals.

Will's Coffee-house, June 17.

The suspension of the playhouse has made me have nothing to send you from hence; but calling here this evening, I found the party I usally sit with, upon the business of writing, and examining what was the handsomest style in which to address women, and write letters of gallantry. Many were the opinions which were immediately declared on this subject. Some were for a certain softness; some for I know not what delicacy; others for something inexpressibly tender. When it came to me, I said there was no rule in the world to be made for writing letters, but that of being as near what you speak face to face as you can; which is so great a truth, that I am of opinion, writing has lost more mistresses than any one mistake in the whole legend of love. For when you write to a lady for whom you have a solid and honourable passion, the great idea you have of her, joined to a quick sense of her absence, fills your mind with a sort of tenderness, that gives your language too much the air of complaint, which is seldom successful. For a man may flatter himself as he pleases; but he will find that the women have more understanding in their own affairs than we have, and women of spirit are not to be won by mourners. He that can keep handsomely within rules, and support the carriage of a companion to his mistress, is much more likely to prevail, than he who lets her see the whole relish of his life depends upon her. If possible, therefore, divert your mistress rather than sigh for her. The pleasant man she will desire for her own sake; but the languishing lover has nothing to hope from, but her pity. To show

the difference, I produced two letters a lady gave me, which had been writ by two gentlemen who pretended to her, but were both killed the next day after the date, at the battle of Almanza. One of them was a mercurial gay-humoured man; the other a man of a serious, but a great and gallant spirit. Poor Jack Careless! this is his letter: you see how it is folded: the air of it is so negligent, one might have read half of it by peeping into it, without breaking it open. He had no exactness.

"Madam,

"It is a very pleasant circumstance I am in, that while I should be thinking of the good company we are to meet within a day or two, where we shall go to loggerheads, my thoughts are running upon a fair enemy in England. I was in hopes I had left you there; but you follow the camp, though I have endeavoured to make some of our *leaguer ladies** drive you out of the field. All my comfort is, you are more troublesome to my colonel than myself: I permit you to visit me only now and then; but he downright keeps you. I laugh at his honour, as far as his gravity will allow me: but I know him to be a man of too much merit to succeed with a woman. Therefore defend your heart as well as you can: I shall come home this winter irresistibly dressed, and with quite a new foreign air. And so I had like to say, I rest, but, alas! I remain, madam, your most obedient, most humble servant,

"JOHN CARELESS."

* Women who accompany the army.

Now for colonel Constant's epistle; you see it is folded and directed with the utmost care:

"Madam,

"I do myself the honour to write to you this evening, because I believe to-morrow will be the day of battle; and something forebodes in my breast that I shall fall in it. If it proves so, I hope you will hear I have done nothing below a man who had the love of his country, quickened by a passion for a woman of honour. If there be any thing noble in going to a certain death; if there be any merit, that I meet it with pleasure, by promising myself a place in your esteem; if your applause, when I am no more, is preferable to the most glorious life without you: I say, madam, if any of these considerations can have weight with you, you will give me a kind place in your memory, which I prefer to the glory of Cæsar. I hope this will be read, as it is writ, with tears."

The beloved lady is a woman of a sensible mind; but she has confessed to me, that after all her true and solid value for Constant, she had much more concern for the loss of Careless. Those noble and serious spirits have something equal to the adversities they meet with, and consequently lessen the objects of pity. Great accidents seem not cut out so much for men of familiar characters, which makes them more easily pitied, and soon after beloved. Add to this, that the sort of love which generally succeeds, is a stranger to awe and distance. I asked Romana, whether of the two she should have chosen, had they survived? She said, she knew she ought to have taken Constant: but believed she should have chosen Careless.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 17.

Letters from Lisbon of the ninth instant, N. S. say, that the enemy's army, having blocked up Olivenza, was posted on the Guadiana. The Portugueze are very apprehensive that the garrison of that place, though it consists of five of the best regiments of their army, will be obliged to surrender, if not timely relieved, they not being supplied with provisions for more than six weeks. Hereupon their generals held a council of war on the fourth instant, wherein it was concluded to advance towards Badajos. With this design the army decamped on the fifth from Jerumena, and marched to Cancaon. It is hoped, that if the enemy follow their motions, they may have opportunity to put a sufficient quantity of provision and ammunition into Olivenza.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff gives notice to all persons that dress themselves as they please, without regard to decorum (as with blue and red stockings in mourning, tucked cravats, and night-cap wigs, before people of the first quality,) that he has yet received no fine for indulging them in that liberty, and that he expects their compliance in this demand, or that they go home immediately and shift themselves. This is further to acquaint the town, that the report of the hosiers, toymen, and milliners, having compounded with Mr. Bickerstaff for tolerating such enormities, is utterly false and scandalous.

No. 31. TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

Grecian Coffee-house, June 18.

IN my dissertation against the custom of single combat, it has been objected, that there is not learning, or much reading, shown therein, which is the very life and soul of all treatises; for which reason, being always easy to receive admonitions and reform my errors, I thought fit to consult this learned board on the subject. Upon proposing some doubts, and desiring their assistance, a very hopeful young gentleman, my relation, who is to be called to the bar within a year and a half at farthest, told me, that he had ever since I first mentioned duelling turned his head that way; and that he has principally moved thereto, because he designed to follow the circuits in the north of England and south of Scotland, and to reside mostly at his own estate at Landbadernawz* in Cardiganshire. The northern Britons and the southern Scots are a warm people, and the Welsh "a nation of gentlemen;" so that it behoved him to understand well the science of quarrelling. The young gentleman proceeded admirably well, and gave the board an account that he had read "Fitz-

* There is no such place. It is probable *Llanbadern Fawr* in Cardiganshire is intended.

herbert's* Grand Abridgement," and had found that duelling is a very ancient part of the law; for when a man is sued, be it for his life or his land, the person that joins the issue, whether plaintiff or defendant, may put the trial upon the duel. Further he argued, under favour of the Court, that when the issue is joined by the duel, in treason or other capital crimes, the parties accused and accuser must fight in their own proper persons: but if the dispute be for lands, you may hire a champion at Hockley in the Hole, or any where else. This part of the law we had from the Saxons; and they had it, as also the trial by ordeal, from the Laplanders. It is indeed agreed, said he, the southern and eastern nations never knew any thing of it; for though the ancient Romans would scold and call names filthily, yet there is not an example of a challenge that ever passed among them.

His quoting the eastern nations put another gentleman in mind of an account he had from a boatswain of an East-Indiaman, which was that a Chinese had tricked and bubbled him, and that when he came to demand satisfaction the next morning, and like a true tar of honour called him a son of a whore, liar, dog, and other rough appellatives used by persons conversant with winds and waves, the Chinese, with great tranquillity, desired him "not to come abroad fasting, nor put himself into a heat, for it would prejudice his health." Thus the East knows nothing of this gallantry.

There sat at the left of the table a person of a venerable aspect, who asserted, that "half the

* A book published under this title in 1516 by Anthony Fitzherbert, one of the judges in the reign of Henry VIII. This author died in 1538.

impositions which are put upon these ages have been transmitted by writers who have given too great pomp and magnificence to the exploits of the ancient bear-garden, and made their gladiators, by fabulous tradition, greater than Gorman* and others of Great Britain" He informed the company that "he had searched authorities for what he said, and that a learned antiquary, Humphrey Scarecrow, Esquire, of Hockley in the Hole, recorder to the bear-garden, was then writing a discourse on the subject. It appears by the best accounts," says this gentleman, "that the high names which are used among us with so great veneration, were no other than stage-fighters, and worthies of the ancient bear-garden. The renowned Hercules always carried a quarterstaff, and was from thence called Claviger.† A learned chronologist is about proving what wood this staff was made of, whether oak, ash, or crab-tree. The first trial of skill he ever performed was with one Cacus, a deer-stealer; the next was with Typhonus, a giant of forty feet four inches. Indeed it was unhappily recorded, that meeting at last with a sailor's wife, she made his staff of prowess serve her own use, and dwindle away to a distaff: she clapped him on an old tar jacket of her husband; so that this great hero drooped like a scabbed sheep. Him his contemporary Theseus succeeded in the bear-garden, which honour he held for many years. This grand duellist went to hell, and was the only one of that sort that ever came back again. As for Achilles and Hector (as the bal-

* Gorman is mentioned in the epilogue to Lansdowne's "Jew of Venice," and is there explained to have been a prize-fighter.

† "Club-bearer."

lads of those times mention,) they were pretty smart fellows; they fought at sword and buckler; but the former had much the better of it, his mother, who was an oyster-woman, having got a blacksmith of Lemnos to make her son's weapons. There is a pair of trusty Trojans in a song of Virgil that were famous for handling their gauntlets, Dares and Entellus; and indeed it does appear, they fought no sham-prize."

The Roman bear-garden was abundantly more magnificent than any thing Greece could boast of; it flourished most under those delights of mankind, Nero and Domitian. At one time it is recorded, four hundred senators entered the list, and thought it an honour to be cudgelled and quarterstaffed. I observe the Lanistæ were the people chiefly employed, which makes me imagine our bear-garden copied much after this, the butchers being the greatest men in it.

Thus far the glory and honour of the bear-garden stood secure, until fate, that irresistible ruler of sublunary things, in that universal ruin of arts, and politer learning, by those savage people the Goths and Vandals, destroyed and levelled it to the ground. Then fell the grandeur and bravery of the Roman state, until at last the warlike genius (but accompanied with more courtesy) revived in the Christian world under those puissant champions, Saint George, Saint Dennis, and other dignified heroes: one killed his dragon, another his lion, and were all afterwards canonized for it, having red letters* before them to illustrate their martial temper. The Spanish nation, it must be owned, were devoted to gallantry and chivalry above the rest of the world. What

* An allusion to the *rubrics* in the Roman missals.

a great figure does that great name, Don Quixote, make in history! How shines this glorious star in the western world! O renowned hero! O mirror of knighthood!

> Thy brandish'd whinyard all the world defies,
> And kills as sure as Del Tobosa's eyes.

I am forced to break off abruptly, being sent for in haste with my rule, to measure the degree of an affront, before the two gentlemen (who are now in their breeches and pumps, ready to engage behind Montague-house) have made a pass.

From my own Apartment, June 18..

It is an unreasonable objection, I find, against my labours, that my stock is not all my own, and, therefore, the kind reception I have met with, is not so deserved as it ought to be. But I hope, though it be never so true that I am obliged to my friends for laying their cash in my hands; since I give it them again when they please, and leave them at their liberty to call it home, it will not hurt me with my gentle readers. Ask all the merchants who act upon consignments, where is the necessity (if they answer readily what their correspondents draw) of their being wealthy themselves! Ask the greatest bankers, if all the men they deal with were to draw at once, what would be the consequence? But indeed a country friend has writ me a letter which gives me great mortification: wherein I find I am so far from expecting a supply from thence, that some have not heard of me, and the rest do not understand me: his epistle is as follows:

"Dear Cousin,

"I thought, when I left the town, to have raised

your fame here, and helped you to support it by intelligence from hence; but, alas, they had never heard of the Tatler until I brought down a set. I lent them from house to house, but they asked me what they meant. I began to enlighten them by telling who and who were supposed to be intended by the characters drawn; I said, for instance, Chloe and Clarissa are two eminent toasts. A gentleman, who keeps his greyhound and gun, and one would think might know better, told me, he supposed they were *Papishes*, for their names were not English. 'Then, said he, why do you call live people toasts?' I answered, 'That was a new name found out by the wits, to make a lady have the same effect, as burridge in the glass when a man is drinking. But, says I, Sir, I perceive this is to you all *bamboozling*; why, you look as if you were *Don Diego'd* to the tune of a thousand pounds.' All this good language was lost upon him: he only stared, though he is as good a scholar as any layman in the town, except the barber. Thus cousin, you must be content with London for the center of your wealth and fame; we have no relish for you. Wit must describe its proper circumference, and not go beyond it, lest, like little boys when they straggle out of their own parish, it may wander to places where it is not known, and be lost. Since it is so, you must excuse me, that I am forced at a visit to sit silent, and only lay up what excellent things pass at such conversations.

"This evening I was with a couple of young ladies; one of them has the character of the prettiest company, yet really I thought her but silly; the other, who talked a great deal less, I observed to have understanding. The lady, who is reckoned such a companion among her acquaintance, has

only, with a very brisk air, a knack of saying the commonest things: the other, with a sly serious one, says home things enough. The first, mistress Giddy, is very quick; but the second, mistress Slim, fell into Giddy's own style, and was as good company as she. Giddy happens to drop her glove; Slim reaches it to her. 'Madam, says Giddy, I hope your will have a better office.' Upon which Slim immediately repartees, and sits in her lap, and cries, 'Are you not sorry for my heaviness?' The sly wench pleased me, to see how she hit her height of understanding so well. We sat down to dinner. Says Giddy, mighty prettily, "Two hands in a dish, and one in a purse.' Says Slim, 'Ay, madam, the more the merrier; but the fewer the better cheer.' I quickly took the hint, and was as witty and talkative as they. Says I,

> "He that will not when he may,
> "When he will he shall have nay;"

and so helped myself. Giddy turns about; 'What, have you found your tongue?' 'Yes, says I, it is manners to speak when I am spoken to; but your greatest talkers are the least doers, and the still sow eats up all the broth. 'Ha! ha! says Giddy, one would think he had nothing in him, and do you hear how he talks, when he pleases!' I grew immediately roguish and pleasant to a degree, in the same strain. Slim, who knew how good company we had been, cries, you will certainly print this bright conversation."

It is so; and hereby you may see how small an appearance the prettiest things said in company make, when in print.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 20.

A mail from Lisbon has brought advices, of June the twelfth, from the king of Portugal's army encamped at Torre Allegada, which informs us, that the general of the army called a court martial on the fourth at the camp of Jerumena, where it was resolved to march with a design to attempt the succour of Olivenza. Accordingly the army moved on the fifth, and marched towards Badajos. Upon their approach, the Marquis de Bay detached so great a party from the blockade of Olivenza, that the marquis das Minas, at the head of a large detachment, covered a great convoy of provisions towards Olivenza, which threw in their stores, and marched back to their army without molestation from the Spaniards. They add, that each army must necessarily march into quarters within twenty days.

*** Whosoever can discover a surgeon's apprentice who fell upon Mr. Bickerstaff's messenger, or (as the printers call him) Devil, going to press, and tore out of his hand part of his essay against duels, in the fragments of which were the words 'you lie,' and 'man of honour,' taken up at the Temple-gate, and the words, 'perhaps'—'may be not,'—'by your leave, Sir,'— and other terms of provocation, taken up at the door of Young Man's Coffee-house, shall receive satisfaction from Mr. Morphew, besides a set of arguments to be spoken to any man in a passion, which, if the said enraged man listens to, will prevent quarrelling.

†‡† Mr. Bickerstaff does hereby give notice, that he has taken the two famous Universities of

this land under his immediate care, and does hereby promise all tutors and pupils, that he will hear what can be said of each side between them, and to correct them impartially, by placing them in orders and classes in the learned world, according to their merit.

No. 32. THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, June 22.

AN answer to the following letter being absolutely necessary to be dispatched with all expedition, I must trespass upon all that come with horary questions into my anti-chamber, to give the gentleman my opinion.

To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

"SIR, *June* 18, 1709.

"I know not whether you ought to pity or laugh at me; for I am fallen desperately in love with a professed Platonne, the most unaccountable creature of her sex. To hear her talk seraphics, and run over Norris, and More, and Milton, and the whole set of intellectual triflers, torments me heartily; for, to a lover who understands metaphors, all this pretty prattle of ideas gives very fine views of pleasure, which only the dear de-

claimer prevents, by understanding them literally: why should she wish to be a cherubim, when it is flesh and blood that makes her adorable? If I speak to her, that is a high breach of the idea of intuition; if I offer at her hand or lip, she shrinks from the touch like a sensitive plant, and would contract herself into mere spirit. She calls her chariot, vehicle; her furbelowed scarf, pinions; her blue manteau and petticoat is her azure dress; and her footman goes by the name of Oberon. It is my misfortune to be six feet and a half high, two full spans between the shoulders, thirteen inches diameter in the calves; and, before I was in love, I had a noble stomach, and usually went to bed sober with two bottles. I am not quite six-and-twenty, and my nose is marked truly aqueline. For these reasons, I am in a very particular manner her aversion. What shall I do? Impudence itself cannot reclaim her. If I write miserably, she reckons me among the children of perdition, and discards me her region; if I assume the gross and substantial, she plays the real ghost with me, and vanishes in a moment. I had hopes in the hypocrisy of her sex; but perseverance makes it as bad as fixed aversion. I desire your opinion, whether I may not lawfully play the inquisition upon her, make use of a little force, and put her to the rack and the torture, only to convince her that she has really fine limbs, without spoiling or distorting them. I expect your directions, before I proceed to dwindle and fall away with despair; which at present I do not think adviseable, because, if she should recant, she may then hate me perhaps in the other extreme, for my tenuity. I am (with impatience) your most humble servant,

CHARLES STURDY."

My patient has put his case with very much warmth, and represented it in so lively a manner, that I see both his torment and tormentor with great perspicuity. This order of Platonic ladies are to be dealt with in a manner peculiar from all the rest of the sex. Flattery is the general way, and the way in this case; but it is not to be done grossly. Every man that has wit and humour, and raillery, can make a good flatterer for women in general; but a Platonne is not to be touched with panegyric; she will tell you, it is a sensuality in the soul to be delighted that way. You are not therefore to commend, but silently consent to all she does and says. You are to consider, in her the scorn of you is not humour, but opinion.

There were, some years since, a set of these ladies who were of quality, and gave out, that virginity was to be their state of life during this mortal condition, and therefore resolved to join their fortunes, and erect a nunnery. The place of residence was pitched upon; and a pretty situation, full of natural falls and risings of water, with shady coverts, and flowery arbours, was approved by seven of the founders. There were as many of our sex who took the liberty to visit their mansions of intended severity; among others*, a famous rake of that time, who had the grave way to an excellence. He came in first; but, upon seeing a servant coming towards him with a design to tell him this was no place for him or his companions, up goes my grave impudence to the maid; "Young woman," said he, "if any of the ladies are in the way on this side of the house, pray carry us on the other side towards the gar-

* It is said, that Mr. Repington, a Warwickshire wag, was the "famous rake" here alluded to.

dens: we are, you must know, gentlemen that are travelling England; after which we shall go into foreign parts, where some of us have already been." Here he bows in the most humble manner, and kissed the girl, who knew not how to behave to such a sort of carriage. He goes on: "Now you must know we have an ambition to have it to say, that we have a Protestant nunnery in England; but pray, Mrs. Betty"—"Sir," she replied, "my name is Susan, at your service." "Then I heartily beg your pardon."—"No offence in the least," said she, "for I have a cousin-german, whose name is Betty." "Indeed," said he, "I protest to you, that was more than I knew; I spoke at random: but since it happens that I was near in the right, give me leave to present this gentleman to the favour of a civil salute." His friend advances, and so on, until they had all saluted her. By this means the poor girl was in the middle of the crowd of these fellows at a loss what to do, without courage to pass through them; and the Platonics, at several peep-holes, pale, trembling, and fretting. Rake perceived they were observed, and therefore took care to keep Sukey in chat with questions concerning their way of life; when appeared at last Madonella*, a lady who had writ a fine book concerning the recluse life, and was the projectrix of the foundation. She approaches into the hall; and Rake, knowing the dignity of his own mien and aspect, goes deputy from his company. She begins, "Sir, I am obliged to follow the servant,

* The person here represented, or rather grossly misrepresented, under the name of *Madonella*, a diminutive from Madona, which signifies the Virgin Mary, was, Mrs. Mary Astell, a lady of superior understanding, of considerable learning, and singular piety.

who was sent out to know what affair could make strangers press upon a solitude which we, who are to inhabit this place, have devoted to heaven and our own thoughts?" "Madam," replies Rake, with an air of great distance, mixed with a certain indifference, by which he could dissemble dissimulation, "your great intention has made more noise in the world than you design it should; and we travellers, who have seen many foreign institutions of this kind, have a curiosity to see, in its first rudiments, the seat of primitive piety; for such it must be called by future ages, to the eternal honour of the founders: I have read Madonella's excellent and seraphic discourse on this subject." The lady immediately answered, "If what I have said could have contributed to raise any thoughts in you that may make for the advancement of intellectual and divine conversation, I should think myself extremely happy." He immediately fell back with the profoundest veneration; then advancing, "Are you then that admired lady? If I may approach lips which have uttered things so sacred"—He salutes her. His friends followed his example. The devoted within stood in amazement where this would end, to see Madonella receive their address and their company. But Rake goes on—"We would not transgress rules; but if we may take the liberty to see the place you have thought fit to choose for ever, we would go into such parts of the gardens, as is consistent with the severities you have imposed on yourselves."

To be short, Madonella permitted Rake to lead her into the assembly of Nuns, followed by his friends, and each took his fair-one by the hand, after due explanation, to walk round the gardens. The conversation turned upon the lilies, the flow-

ers, the arbours, and the growing vegetables; and Rake had the solemn impudence, when the whole company stood round him, to say*, that "he sincerely wished men might rise out of the earth like plants; and that our minds were not of necessity to be sullied with carnivorous appetites for the generation, as well as support, of our species." This was spoken with so easy and fixed an assurance, that Madonella answered, "Sir, under the notion of a pious thought, you deceive yourself in wishing an institution foreign to that of Providence. These desires were implanted in us for reverend purposes, in perserving the race of men, and giving opportunities for making our chastity more heroic." The conference was continued in this celestial strain, and carried on so well by the managers on both sides, that it created a second and a third interview; and, without entering into further particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a mother or father that day twelvemonth.

Any unnatural part is long taking up, and as long laying aside; therefore Mr. Sturdy may assure himself, Platonica will fly for ever from a forward behaviour; but if he approaches her according to this model, she will fall in with the necesities of mortal life, and condescend to look with pity upon an unhappy man, imprisoned in so much body and urged by such violent desires.

From my own Apartment, June 22.

The evils of this town increase upon me to so great a degree, that I am half afraid I shall not leave the world much better than I found it. Se-

* An allusion to, or rather a quotation from Sir T. Browne's "*Religio Medici.*"

veral worthy gentlemen and critics have applied to me, to give my censure of an enormity which has been revived, after being long suppressed, and is called *punning*. I have several arguments ready to prove, that he cannot be a man of honour, who is guilty of this abuse of human society. But the way to expose it is, like the expedient of curing drunkenness, shewing a man in that condition: therefore I must give my reader warning, to expect a collection of these offences; without which preparation, I thought it too adventurous to introduce the very mention of it in good company: and I hope, I shall be understood to do it, as a divine mentions oaths and curses only for their condemnation. I shall dedicate this discourse to a gentleman, my very good friend, who is the Janus* of our times, and whom, by his years and wit, you would take to be of the last age; but by his dress and morals, of this.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 22.

Last night arrived two mails from Holland, which bring letters from the Hague of the twenty-eighth instant, N. S. with advice, that the enemy lay encamped behind a strong intrenchment, with the marsh of Romiers on their right and left, extending itself as far as Bethune: La Basse is in their front, Lens in their rear, and their camp is strengthened by another line from Lens to Doway. The Duke of Marlborough caused an exact observation to be made of their ground, and the works by which they were covered, which appeared so strong that it was not thought proper to attack them in their present posture. Howev-

* Under the fanciful name of Janus, Steele clearly alludes to Swift.

er, the Duke thought fit to make a feint as if he designed it: His grace accordingly marched from the abbey at Looze, as did Prince Eugene from Lampret, and advanced with all possible diligence towards the enemy. To favour the appearance of an intended assault, the ways were made, and orders distributed in such manner, that none in either camp could have thoughts of any thing but charging the enemy by break of day next morning: but soon after the fall of the night of the twenty-sixth, the whole army faced towards Tournay, which place they invested early in the morning of the twenty-seventh. The marshal Villars was so confident that we designed to attack him, that he had drawn great part of the garrison of the place which is now invested into the field: for which reason, it is presumed, it must submit within a small time, which the enemy cannot prevent, but by coming out of their present camp, and hazarding a general engagement. These advices add, that the garrison of Mons, had marched out under the command of marshal d'Arco; which, with the Bavarians, Walloons, and the troops of Cologne, have joined the grand army of the enemy.

No. 35. SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

By Mrs. Jenny Distaff, Half-sister to Mr. Bickerstaff.

From my own Apartment, June 23.

My brother has made an excursion into the country, and the work against Saturday lies upon me. I am very glad I have got pen and ink in my hand; for I have for some time longed for his absence, to give a right idea of things, which I thought he put in a very odd light, and some of them to the disadvantage of my own sex. It is much to be lamented, that it is necessary to make discourses, and publish treatises, to keep the horrid creatures, the men, within the rules of common decency.

I gladly embrace this opportunity to express myself with the resentment I ought, on people who take liberties of speech before that sex of whom the honoured names of Mother, Daughter, and Sister are a part: I had liked to have named Wife in the number; but the senseless world are so mistaken in their sentiments of pleasure, that the most amiable term in human life is become the derision of fools and scorners. My brother and I have at least fifty times quarrelled upon this topic. I ever argue, that the frailties of women are to be imputed to the false ornaments, which

men of wit put upon our folly and coquetry. He lays all the vices of men upon women's secret approbation of libertine characters in them. I did not care to give up a point; but, now he is out of the way, I cannot but own I believe there is very much in what he asserted: but if you will believe your eyes, and own, that the wickedest and wittiest of them all marry one day or other, it is impossible to believe, that if a man thought he should be for ever incapable of being received by a woman of merit and honour, he would persist in an abandoned way; and deny himself the possibility of enjoying the happiness of well-governed desires, orderly satisfactions, and honourable methods of life. If our sex were wise, a lover should have a certificate from the last woman he served, how he was turned away, before he was received into the service of another: but at present any vagabond is welcome, provided he promises to enter into our livery. It is wonderful, that we will not take a footman without credentials from his last master; and in the greatest concern of life, we make no scruple of falling into a treaty with the most notorious offender in this behaviour against others. But this breach of commerce between the sexes proceeds from an unaccountable prevalence of custom, by which a woman is to the last degree reproachable for being deceived, and a man suffers no loss of credit for being a deceiver.

Since this tyrant humour has gained place, why are we represented in the writings of men in ill figures for artifice in our carriage, when we have to do with a professed impostor? When oaths, imprecations, vows, and adorations, are made use of as words of course, what arts are not necessary to defend us from such as glory in the breach of

them? As for my part, I am resolved to hear all, and believe none of them; and therefore solemnly declare no vow shall deceive me, but that of marriage; for I am turned of twenty, and being of a small fortune, some wit, and (if I can believe my lovers and my glass) handsome, I have heard all that can be said towards my undoing; and shall therefore, for warning-sake, give an account of the offers that have been made me, my manner of rejecting them, and my assistances to keep my resolution.

In the sixteenth year of my life, I fell into the acquaintance of a lady extremely well known in this town for the quick advancement of her husband, and the honours and distinctions which her industry has procured him, and all who belong to her. This excellent body sat next to me for some months at church, and "took the liberty, which," she said, "her years and the zeal she had for my welfare gave her claim to, to assure me, that she observed some parts of my behaviour which would lead me into errors, and give encouragement to some to entertain hopes I did not think of. What made you," said she, "look through your fan at that lord, when your eyes should have been turned upwards, or closed in attention upon better objects?" I blushed, and pretended fifty odd excuses;—but confounded myself the more. She wanted nothing but to see that confusion, and goes on; "Nay, child, do not be troubled that I take notice of it; my value for you made me speak it; for though he is my kinsman, I have a nearer regard to virtue than any other consideration." She had hardly done speaking, when this noble lord came up to us, and led her to her coach.

My head ran all that day and night on the exemplary carriage of this woman, who could be so

virtuously impertinent, as to admonish one she was hardly acquainted with. However, it struck upon the vanity of a girl, that it may possibly be, his thoughts might have been as favourable of me, as mine were amorous of him: and as unlikely things as that have happened, if he should make me his wife. She never mentioned this more to me; but I still in all public places stole looks at this man, who easily observed my passion for him. It is so hard a thing to check the return of agreeable thoughts, that he became my dream, my vision, my food, my wish, my torment.

That ministress of darkness, the lady Sempronia, perceived too well the temper I was in, and would, one day after evening service, needs take me to the park. When we were there, my lord passes by; I flushed into a flame. "Mrs. Distaff," said she, "you may very well remember the concern I was in upon the first notice I took of your regard to that lord; and forgive me, who had a tender friendship for your mother (now in her grave), that I am vigilant of your conduct." She went on with much severity, and, after great solicitation, prevailed on me to go with her into the country, and there spend the ensuing summer out of the way of a man she saw I loved, and one whom she perceived meditated my ruin, by frequently desiring her to introduce him to me: which she absolutely refused, except he would give his honour that he had no other design but to marry me. To her country-house a week or two after we went: there was at the further end of her garden a kind of wilderness, in the middle of which ran a soft rivulet by an arbour of jessamine. In this place I usually passed my retired hours, and read some romantic or poetical tale until the close of the evening. It was near that

time, in the heat of summer, when gentle winds, soft murmurs of water, and notes of nightingales, had given my mind an indolence, which added to that repose of soul twilight and the end of a warm day naturally throw upon the spirits. It was at such an hour, and in such a state of tranquillity I sat, when, to my inexpressible amazement, I saw my lord walking towards me, whom I knew not until that moment to have been in the country. I could observe in his approach the perplexity which attends a man big with design; and I had, while he was coming forward, time to reflect that I was betrayed; the sense of which gave me a resentment suitable to such a baseness: but, when he entered into the bower where I was, my heart flew towards him, and, I confess, a certain joy came into my mind, with an hope that he might then make a declaration of honour and passion. This threw my eye upon him with such tenderness as gave him power, with a broken accent, to begin. "Madam—you will wonder—forit is certain, you must have observed—though I fear you will misinterpret the motives—but by heaven and all that is sacred! if you could"—Here he made a full stand, and I recovered power to say, "The consternation I am in you will not, I hope, believe—an helpless innocent maid—besides that, the place."——He saw me in as great confusion as himself; which attributing to the same causes, he had the audaciousness to throw himself at my feet, talk of the stillness of the evening, and then ran into deifications of my person, pure flames, constant love, eternal raptures, and a thousand other phrases drawn from the images we have of heaven, which ill men use for the service of hell, when run over with uncommon vehemence. After which he seized me in his arms; his de-

sign was too evident. In my utmost distress, I fell upon my knees——"My lord, pity me, on my knees—on my knees in the cause of virtue, as you were lately in that of wickedness. Can you think of destroying the labour of a whole life, the purpose of a long education, for the base service of a sudden appetite; to throw one that loves you, that doats on you, out of the company and the road of all that is virtuous and praise-worthy? Have I taken in all the instructions of piety, religion, and reason, for no other end, but to be the sacrifice of lust, and abandoned to scorn? Assume yourself, my lord; and do not attempt to vitiate a temper sacred to innocence, honour, and religion. If I have injured you, stab this bosom, and let me die, but not be ruined, by the hand I love." The ardency of my passion made me incapable of uttering more; and I saw my lover astonished and reformed by my behaviour: when rushed in Sempronia. "Ha! faithless base man, could you then steal out of town, and lurk like a robber about my house for such brutish purposes!"

My lord was by this time recovered, and fell into a violent laughter at the turn which Sempronia designed to give her villany. He bowed to me with the utmost respect: "Mrs. Distaff," said he, "be careful hereafter of your company;" and so retired. The fiend Sempronia congratulated my deliverance with a flood of tears.

This nobleman has since very frequently made his addresses to me with honour; but I have as often refused them; as well knowing that familiarity and marriage will make him, on some ill-natured occasion, call all I said in the arbour a theatrical action. Besides that, I glory in contemning a man, who had thoughts to my dishonour. If this method were the imitation of the whole sex,

innocence would be the only dress of beauty; and all affectation by any other arts to please the eyes of men would be banished to the stews for ever. The conquest of passion gives ten times more happiness than we can reap from the gratification of it; and she, that has got over such a one as mine, will stand among Beaux and Pretty Fellows, with as much safety as in a summer's day among grasshoppers and butterflies.

P. S. I have ten millions of things more against men, if I ever get the pen again.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 24.

Our last advices from the Hague, dated the twenty-eighth instant, N. S. say, that, on the twenty-fifth, a squadron of Dutch men of war sailed out of the Texel to join Admiral Baker at Spithead. The twenty-sixth was observed as a day of fasting and humiliation, to implore a blessing on the arms of the allies this ensuing campaign. Letters from Dresden are very particular in the account of the gallantry and magnificence, in which that Court has appeared since the arrival of the king of Denmark. No day has passed in which public shows have not been exhibited for his entertainment and diversion: the last of that kind which is mentioned is a carousal, wherein many of the youth of the first quality, dressed in the most splendid manner, ran for the prize. His Danish Majesty condescended to the same; but having observed that there was a design laid to throw it in his way, passed by without attempting to gain it. The court of Dresden was preparing to accompany his Danish Majesty to Potsdam, where the expectation of an interview of three kings had drawn together such multitudes of people, that many persons of distinction

will be obliged to lie in tents, as long as those courts continue in that place.

No. 34. TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

By Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

White's Chocolate-house, June 25.

Having taken upon me to cure all distempers which proceed from affections of the mind, I have laboured since I first kept this public stage, to do all the good I could, and have perfected many cures at my own lodgings, carefully avoiding the common method of mountebanks, to do their most eminent operations in sight of the people; but must be so just to my patients as to declare, they have testified under their hands their sense of my poor abilities, and the good I have done them, which I publish for the benefit of the world, and not out of any thoughts of private advantage.

I have cured fine Mrs. Spy of a great imperfection in her eyes, which made her eternally rolling them from one coxcomb to another in public places, in so languishing a manner, that it at once lessened her own power, and her beholders vanity. Twenty drops of my ink, placed in certain letters on which she attentively looked for

half an hour, have restored her to the true use of her sight; which is, to guide, and not mislead us. Ever since she took the liquor, which I call Bickerstaff's *circumspection-water*, she looks right forward, and can bear being looked at for half a day without returning one glance. This water has a peculiar virtue in it, which makes it the only true cosmetic or beauty-wash in the world; the nature of it is such, that if you go to a glass with a design to admire your face, it immediately changes it into downright deformity. If you consult it only to look with a better countenance upon your friends, it immediately gives an alacrity to the visage, and new grace to the whole person. There is indeed a great deal owing to the constitution of the person to whom it is applied; it is in vain to give it when the patient is in the rage of the distemper; a bride in her first month, a lady soon after her husband's being knighted, or any person of either sex, who has lately obtained any new good fortune or preferment, must be prepared sometime before they use it. It has an effect upon others, as well as the patient, when it is taken in due form. Lady Petulant has by the use of it cured her husband of jealousy, and lady Gad her whole neighbourhood of detraction.

The fame of these things, added to my being an old fellow, makes me extremely acceptable to the fair sex. You would hardly believe me, when I tell you there is not a man in town so much their delight as myself. They make no more of visiting me, than going to Madam Depingle's; there were two of them, namely, Damia and Clidamira, (I assure you women of distinction) who came to see me this morning in their way to prayers; and being in a very diverting humour (as

innocence always makes people cheerful), they would needs have me, according to the distinction of Pretty and Very Pretty fellows, inform them, if I thought either of them, had a title to the Very Pretty among those of their own sex; and if I did, which was the more deserving of the two?

To put them to the trial, "Look ye," said I, "I must not rashly give my judgment in matters of this importance; pray let me see you dance, I play upon the kit." They immediately fell back to the lower end of the room (you may be sure they courtsied low enough to me) and began. Never were two in the world so equally matched, and both scholars to my name-sake Isaac*. Never was man in so dangerous a condition as myself, when they began to expand their charms. "Oh! ladies, ladies," cried I, "not half that air, you will fire the house." Both smiled; for by the bye, there is no carrying a metaphor too far when a lady's charms are spoken of. Somebody, I think, has called a fine woman dancing, "a brandished torch of beauty." These rivals moved with such an agreeable freedom, that you would believe their gesture was the necesssary effect of the music, and not the product of skill and practice. Now Clidamira came on with a crowd of graces, and demanded my judgment with so sweet an air—and she had no sooner carried it, but Damia made her utterly forgot, by a gentle sinking, and a rigadoon step. The contest held a full half hour; and, I protest, I saw no manner of difference in their perfections, until they came up together, and expected sentence. "Look ye, ladies," said I, "I see no difference in the least in your performances;

* Mr. Isaac, a famous dancing-master at that time, was a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic.

but you, Clidamira, seem to be so well satisfied that I shall determine for you, that I must give it to Damia, who stands with so much diffidence and fear after showing an equal merit to what she pretends to. Therefore, Clidamira, you are a Pretty; but, Damia, you are a Very Pretty lady; for," said I, "beauty loses its force if not accompanied with modesty. She that has an humble opinion of herself, will have every body's applause, because she does not expect it; while the vain creature loses approbation through too great a sense of deserving it."

From my own Apartment, June 27.

Being of a very spare and hectic constitution, I am forced to make frequent journeys of a mile or two for fresh air; and indeed by this last, which was no farther than the village of Chelsea, I am farther convinced of the necessity of travelling to know the world: for, as it is usual with young voyagers, as soon as they land upon a shore, to begin their accounts of the nature of the people, their soil, their government, their inclinations, and their passions; so really I fancied I could give you an immediate description of this village, from the five fields where the robbers lie in wait, to the coffee-house where the literati sit in council. A great ancestor of ours by the mother's side, Mr. Justice Overdo (whose history is written by Ben Jonson), met with more enormities by walking incognito than he was capable of correcting; and found great mortifications in observing also persons of eminence, whom he before knew nothing of. Thus it fared with me, even in a place so near the town as this. When I came into the coffee-house, I had not time to salute the company, before my eye was diverted by ten thou-

sand gimcracks round the room, and on the cieling. When my first astonishment was over, comes to me a sage of a thin and meagre countenance; which aspect made me doubt, whether reading or fretting had made it so philosophic: but I very soon perceived him to be of that sect which the ancients call Gingivistæ; in our language, tooth-drawers. I immediately had a respect for the man; for these practical philosophers go upon a very rational hypothesis, not to cure, but take away the part affected. My love of mankind made me very benevolent to Mr. Salter*; for such is the name of this eminent barber and antiquary. Men are usually, but unjustly distinguished rather by their fortunes than their talents, otherwise this personage would make a great figure in that class of men which I distinguish under the title of Odd Fellows. But it is the misfortune of persons of great genius to have their faculties dissipated by attention to too many things at once. Mr. Salter is an instance of this; if he would wholly give himself up to the string†, instead of playing twenty beginnings to tunes, he might, before he dies, play Roger de Caubly quite out. I heard him go through his whole round, and indeed I think he does play the "Merry Christ Church bells" pretty justly; but he confessed to me, he did that rather to show he was orthodox, than that he valued himself upon the

* Mr. Salter was a noted barber, who began to make a collection of natural curiosities, which acquired him the name (probably first given him by Steele) of Don Saltero. He formerly kept a coffee-house at Chelsea, the curiosities of which were lately sold by auction. See Gent. Mag. vol. lxix. p. 160.

† There was no passing his house, if he was at home, without having one's ears grated with the sound of his fiddle, on which he scraped most execrably.

music itself. Or, if he did proceed in his anatomy, why might he not hope in time to cut off legs, as well as draw teeth? The particularity of this man put me into a deep thought, whence it should proceed, that of all the lower order, barbers should go further in hitting the ridiculous than any other set of men. Watermen brawl, coblers sing: but why must a barber be for ever a politician, a musician, an anatomist, a poet, and a physician? The learned Vossius says, his barber used to comb his head in iambics. And indeed, in all ages, one of this useful profession, this order of cosmetic philosophers, has been celebrated by the most eminent hands. You see the barber in Don Quixote is one the principal characters in the history; which gave me satisfaction in the doubt, why Don Saltero writ his name with the Spanish termination; for he is descended in a right line, not from John Tradescant*, as he himself asserts, but from that memorable companion of the knight of Mancha. And I hereby certify all the worthy citizens who travel to see his rarities, that his double-barrelled pistols, targets, coats of mail, his Sclopeta and sword of Toledo, were left to his ancestor by the said Don Quixote, and by the said ancestor to all his progeny down to Don Saltero. Though I go thus far in favour of Don Saltero's great merit, I cannot allow a liberty he takes of imposing several names (without my license) on the collections he has made, to the abuse of the good people of England; one of which is particularly calculated to deceive religious persons, to the great scandal of the well disposed, and may introduce hete-

* Tradescant was the person who collected the curiosities which Elias Ashmole left to the University of Oxford.

rodox opinions. He shews you a straw hat, which I know to be made by Madge Peskad, within three miles of Bedford; and tells you, "It is Pontius Pilate's wife's chambermaid's sister's hat." To my knowledge of this very hat it may be added, that the covering of straw was never used among the Jews, since it was demanded of them to make bricks without it. Therefore this is really nothing but, under the specious pretence of learning and antiquities, to impose upon the world. There are other things which I cannot tolerate among his rarities: as, the china figure of a lady in the glass-case; the Italian engine for the imprisonment of those who go abroad with it: both which I hereby order to be taken down, or else he may expect to have his letters patent for making punch superseded, be debarred wearing his muff next winter, or ever coming to London without his wife. It may perhaps be thought, I have dwelt too long upon the affairs of this operator; but I desire the reader to remember, that it is my way to consider men as they stand in merit, and not according to their fortune or figure; and if he is in a coffee-house at the reading hereof, let him look round, and he will find, there may be more characters drawn in this account than that of Don Saltero; for half the politicians about him, he may observe, are, by their place in nature, of the class of tooth-drawers.

No. 35. THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

Grecian Coffee-house, June 28.

THERE is an habit or custom which I have put my patience to the utmost stretch to have suffered so long, because several of my intimate friends are in the guilt; and that is, the humour of taking snuff, and looking dirty about the mouth by way of ornament.

My method is, to dive to the bottom of a sore before I pretend to apply a remedy. For this reason, I sat by an eminent story-teller and politician, who takes half an ounce in five seconds, and has mortgaged a pretty tenement near the town, merely to improve and dung his brains with this prolific powder. I observed this gentleman, the other day, in the midst of a story, diverted from it by looking at something at a distance, and I softly hid his box. But he returns to his tale, and, looking for his box, he cries, "And so, Sir—" Then, when he should have taken a pinch, "As I was saying—" says he, "has nobody seen my box?" His friend beseeches him to finish his narration: then he proceeds; "And so, Sir——where can my box be?" Then turning to me, "Pray, Sir, did you see my box?" "Yes, Sir," said I "I took it to see how long you could live without it." He resumes his tale, and I took notice that his dul-

ness was much more regular and fluent than before. A pinch supplied the place of "As I was saying," and "So, Sir;" and he went on currently enough in that style which the learned call the insipid. This observation easily led me into a philosophic reason for taking snuff, which is done only to supply with sensations the want of reflection. This I take to be an εὕρημα, a nostrum; upon which I hope to receive the thanks of this board: for as it is natural to lift a man's hand to a sore, when you fear any thing coming at you; so when a person feels his thoughts are run out, and he has no more to say, it is as natural to supply his weak brain with powder at the nearest place of access, *viz.* the nostrils. This is so evident, that nature suggests the use according to the indigence of the persons who take this medicine, without being prepossessed with the force of fashion or custom. For example; the native Hibernians, who are reckoned not much unlike the ancient Bœotians, take this specific for emptiness in the head, in greater abundance than any other nation under the sun. The learned Sotus, as sparing as he is in his words, would be still more silent if it were not for this powder.

However low and poor the taking of snuff argues a man to be in his stock of thoughts, or means to employ his brains and his fingers; yet there is a poorer creature in the world than he, and this is a borower of snuff; a fellow that keeps no box of his own, but is always asking others for a pinch. Such poor rogues put me always in mind of a common phrase among school-boys when they are composing their exercise, who run to an upper scholar and cry, "Pray give me a little sense." But of all things commend me to the ladies who are got into this pretty help to dis-

course. I have been these three years persuading Sagissa* to leave it off; but she talks so much, and is so learned, that she is above contradiction. However, an accident the other day brought that about, which my eloquence could never accomplish. She had a very Pretty Fellow in her closet, who ran thither to avoid some company that came to visit her: she made an excuse to go in to him for some implement they were talking of. Her eager gallant snatched a kiss; but being unused to snuff, some grains from off her upper lip made him sneeze aloud, which alarmed the visitants, and has made a discovery, that profound reading, very much intelligence, and a general knowledge of who and who are together, cannot fill her vacant hours so much, but she is sometimes obliged to descend to entertainments less intellectual.

White's Chocolate-house, June 29.

I know no manner of news from this place, but that Cynthio, having been long in despair for the inexorable Clarissa, lately resolved to fall in love with the good old way of bargain and sale, and has pitched upon a very agreeable young woman. He will undoubtedly succeed; for he accosts her in a strain of familiarity, without breaking through the deference that is due to a woman whom a man would choose for his life.† I have hardly ever heard rough truth spoken with a better grace than in this his letter.

* The ingenious lady here alluded to, under the name of Sagissa, a diminutive from the word *Sage*, was probably Mrs. De la Riviere Manley, who provoked Steele by the liberties she had taken with his character in her "Secret Memoirs from the New Atalantis, &c."

† Lord Hinchinbroke married Lady Elizabeth Popham only daughter of Alexander Popham, Esq. of Littlecote, in Wiltshire.

"Madam,

"I writ to you on Saturday by Mrs. Lucy, and give you this trouble to urge the same request I made then, which was, that I may be permitted to wait upon you. I should be very far from desiring this, if it was a transgression of the most severe rules to allow it: I know you are very much above the little arts which are frequent in your sex, of giving unnecessary torments to their admirers; therefore hope you will do so much justice to the generous passion I have for you, as to let me have an opportunity of acquainting you upon what motives I pretend to your good opinion. I shall not trouble you with my sentiments until I know how they will be received; and as I know no reason why difference of sex should make our language to each other differ from the ordinary rules of right reason, I shall affect plainness and sincerity in my discourse to you, as much as other lovers do perplexity and rapture. Instead of saying, I shall die for you, I profess, I should be glad to lead my life with you: you are as beautiful, as witty, as prudent, and as good-humoured, as any woman breathing; but, I must confess to you, I regard all these excellences as you will please to direct them for my happiness or misery. With me, Madam, the only lasting motive to love is the hope of its becoming mutual. I beg of you to let Mrs. Lucy send me word when I may attend you. I promise you I will talk of nothing but indifferent things: though, at the same time, I know not how I shall approach you in the tender moment of first seeing you, after this declaration of, Madam, your most obedient, and most faithful humble servant, &c."

Will's Coffee-house, June 29.

Having taken a resolution, when plays are acted next winter by an entire good company, to publish observations from time to time on the performance of the actors, I think it but just to give an abstract of the laws of action, for the help of the less learned part of the audience, that they may rationally enjoy so refined and instructive a pleasure as a just representation of human life. The great errors in playing are admirably well exposed in Hamlet's directions to the actors who are to play in his supposed tragedy; by which we shall form our future judgments on their behaviour, and for that reason you have the discourse as follows:

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious perriwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at

the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. This should be reformed altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

From my own Apartment, June 29.

It would be a very great obligation, and an assistance to my treatise upon punning, if any one would please to inform me in what class among the learned, who play with words, to place the author of the following letter.

"Sir,

"Not long since you were pleased to give us a chimerical account of the famous family of the Staffs, from whence I suppose you would insinuate, that it is the most ancient and numerous

house in all Europe. But I positively deny that it is either, and wonder much at your audacious proceedings in this manner, since it is well known, that our most illustrious, most renowned, and most celebrated Roman family of Ix has enjoyed the precedency to all others, from the reign of good old Saturn. I could say much to the defamation and disgrace of your family; as that your relations Distaff and Broomstaff were both inconsiderable mean persons, one spinning, the other sweeping the streets, for their daily bread. But I forbear to vent my spleen on objects so much beneath my indignation. I shall only give the world a catalogue of my ancestors, and leave them to determine which hath hitherto had, and which for the future ought to have the preference.

First then comes the most famous and popular lady Meretrix, parent of the fertile family of Bellatrix, Lotrix, Netrix, Nutrix, Obstetrix, Famulatrix, Coctrix, Ornatrix, Sarcinatrix, Fextrix, Balneatrix, Portatrix, Saltatrix, Divinatrix, Conjectrix, Comtrix, Debitrix, Creditrix, Donatrix, Ambulatrix, Mercatrix, Adsectrix, Assectatrix, Palpatrix, Præceptrix, Pistrix. I am yours,

ELIZ. POTATRIX."

St. James's Coffee-house, June 27.

Letters from Brussels, of the second of July, N. S. say, that the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, having received advice that the marshal Villars had drawn a considerable body out of the garrison of Tournay, to reinforce his army, marched towards that place, and came before it early in the morning of the twenty-seventh. As soon as they came into that ground, the prince of Nassau was sent with a strong detachment to take post at St. Amand; and at the

same time my lord Orkney received orders to possess himself of Mortagne; both which were successfully executed; whereby we were masters of the Scheld and Scarp. Eight men were drawn out of each troop of dragoons and company of foot in the garrison of Tournay, to make up the reinforcement which was ordered to join marshal Villars. On advice, that the allies were marching towards Tournay, they endeavoured to return into the town, but were intercepted by the earl of Orkney, by whom the whole body was killed or taken. These letters add, that twelve hundred dragoons (each horseman carrying a foot-soldier behind him) were detached from Mons to throw themselves into Tournay, but, upon appearance of a great body of horse of the allies, retired towards Condé. We hear that the garrison does not consist of more than three thousand five hundred men. Of the sixty battalions designed to be employed in this siege, seven are English, viz. two of guards, and the regiments of Argyle, Temple, Evans, and Meredith.

No. 36. SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

By Mrs. Jenny Distaff, Half-sister to Mr. Bickerstaff.

From my own Apartment, June 30.

Many affairs calling my brother into the country, the care of our intelligence with the town is left to me for some time; therefore, you must expect the advices you meet with in this paper, to be such as more immediately and naturally fall under the consideration of our sex. History, therefore, written by a woman, you will easily imagine to consist of love in all its forms; both in the abuse of and obedience to that passion. As to the faculty of writing itself, it will not, it is hoped, be demanded that style and ornament shall be so much consulted, as truth and simplicity; which latter qualities we may more justly pretend to beyond the other sex: while, therefore, the administration of our affairs is in my hands, you shall from time to time have an exact account of all false lovers, and their shallow pretences for breaking off; of all termagant wives who make wedlock a yoke; of men who affect the entertainments and manners suitable only to our sex, and women who pretend to the conduct of such affairs as are only within the province of men. It is necessary further to advertise the reader, that the usual pla-

ces of resort being utterly out of my province or observation, I shall be obliged frequently to change the dates of places, as occurrences come into my way. The following letter I lately received from Epsom.

"*Epsom, June* 28.

"It is now almost three weeks since what you writ about happened in this place: the quarrel between my friends did not run so high as I find your accounts have made it. The truth of the fact you shall have very faithfully. You are to understand, that the persons concerned in this scene were Lady Autumn and Lady Springly. Autumn is a person of good breeding, formality, and a singular way practised in the last age; and Lady Springly, a modern impertinent of our sex, who affects as improper a familiarity, as the other does distance. Lady Autumn knows to a hair's breadth where her place is in all assemblies and conversations; but Springly neither gives nor takes place of any body, but understands the place to signify no more, than to have room enough to be at ease wherever she comes. Thus, while Autumn takes the whole of this life to consist in understanding punctilio and decorum, Springly takes every thing to be becoming, which contributes to her ease and satisfaction. These heroines have married two brothers, both knights. Springly is the spouse of the elder, who is a baronet; and Autumn, being a rich widow, has taken the younger, and her purse endowed him with an equal fortune, and knighthood of the same order. This jumble of titles, you need not doubt, has been an aching torment to Autumn, who took place of the other on no pretence, but her carelessness and disregard of distinction. The

secret occasion of envy broiled long in the breast of Autumn; but no opportunity of contention on that subject happening, kept all things quiet until the accident of which you demand an account.

"It was given out among all the gay people of this place, that on the ninth instant several damsels, swift of foot, were to run for a suit of headclothes at the Old Wells. Lady Autumn on this occasion invited Springly to go with her in her coach to see the race. When they came to the place, where the governor of Epsom and all his court of citizens were assembled, as well as a crowd of people of all orders, a brisk young fellow addresses himself to the younger of the ladies, *viz.* Springly, and offers her his service to conduct her into the music-room. Springly accepts the compliment, and is led triumphantly through a bowing crowd, while Autumn is left among the rabble, and has much ado to get back into her coach; but she did it at last: and as it is usual to see by the horses my lady's present disposition, she orders John to whip furiously home to her husband; where, when she enters, down she sits, began to unpin her hood, and lament her foolish fond heart, to marry into a family where she was so little regarded; she that might ——. Here she stops; then rises up, and stamps, and sits down again. Her gentle knight made his approach with a supple beseeching gesture. 'My dear!' said he— 'Tell me no dears!' replied Autumn, in the presence of the governor and all the merchants. 'What will the world say of a woman that has thrown herself away at this rate?' Sir Thomas withdrew, and knew it would not be long a secret to him; as well as that experience told him, he that marries a fortune is, of course, guilty of all faults against his wife, let them be committed by

whom they will: but Springly, an hour or two after, returns from the Wells, and finds the whole company together. Down she sat, and a profound silence ensued. You know a premeditated quarrel usually begins and works up with the words *some people*. The silence was broken by Lady Autumn, who began to say, 'There are some people who fancy, that if some people,'—Springly immediately takes her up, 'There are some people who fancy, if other people'—Autumn repartees, 'People may give themselves airs; but other people, perhaps, who make less ado, may be, perhaps, as agreeable as people who set themselves out more.' All the other people at the table sat mute, while these two people, who were quarrelling, went on with the use of the word *people*, instancing the very accidents between them, as if they kept only in distant hints. Therefore, says Autumn, reddening, 'There are some people will go abroad in other people's coaches, and leave those with whom they went to shift for themselves: and if, perhaps, those people have married the younger brother; yet, perhaps, he may be beholden to those people for what he is.' Springly smartly answers, 'People may bring so much ill-humour into a family, as people may repent their receiving their money;' and goes on—'Every body is not considerable enough to give her uneasiness.' Upon this Autumn comes up to her, and desired her to kiss her, and never to see her again; which her sister refusing, my lady gave her a box on the ear. Springly returns, 'Ay, ay, said she, I knew well enough you meant me by your some people; and gives her another on the other side. To it they went with most masculine fury; each husband ran in. The wives immediately fell upon their husbands, and

tore periwigs and cravats. The company interposed; when (according to the slip-knot of matrimony, which makes them return to one another when any put in between) the ladies and their husbands fell upon all the rest of the company; and, having beat all their friends and relations out of the house, came to themselves time enough to know, there was no bearing the jest of the place after these adventures, and therefore marched off the next day. It is said, the governor has sent several joints of mutton, and has proposed divers dishes, very exquisitely dressed, to bring them down again. From his address and knowledge in roast and boiled, all our hopes of the return of this good company depend. I am, dear Jenny,

Your ready friend and servant,

"MARTHA TATLER."

White's Chocolate-house, June 30.

This day appeared here a figure of a person whose services to the fair sex have reduced him to a kind of existence for which there is no name. If there be a condition between life and death, without being absolutely dead or living, his state is that. His aspect and complexion in his robust days, gave him the illustrious title of Africanus: but it is not only from the warm climates in which he has served, nor from the disasters which he has suffered, that he deserves the same appellation with that renowned Roman, but that magnanimity with which he appears in his last moments, is what gives him the undoubted character of hero. Cato stabbed himself, and Hannibal drank poison; but our Africanus lives in the continual puncture of aching bones and poisoned juices. The old heroes fled from torments, by death; and this modern lives in death and torments, with

an heart wholly bent upon a supply for remaining in them. An ordinary spirit would sink under his oppressions, but he makes an advantage of his very sorrow, and raises an income from his diseases. Long has this worthy been conversant in bartering, and knows that, when stocks are lowest it is the time to buy. Therefore, with much prudence and tranquillity, he thinks that, now he has not a bone sound, but a thousand nodous parts for which the anatomists have not words, and more diseases than the college ever heard of, it is the only time to purchase an annuity for life. Sir Thomas told me it was an entertainment more surprising and pleasant than can be imagined, to see an inhabitant of neither world, without hand to lift, or leg to move, scarce tongue to utter his meaning, so keen upon biting the whole world, and making bubbles at his exit. Sir Thomas added, that he would have bought twelve shillings a year of him, but that he feared there was some trick in it, and believed him already dead. "What," says the knight, "is Mr. Partridge, whom I met just now going on both his legs firmer than I can, allowed to be quite dead; and shall Africanus, without one limb, that can do its office, be pronounced alive?'

What heightened the tragi-comedy of this market for annuities was, that the observation of it provoked Monoculus (who is the most eloquent of all men) to many excellent reflections, which he spoke with the vehemence and language both of a gamester and an orator. "When I cast," said that delightful speaker, "my eye upon thee, thou unaccountable Africanus, I cannot but call myself as unaccountable as thou art; for, certainly, we were born to shew what contradictions nature is pleased to form in the same species.

Here am I, able to eat, to drink, to sleep, and to do all acts of nature, except begetting my like; and yet, by an unintelligible force of spleen and fancy, I every moment imagine I am dying. It is utter madness in thee to provide for supper; for I will bet you ten to one you do not live until half an hour after four; and yet I am so distracted as to be in fear every moment; though I will lay ten to three, I drink three pints of burnt claret at your funeral three nights hence. After all, I envy thee; thou who, dying, hast no sense of death, art happier than one in health, who always fears it." The knight had gone on, but that a third man had ended the scene, by applauding the knight's eloquence and philosophy, in a laughter too violent for his own constitution, as much as he mocked that of Africanus and Monoculus.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 1.

This day arrived here three mails from Holland, with advices relating to the affairs of the Low Countries, which say, that the confederate army extends from Louchin, on the causeway between Tournay and Lisle, to Epain, near Mortagne on the Scheld. The Marshal Villars remains in his camp at Lens; but it is said, he detached ten thousand men under the command of the Chevalier de Luxemburgh, with orders to form a camp at Crepin on the Haine, between Conde and St. Guillain, where he is to be joined by the Elector of Bavaria, with a body of troops, and, after their conjuction, to attempt to march into Brabant. But they write from Brussels, that the duke of Marlborough having it equally in his power to make detachments to the same parts, they are under no apprehensions from these reports for the safety

of their country. They further add from Brussels, that they have good authority for believing that the French troops under the conduct of the Marshal de Bezons are retiring out of Spain.

No. 37. TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

By Mrs. Jenny Distaff, Half-sister to Mr. Bickerstaff.

White's Chocolate-house, July 2.

It may be thought very unaccountable, that I, who can never be supposed to go to White's should pretend to talk to you of matters proper for, or in the style of, that place. But though I never visit these public haunts, I converse with those who do; and, for all they pretend so much to the contrary, they are as talkative as our sex, and as much at a loss to entertain the present company, without sacrificing the last, as we ourselves. This reflection has led me into the consideration of the use of speech; and made me look over, in my memory, all my acquaintance of both sexes, to know to which I may more justly impute the sin of superfluous discourse in regard to conversation, without entering into it, as it respects religion.

I foresee, my acquaintance will immediately, upon starting this subject, ask me, how I shall celebrate Mrs. Alse Copswood, the Yorkshire huntress, who is come to town lately, and moves as if she were on her nag, and going to take a five-bar gate; and is as loud as if she were following her dogs! I can easily answer that; for, she is as soft as Damon, in comparison of her brother-in-law Tom Bellfrey, who is the most accomplished man in this kingdom for all gentleman-like activities and accomplishments. It is allowed, that he is a professed enemy to the Italian performers in music. But then, for our own native manner, according to the customs and known usages of our island, he is to be preferred, for the generality of the pleasure he bestows, much before those fellows, though they sing to full theatres. For, what is a theatrical voice to that of a fox-hunter? I have been at a musical entertainment in an open field, where it amazed me to hear to what pitches the chief masters would reach. There was a meeting near our seat in Staffordshire, and the most eminent of all the counties of England were at it. How wonderful was the harmony between men and dogs! Robin Cartail of Bucks was to answer to Jowler; Mr. Tinbreast of Cornwall was appointed to open with Sweetlips; and Beau Slimber, a Londoner, undertook to keep up with Trips, a whelp just set in; Tom Bellfrey and Ringwood were coupled together, to fill the cry on all occasions, and be in at the death of the fox, hare, or stag, for which both the dog and the man were excellently suited, and loved one another, and were as much together, as Banister and King. When Jowler first alarmed the field, Cartail repeated every note; Sweetlip's treble succeeded, and shook the wood; Tinbreast echoed a quar-

ter of a mile beyond it. We were soon after all at a loss, until we rode up, and found Trips and Slimber at a default in half notes: but the day and the tune was recovered by Tom Bellfrey and Ringwood, to the great joy of us all, though they drowned every other voice: for Bellfrey carries a note four furlongs, three rods, and six paces, farther than any other in England.

I fear the mention of this will be thought a digression from my purpose about speech; but I answer, no. Since this is used where speech rather should be employed, it may come into consideration in the same chapter: for, Mr. Bellfrey being at a visit where I was, *viz.* at his cousin's (Lady Dainty's) in Soho-square, was asked, what entertainments they had in the country? Now Bellfrey is very ignorant, and much a clown; but confident withal. In a word, he struck up a fox-chase; Lady Dainty's dog, Mr. Sippet, as she calls him, started, jumped out of his lady's lap, and fell a barking. Bellfrey went on, and called all the neighbouring parishes into the square. Never was woman in such confusion as that delicate lady. But there was no stopping her kinsman. A room full of ladies fell into the most violent laughter; my lady looked as if she was shrieking: Mr. Sippet, in the middle of the room, breaking his heart with barking, but all of us unheard. As soon as Bellfrey became silent, up gets my lady, and takes him by the arm, to lead him off: Bellfrey was in his boots. As she was hurrying him away, his spurs take hold of her petticoat; his whip throws down a cabinet of china: he cries, "What! are your crocks rotten? are your petticoats ragged? A man cannot walk in your house for trincums."

Every county of Great Britain has one hundred or more of this sort of fellows, who roar instead of speaking. Therefore, if it be true, that we women are also given to a greater fluency of words than is necessary, sure, she that disturbs but a room or a family, is more to be tolerated, than one who draws together whole parishes and counties, and sometimes (with an estate that might make him the blessing and ornament of the world around him) has no other view and ambition, but to be an animal above dogs and horses, without the relish of any one enjoyment which is peculiar to the faculties of human nature. I know it will here be said, that talking of mere country Squires at this rate, is, as it were, to write against Valentine and Orson. To prove any thing against the race of men, you must take them as they are adorned with education; as they live in Courts, or have received instructions in Colleges.

But I am so full of my late entertainment by Mr. Bellfrey, that I must defer pursuing this subject to another day: and wave the proper observations upon the different offenders in this kind, some by profound eloquence on small occasions, others by degrading speech upon great circumstances. Expect, therefore, to hear of the whisperer without business, the laugher without wit, the complainer without receiving injuries, and a very large crowd, which I shall not forestal, who are common, (though not commonly observed) impertinents, whose tongues are too voluble for their brains, and are the general despisers of us women, though we have their superiors, the men of sense for our servants.

Will's Coffee-house, July 3.

A very ingenious gentleman was complaining this evening, that the players are grown so severe critics, that they would not take in his play, though it has as many fine things in it as any play that has been writ since the days of Dryden. He began his discourse about his play with a preface. "There is," said he "somewhat (however we palliate it) in the very frame and make of us, that subjects our minds to chagrin and irresolution on any emergency of time or place. The difficulty grows on our sickened imagination, under all the killing circumstances of danger and disappointment. This we see, not only in the men of retirement and fancy, but in the characters of the men of action; with this only difference, the coward sees the danger, and sickens under it; the hero, warmed by the difficulty, dilates, and rises in proportion to that, and in some sort makes use of his very fears to disarm it. A remarkable instance of this we have in the great Cæsar, when he came to the Rubicon, and was entering upon a part, perhaps the most hazardous he ever bore (certainly the most ungrateful) a war with his countrymen. When his mind brooded o'er personal affronts, perhaps his anger burned with a desire of revenge. But when more serious reflections laid before him the hazard of the enterprise, with the dismal consequences which were likely to attend it, aggravated by a special circumstance, 'What figure it would bear in the world, or how be excused to posterity! What shall he do?'— His honour, which was his religion, bids him arm; and he sounds the inclination of his party by this set speech:

CÆSAR TO HIS PARTY AT THE RUBICON.

Great Jove! attend, and thou my native soil,
Safe in my triumphs, glutted in my spoil;
Witness with what reluctance I oppose
My arms to thine, secure of other foes.
What passive breast can bear disgrace like mine?
Traitor!—For this I conquer'd on the Rhine,
Endur'd their ten years drudgery in Gaul,
Adjourn'd their fate, and sav'd the capitol.
I grew by every guilty triumph less;
The crowd, when drunk with joy, their souls express,
Impatient of the war, yet fear success.
Brave actions dazzle with too bright a ray,
Like birds obscene they chatter at the day:
Giddy with rule, and valiant in debate,
They throw the die of war, to save the state.
And, Gods! to gild ingratitude with fame,
Assume the patriot's, we the rebel's name.
Farewell, my friends; your General forlorn,
To your bare pity, and the public scorn,
Must lay that honour and his laurel down,
To serve the vain caprices of the gown;
Expos'd to all indignities, the brave
Deserve of those they glory'd but to save,
To rods and axes!—No, the slaves can't dare
Play with my grief, and tempt my last despair.
This shall the honours which it won maintain,
Or do me justice, ere I hug my chain.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 4.

There has arrived no mail since our last; so that we have no manner of foreign news, except we were to give you, for such, the many speculations which are on foot concerning what was imported by the last advices. There are, it seems, sixty battalions and seventeen squadrons appointed to serve in the siege of Tournay; the garrison of which place consists of but eleven battalions and four squadrons. Letters of the twenty-ninth of the last month, from Berlin, have brought advice, that the Kings of Denmark and Prussia, and his Majesty Augustus, were within few days to

come to an interview at Potsdam. These letters mention, that two Polish princes, of the family of Sapieha and Lubermirsky, lately arrived from Paris, confirm the reports of the misery in France for want of provisions, and give a particular instance of it; which is, that on the day Monsieur Rouille returned to court, the common people gathered in crowds about the Dauphin's coach, crying, "Peace and bread, bread and peace."

*** Mrs. Distaff has taken upon her, while she writes this paper, to turn her thoughts wholly to the service of her own sex, and to propose remedies against the greatest vexations attending female life. She has for this end written a small treatise concerning the Second Word, with an appendix on the use of a Reply, very proper for all such as are married to persons either ill-bred or ill-natured. There is in this tract a digression for the use of virgins, concerning the words, I will.

A gentlewoman who has a very delicate ear, wants a maid who can whisper, and help her in the government of her family. If the said servant can clear-starch, lisp, and tread softly, she shall have suitable encouragement in her wages.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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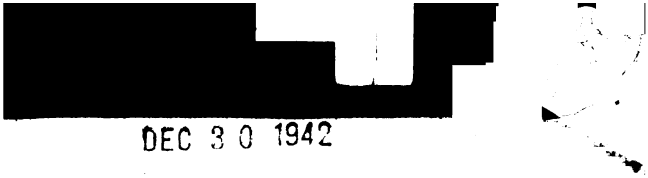
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